



THE
HISTORY
OF
SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, BART.

VOLUME THE SEVENTH.

LETTER I.

MISS LUCY SELBY, TO LADY G.



YOU enjoined me, my dear Lady G. at parting on Monday last to write to you; and to be very particular in what I wrote. I will, because I love and fear you. Otherwise I would not write at all; first, because I had not the good fortune to please you, in mine to Lady L. and next, because I shall so soon have the honour to attend you in town. Well then, I begin.

On Tuesday we women were employed in preparations for the tenants jubilee, next day. Sir Charles, attended by my brother James, paid a morning visit to Mr. Greville, whom he found moody, reserved, and indisposed. My brother James says, that he never saw such a manly, yet tender treatment, from one man to another, as Sir Charles gave him; and that he absolutely subdued him, and left him acknowledging the favour of his visit, and begging a repetition of it, as often as he could, while he staid in these parts; and that, he said, as well for his credit, as for his comfort. 'But when, Sir Charles,' said he, 'do you carry from us the syren! I will call her names. I hate her. The sooner the better. Curse me, if I

'shall be able to creep out of the house, while she is visible on Northamptonshire ground—Though I was a friend to the match—Do you mind that, young man,' (to my brother James.)—'O love, love,' added he, 'of what contradictions art thou the cause? Though I hate her, I am most long to see her. You'll allow me to visit you both, I hope, when I have got over these plaguy megrimms.'

The same day Sir Charles, making a visit to Sir John Holles's family, found Miss Orme there, expecting her brother to call for her in his post-chaise.

Great civilities passed between Sir Charles and Miss Orme. She was doubtful whether her brother had, at that time, best see Sir Charles, as he was weak in health and spirits: but just as Sir Charles was at the gate, going in his chariot, attended by Sir John and the young ladies, poor Mr. Orme came.

The liveries would not allow Mr. Orme to doubt who it was. He turned pale. Sir Charles addressed himself to him with his usual polite freedom. 'Knowing, Sir,' said he, 'that Mr. Orme was expected by one of the best of sisters, I presume to salute you, as the Mr. Orme to whom I have been desirous, ever since I have been in Northamptonshire, to pay my compliments.'

'Sir Charles Grandison, Sir—'

'At your service, Mr. Orme,' taking his hand.

'The happiest man in the world,' replied Mr. Orme, with some emotion.

'The best, the loveliest woman on earth, calls you hers.'

'I am, I think myself, the happiest of men. But it will add to my joy, to have it wished me by so good a man as Mr. Orme.'

'Ah, Sir!—Could I wish joy to any man on this occasion, it would be to you, because of your character; and in the reflection, that the most excellent of women must be happier with you, than any other man could have made her. But self, self, Sir! He is, indeed, a hero, who, with such a fervent attachment as mine, can divest himself of self. I loved her, Sir, from her early infancy, and never knew another love.'

'The man, Mr. Orme, who loved Miss Byron, gave distinction to himself. Permit me to present her to you, and you to her, as dear friends; and allow me a third place in your friendship. You have a sister who justly claims a second. I dare engage for the dear creature, from what I know of her value for Mr. Orme, that she will allow of this friendship, on the foot of his own merits, were my recommendation out of the question.'

'O Sir Charles! you are, you ought to be, the man. And will you allow me, on these terms, to visit you, and visit her?—But, alas! I fear I cannot soon—'

'At your own time, my dear Mr. Orme.—At Mr. Selby's; at her house in London; in Hampshire; wherever she is; and whether I am present or absent, Mr. Orme will be received as her brother and my brother, as her friend and my friend.'

'Good God! Good God!—He gushed into tears. He ran into the house to hide his emotion; but in vain.—'Forgive me,' said he, 'forgive me, Sir John!' (who just then came in from taking leave of his noble guest) 'but there is no bearing this man's magnanimity!—He is all I have heard of him. Happy, happy Miss Byron!—No man but this could deserve her. But where is he?' rising: 'I will ask his pardon for my abrupt departure from him.'

'He is gone,' answered Sir John. 'I saw him in his chariot! Good Mr. Orme! he called you, and sighed for you.' Poor Mr. Orme declared, that he would wait upon Sir Charles, and tell him, how acceptable to his heart, and what balm to his mind, would be the tender he had the goodness to make him. 'Sister,' said he, 'you were at the gate, as well as the young ladies; did he not hint, did he not say, that Miss Byron spoke of me with tenderness?'

I begin to fancy I am in a way to please you, Lady G. of which, at taking up my pen, I had little hopes, and therefore intended not to take much pains about it. I am very saucy, you'll say, perhaps.

In the afternoon, a letter was brought from Sir Rowland Meredith. My cousin intends to shew it to you in town. Such a mixture of joy and sadness; of condolence and congratulation; I believe was never seen in one sheet of paper. It is dated from Windsor. The good man was there in his way to town; resolving to pay a visit to the wonderful man, as he calls him, of whom he had heard so great a character; and who was probably to be the husband of his daughter Byron; and there he heard (from Lord W.'s domesticks, I suppose) that Sir Charles was in Northamptonshire, and that the marriage was actually solemnized. He therefore intended to set out directly for Bath, where Mr. Fowler was, or at the Hot Wells, at Bristol, pursuing measures for his health; with a view to console his poor boy.

This is a good old man. Methinks I am half ready to wish, that some of my cousin's admirers would dry up their tears, and come among us: yet we are nice and dainty girls, some of us, let me tell you.—'Tis foolish, however, to suggest *leavings*, and such sort of stuff; the lady such as but one man could deserve; but merit allowed universally.

Sir Charles acquainted his lady with all that had passed between him and Mr. Orme. She received his account with joy and thankfulness.

'You are entered, Sir,' said she, 'into a numerous family. I have called Sir Rowland Meredith my father; Mr. Fowler my brother. He pleased to read this letter.'

I remember

I remember the relation, my dear, and acknowledge it. Mr. Fowler is another Mr. Orme. Sir Rowland this a very worthy man.

He read it.—What an excellent heart has Sir Rowland! Cultivate, my dearest love! their friendship, as I will Mr. Orme's. My pity for these worthy objects, joining with yours, and the frankness of our mutual behaviour to them, will strengthen their hearts. We owe it to them, my dearest life, as much as is in our power, to soften their disappointment.—Could they have a greater?

Who, Madam, can think of a man, after this—Except one might hope, from the personal knowledge of his charming behaviour, that the men who addressed us might be improved by such an example?

The tenants' jubilee, as they call it, was on Wednesday. It was a much more orderly day than we expected. Sir Charles was all condescension and cheerful goodness: my cousin, all *graciousness*, was the word for her. Mrs. Shirley was of the company. How she was revered! She ever was! Once, when the bride was withdrawn, and Sir Charles was engaged in talk with Mr. Deane, she whispered two or three of her tenants to tell the rest, that it was great joy to her, to be assured, that, after her departure, the tenants of her dear Mr. Shirley would be treated with as much kindness, (perhaps, with more) as he, and as she, after his example, had ever treated them. 'Yet one caution I give,' said she, 'my dear son will see with his own eyes; he will dispense with his own hands. He will not be imposed upon.'

Thursday and Friday the bride saw company. There was as little, both days, of the impertinence that attends form, as, I believe, was ever known on the like occasion. We had a vast number of people: some of them persons of fashion, with whom we had but slender acquaintance; but who wished to see the happy pair.

We shall be this day at Shirley Manor in a family way: in *that*, my dear Lady G. (after all the bustle and parade that we can make) lies the true, because the untrifling, joy.

To-morrow we shall serve God in our usual way.

Adieu, my dear Lady G.—This is the sort of stuff you must be satisfied with from a poor untalented girl; as is your ever devoted

LUCY SELBY.

No end of duty, love, compliments, &c. I begin again to doubt I shan't please you: so am (allowably) tired.

LETTER II.

LADY G. TO MISS SELBY.

MONDAY, NOV. 27.

COME, come, Lucy, you do pretty well. Don't be disheartened, child. Yet you are not *quite* the clever girl I once thought you. You, that held such a part in the correspondence of our Harriet.—But you say, you can't help it. Poor girl! I am sorry for it. Your talents lie in speech, not in writing.—Your account of the interview between Orme and my brother, shews you can't write at all—No, not you—Poor Lucy! But write one letter more before you come to town. Do, my dear! You have charming subjects before you, yet.

I, you see, have a talent to make subjects out of *nothing*: you, poor soul! can't follow them, when made to your hand. I'll tell you a story of my good man, and his good woman. A short one. The poor man is very sensible of slight ailments. Happy as *he* is, in a wife, no wonder he is afraid of dying. He was complaining to me just now, [to whom but to a pitying wife should a man complain when he ails any thing?] that he had a troublesome disorder in the inside of his mouth. I looked very grave; shook my careful head. 'I am afraid, my lord, something is breeding there, that should not.' He started, and looked concerned. The man will never know me. 'God forbid!' said he—'afraid of nothing less than a cancer.'—'Have I not told you a thousand times, my lord, of your gaping! As sure as you are alive, your mouth is fly-blown.'

Expecting compassion, he found a jest, and never was man so angry. I was forced to take his hand, and strook his cheeks with mine, to be friends.

But, Lucy, let not any of these slippancies

pancies meet my brother's eye, or invade his ear: I shall be undone if they do.

Carolina is pure well. Her lord is never out either of her chamber, or the nursery.

Aunt Nell makes an admirable nurse. Her parrot and her squirrel are now neglected for a little marmouset. Every body but the real nurse likes aunt Nell. The good creature is so *understanding*, so directing! I protest, these old maids think they know every thing. The nurse, I see, can't endure her.

I interfere not. The boy is robust, and they leave him the free exercise of his limbs, and he has a fine pipe, and makes the nursery ring whenever he pleases; so will do well enough.

But high-ho, Lucy! all these nursery momentos, how do they sadden and mortify me! The word *mother*, what a solemn sound has it to me now; Caroline's situation before me! —But, come, the evil day is at distance: who's afraid?

Beauchamp sighs for Emily: Emily for somebody else. Sir Hargrave is still miserable. Poor Sir Harry! He still lives! But can life be life, where there is no hope?

Write me one more letter before you come up, if it be ever so short a one. Don't be proud and saucy: you imagine, I suppose, that you can't write as well as Harriet and I. Granted. Attempt it not, therefore. But write as well as you can; and that, till Harriet can find herself at leisure to resume her pen, shall content your *true friend and humble servant*,

CH. G.

No end of your compliments to us in town, you say.—No end of ours to you in the country, were I to begin them: therefore will not say a word about them. You know my meaning by my gaping.

LETTER III.

MISS SELBY, TO LADY G.

THURSDAY NIGHT, NOV. 30.

AND *must* I write your ladyship one more letter? And *will* a short one content you?

Well, then, I'll try for it.

On Sunday last, we hoped to be quiet and good: but the church was as much crowded as it was the Sunday before.

Monday and Tuesday the bride and bridegroom returned the visits made them. At one, they met Miss Orme, and accompanied her to her brother's seat at her request. You did not seem to like my account of Sir Charles's interview with Mr. Orme in my last: so I will not tell you what passed on occasion of this visit to that worthy man. I will be as perverse as you are difficult. I *don't* care. Yet, as your new sister described the meeting and parting to me, you would have been pleased with what I could have told you.

Yesterday we had a ball given by Mrs. Shirley. Were I able to write to please you, how I could expatiate on this occasion! How did the bridegroom shine! Every body was in raptures with him, on his charming behaviour to his bride. The notice he took of her was neither too little nor too much, for the most delicate observers. Every young lady envied her; and how coldly did some of them look on their own humble servants! They, indeed, were as regardless of him as their mistresses; so bore the preference the better. My uncle Selby was all, and more than all, he used to be. How happy that he is a sober man! His joy, raised by wine, would have made him mad.

This day we have been all happy together. A calm, serene day; at Shirley Manor! And this is the matter settled among us.—Your brother and new sister; my uncle and aunt Selby; Mr. Deane, and your ladyship's humble servant; are to set out early to-morrow morning for London. My brother James would fain accompany us; Sir Charles kindly inviting him: but I withstood it; so did my aunt; the private reason, because of Miss Jervois.

Sir Charles thinks to stay in town till the Friday following; and then proposes to marry his bride, and all of us, to Grandison Hall.

A motion was made to Sir Charles by my grandmamma Selby; whether he would not chuse to be presented, with his lady, to the king, on their nuptials. Sir Charles answered, that he was ready to comply with every proposi-

posel that should shew his duty to his sovereign, and the grateful sense he had of the honour done him by his Harriet.

We are to call on Lord and Lady W. at Windsor; and take them with us.

My cousin and I are to write constantly to our two grandmothers. My sister Nancy devotes herself to our grandmother Selby. Misses Holles's will constantly visit Mrs. Shirley. Sir Charles is to bring down his lady twice a year, or oftener, if convenience permit.

He hoped, he said, after a while, to induce his Harriet to take a trip with him to Ireland, to inspect the improvements making in his estate there. He will find no difficulty, I believe, to prevail upon her to accompany him thither; nor even, were he disposed to it, to the world's end.

He hopes for a visit from the Italian family, so deservedly dear to him; by which he is to regulate many of his future motions.

I cannot say I wish for this visit. I love, I admire, I pity them; and would, had I wings, take a flight into Italy, with all my heart, to see them incognita. Clementina must be a charming creature—But, for Harriet's sake, I have been used to think of her with terror.

For your brother's sake also, Lady G. I rejoice, and so, you know, do Dr. Bartlett and Mrs. Shirley, that she can now be only a visitor. How could Sir Charles, so thorough an Englishman, have been happy with an Italian wife? His heart, indeed, is generously open and benevolent to people of all countries: he is, as I have often heard you say, in the noblest sense, a citizen of the world; but, see we not, that his long residence abroad has only the more endeared him to the religion, the government, the manners of England? You know, that, on a double principle of religion and policy, he encourages the trades-people, the manufactures, the servants, of his own country. Do I not remember a charming lively debate between you and him, on the subject of those elegances in dress and appearance which you said (and I thought you naughty for saying it) were only to be acquired by employing the *better* taste of foreigners?

He concluded it seriously. I recollect nearly his words—'The error, Lady G. is growing too general, is authorized

by too many persons of figure, not to make one afraid of fatal consequences, from what in it's beginning seemed a trifle. Shall any one pretend to true patriotism, and not attempt to stem this torrent of fashion, which impoverishes our own honest countrymen, while it carries wealth and power to those whose national religion and interest are directly opposite to ours!'

'Good Heaven,' thought I, at the time, 'how was this noble-minded man entangled by delicacies of situation, by friendship, by compassion, that he should ever have been likely to be engaged in a family of Roman catholicks, and lived half of his days out of his beloved country! And the other half to have set, as to the world's eye, such an example in it!'

I know, Lady G. he would have made it his study to prevent any mischief to his neighbours from the active zeal of his lady's confessor, had a certain compromise taken effect. I remember the hint he gave to Father Marescotti: but would even *that* good man have thought himself bound to observe faith with heretics in such a case?

Whither am I rambled: I was going to tell you, that if this Italian family comes over, his new-taken house in Grosvenor Square being, as you know, nearly ready, he proposes to complement with it those noble guests, for the time of their residence in England; for he will not, it seems, be so soon obliged to quit his present London house, as he thought he must.

And thus, my dear Lady G. have I obeyed your commands. I know you will not be satisfied with me. Had I been able to *follow a subject that was made to my hand*, I should have attempted the parting scene between my cousin and her grandmamma. Could I have borrowed your pen, I would have displayed the tender, yet magnanimous parent, not once, though tottering with age and infirmities, hinting that she might never again see the darling of her heart. She saddened not hope; but encouraged it. All the said demonstrated love of her Harriet, divested of self, and a soul above the weaker passions; and well might she, since she has already, if I may so express myself, one foot among the stars, and

and can look down with pity, unmixed with envy, on all those who by their youth are doomed to toil through the rugged road of life, in search of a happiness that is not to be met with in it; and, at the highest, can be compounded for, only by the blessing of a contented mind. With the same pen, before I had resigned it, would I have described the lovely grandchild embracing the knees of the indulgent parent; not satisfied with one, two, three blessings; and, less generously in the *purport*, though not in the *intent*, (judging from her own present happiness, that there is still something worth wishing for to be met with in this world) praying to God to preserve the over-ripened fruit still on the withered tree: in which we all joined. But O how much less generously, as I hinted, because it was altogether for our own sakes!—But I know not whose pen I must have borrowed, to have done justice to Sir Charles Grandison's behaviour on this occasion.

Excuse this serious conclusion; my dear Lady G. My cousin shall not see it. May she know nothing but felicity! In *this* is bound up that of Sir Charles Grandison; and in *this* that of hundreds. I long, though we parted so lately, to throw myself at your feet, and to assure you, that whatever defects there are in my pen, there are none in the love borne you, by your ladyship's most sincere admirer, and humble servant, and most obedient son to your commands, LUCY SELBY.

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LETTER IV. TO MRS. WILKINSON.

THURSDAY, DEC. 7.

LUCY (my ever-honoured grand-daughter) has given you the particulars of the rapturous reception I met with on Saturday, from my dear Lady L. on the visit we made her in her chamber. She, as well as her lord, welcomed and congratulated us, and herself, with such a grace!—They are a charming pair!—We all rejoiced with her, on the addition she had made to two families so worthy.

This letter of Mrs. Selby does not appear.

Mrs. Eleanor Grandison received us also in raptures.

How did the tenderly kind notice which Sir Charles took of the lovely little infant, (it is a fine child) delight the happy mother, and every body!

Lord and Lady G. met us at Lady L.'s; Emily, and the Earl of G. and Lady Gertrude with them. How affectionately did the dear girl welcome us, after a few tears, which she endeavoured to hide, and which we passed over as tears of joy! But Lucy has given you all particulars; and the noble manner also, in which Sir Charles gave me possession of his house, on our first arrival. Every body was charmed with it. It cost my aunt some tears.

The christening was delayed till Monday; because Sir Charles was desirous it should be performed at church. He had some few difficulties to get over, before he carried his point; and this was the substance of his reasonings on the subject: "People of fashion," he said, "should consider themselves as examples to the lower orders of people. They should show a conformity to the laws of their country, both ecclesiastical and civil, where they can do it with a good conscience. In the present case, baptism," said he, "is one of our two sacraments; and should not be perverted, when it can, as the church directs; the child in full health."

I will give you, my dear grand-daughter, a journal, I think, an account of our proceedings; still referring myself to my Lady for such particulars as now I shall not have time to give. For you know, Madam, that my time is not now my own, as it used to be; though I shall think myself very ingrateful, and undutiful too, if I permit my new duties to wholly to engross me, as to furnish an excuse for the neglect of those which from my very birth I owe to you.

I think Lucy has not mentioned to you the lively conversation that passed in the evening, after the christening, between Sir Charles and Lady G. she chusing to single out her brother (as she had threatened, unknown to him, to do) in order to try once more her strength with him, in vivacity and railery. She delighted every body.

This letter of Mrs. Selby does not appear.

with

with her wit: for it was not so rapid and so unguarded as sometimes it is. He condescended, was Lucy's just observation, to return wit for her wit, in order to follow her lead; as he saw the company was delighted with their conversation; and was exceeding brilliant. She complimented herself on the merit of having drawn him out, though to her own disadvantage. Finding herself overmatched, she shifted her attacks, and made one upon me; but with so much decorum and complaisance, as shewed she intended to do me honour, rather than herself.

TUESDAY EVENING.] Sir Charles is just returned from visiting Sir Harry Beauchamp. The poor man numbers his hours, and owned, that the three best of men gave him (though Sir Charles intended to be back in one) were more happy ones than he had promised himself in this life. O Madam! how easy sits my Sir Charles's piety upon him! He can pity a dying friend, without saddening his own heart; for he lives the life of duty as he goes along, and fears not the inevitable lot!

WEDNESDAY.] He is just returned from a visit to Sir Hargrave. Sir Hargrave, it seems, complimented him, but with tears in his eyes, on his marriage. 'Great God!' said he, 'how are you rewarded! How am I punished! Is there not hope that I have all my punishment in this life? I am sure it is very, very heavy.'

He visited the same day Mrs. Oldham, and her children.

He drank tea this afternoon with the Danby family in full assembly; at the house of their elder brother; and came to my cousin Reeves's to supper. My uncle, aunt, Mr. Deane, and Lucy, accompanied me thither to tea and supper, where, as by promise, we were joined by Lord and Lady G. Lord L. Mrs. Eleanor Grandison, my Emily, and Mr. Beauchamp. Mr. Reeves had also invited Lady Betty Williams. What felicitation did she pour upon me! She sighed, poor lady! for the unhappy step her daughter had taken; and I sighed for the mother; who, though she had not given her daughter a bad example, had not set her a good one.

Lucy will tell you what a charming evening we had.

ON THURSDAY, J. Mr. Grandison presented his new-married lady to Sir Charles and me, and dined with us. Sir Charles received the lady as well as his cousin, with the utmost politeness. She is far from being a disagreeable woman: but, at first, the awe she had of the people of rank in company, particularly of Lady G. as she owned to me, gave her an air of awkwardness. But Sir Charles's polite notice of her soon made her easy.

Mr. Grandison found an opportunity to praise to me her good sense and fine qualities; but in such a way, as if he were making apologies for having given the honour of his name to a woman under his own rank, (ungrateful!) who yet had re-established him; he concluded his panegyrick with letting me know, that she had already presented him with 25,000 pounds: he looked as if he thought he deserved it all; and actually called her a very discerning woman. I questioned not, I told him, his gratitude to a lady for deserving; and he as good as promised to reward her by his love; whispering, with an air of self-sufficiency, sticking his hand in his side, and surveying himself to the right and left, 'Her former husband, Madam, was a very plain, but an honest man. But I do assure you she has taste?' 'O dear! O dear!' thought I to myself.

Sir Charles invited them both to Grandison Hall, and she seemed not a little proud on his calling her, as he did several times, *cousin*.

Lord L. and Lord and Lady G. dined with us, as did Mrs. Eleanor Grandison and Emily. Lady G. in the main behaved prettily enough to Mr. Grandison and his bride. But once a little forgetting herself, and putting on a supercilious air, I whispered her, 'Dear Lady G. consider you can give pride to others by your condescension: you must not yourself condescend to be proud.'

'Be you, my Harriet,' re-whispered she, 'always my monitors.' It is the 'sorry fellow, not his wife, that I look down upon.' She, a widow *cit*, might have done still worse. 'Cit! Lady G. and in a trading kingdom?'

'Ay, cit, child! Have you not heard my brother say, that even in

the republic of Venice, there are young nobility and old nobility? Distinctions in blood every where but at Amsterdam!

Who, and what, at first, made the distinction, my dear? asked I.

Be quiet, Harriet!—I think I am very good—

And at the height of your goodness, Charlotte?

Be quiet, when I bid you! aloud.

Sir Charles, a little jealous of our whispering, for the sake of his cousins, turning to Mr. Grandison, 'Your cousin Charlotte, you know, Sir, is always hard pressed, when she calls out, "Be quiet."

'I was always rejoiced,' replied he, 'when my cousin was brought to that.'

Sir Charles has been twice at the drawing-room, since we have been in town. He admires the integrity of heart of his sovereign, as much as he reveres his royal dignity. Once, I remember, he wished that his majesty would take a summer progress through his British, another into his Irish, dominions; because the more he was perfectly known, the more he would be beloved: but expressly with this proviso, that every gentleman and woman of condition should be welcome at his court, who came not in new dresses to pay their duty to him; and this left the gentry's vying with each other in appearance, should hurt their private circumstances; and for the same reason, that he would graciously treat, but not be treated by, any of the nobility at their houses.

To-morrow morning, Sir Charles, his grateful Harriet, happy creature! my uncle and aunt Selby, Mr. Deane, and Emily, are to set out by the way of Windsor for Grandison Hall. We are to take an early dinner there with Lord and Lady W. who, on that condition, have promised to attend their beloved nephew, and his friends, to the hall.

Lord G. is allowed to stay a week with us, and no more. He is then to attend his now but half-saucy lady; at one of the Earl of G.'s seats in Hertfordshire; where, by promise of long-standing, she is to keep her Christmas! at which she mutters not a little; because she would fain have been with us; and because she imagines, it will

be proper for her to confine herself at home, by the time they will part with her.

My aunt Selby, and even my uncle, will write. He must, he says, vent the overflowings of his joy.

Lucy loves to describe houses, furniture, gardens. She says, she will sometimes give conversations too, at which I shall not be present; but will leave to my pen persons, characters, and what passes of the more tender sort of conversations where I am by. But as well Lucy's letters, as mine, are to be sent to Lady G. unsealed; and she, after shewing them to her sister, will hasten them to Northamptonshire.

Referring therefore to Lucy for more particular accounts, I subscribe myself, with all duty and grateful love to my grandmamma, as well as with kindest remembrances to all my dear friends, *your happy, thrice happy,*

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER V.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

GRANDISON HALL, SATURDAY
12 O'CLOCK, DEC. 9.

O My dearest, dearest grandmamma! Here I am! The declared mistress of this spacious house, and the happiest of human creatures! This is all at this instant I can write.

Lord and Lady W. honoured us, as they had proposed, with their company; but detained us so long, that we were obliged to lie one night on the road. But by eleven this morning we arrived here.

At our alighting, Sir Charles, (after paying his compliments in a most respectful manner to Lady W.) clasping me in his arms, 'I congratulate you, my dearest life,' said he, 'on your entrance into your own house. The last Lady Grandison, and the present, might challenge the whole British nation to produce their equals.' Then turning to every one of his guests, those of my family first, as they were strangers to the place, he said the kindest, the politest things, that ever proceeded from the mouth of man.

I wept

I wept for joy. I would have spoken, but could not. Every body congratulated the happy Harriet.

Dr. Bartlett was approaching to welcome us; but drew back till our mutual congratulations were over. He then appeared. 'I present to you, my dear Dr. Bartlett,' said the best of men, 'the lovely friend, whom you have so long wished to see mistress of this house.' He then presented me to the doctor.

'God bless you, Madam!' tears in his eyes. 'God bless you both!' Then kissed my offered cheek. He could say no more: I could not speak distinctly.

Sir Charles led me, followed by all our rejoicing friends, through a noble dining-room to the drawing-room, called, the Lady's. 'The whole house, my dear,' said he, 'and every person and thing belonging to it, is yours: but this apartment is more particularly so. Let what is amiss in it, be altered as you would have it.'

'O Sir!' grasping his presenting hand between both mine, was all I could say.

This room is elegantly furnished. It is hung with a light-green velvet, delicately ornamented; the chairs of the same; the frames of them gilt; as is the frame of a noble cabinet in it.—

'My mother's, my dearest life,' whispered he. 'It will be always fashionable: and you, I know, will value it on her account.'—Indeed I shall.

—He presented me with the keys. 'Here perhaps you will deposit your letters and correspondences; some of which (the continuation of those I have had the honour to see) you will allow me to peruse. But of choice remember, Madam. For your whole heart must be in the grant of the favours you will confer upon me of this kind.'

'Dear Sir,' said I, 'leave me power of speech; my will shall be yours, in every thing. But you will find a strange, strange heart, laid open to you, if you command from me a sight of the papers, that probably will be deposited here, when all my matters are brought from Northamptonshire.'

'You shall have all the letters you

ever wrote to me, and the venerable circle,' said Lucy, 'a loan, not a gift; if you will shew them to Sir Charles.'

'Courage, Lucy, not inclination, will be only winning.'

'Thank you, Lucy,' said he.

'Thank you, my love,' to me. 'You

must make marks against the passages

in the letters you shall have the goodness to communicate, which you

would not have me read: I will give

you my honour that I will not pass

the bounds you prescribe.'

I will snatch another opportunity to

proceed—My dear Sir Charles indulged me. I have told him, that if he

now and then misses me, he must conclude that I am doubling my joy, by

communicating it, as I have opportunity, to my dear grandmamma.

EVERY-BODY admires the elegance

of this drawing-room. The finest japan china that I ever saw, except that

of Lady G.'s which she so whimsically received at the hands of her lord, took

particularly every female eye.

Sir Charles led me into a closet adjoining—'Your oratory, your library,

my love, when you shall have furnished it, as you desired you might,

by your chosen collection from Northamptonshire.'

It is a sweet little apartment; elegant book-cases, unfurnished. Every

other ornament complete. How had he been at work to oblige me, by Dr.

Bartlett's good offices, while my heart perhaps was torn, part of the time,

with uncertainty!

The housekeeper, a middle-aged woman, who is noted, as you have

heard her master say, for prudence, integrity, and obligingness, a gentle-

woman born, appearing; Sir Charles presented her to me. 'Receive, my

love, a faithful, a discreet gentle-

woman, who will think herself honoured with your commands.—Mrs.

Curzon, (to her) 'you will be happy in a mistress who is equally be-

loved and revered by all who have the honour of her countenance, and if

she approve of your services, and if you chuse to continue with us.'

I took her hand. 'I hope, Mrs.

Curzon, there is no doubt but you will. You may depend upon every

thing that is in my power to make you happy.

She looked pleased; but answered only with a respectful curtsey.

Sir Charles led the gentlemen out to shew them his study. We just looked into a fine suite of rooms on the same floor, and joined there.

We found my uncle and Mr. Deane admiring the disposition of every thing, as well as the furniture. The glass cases are neat, and as Dr. Bartlett told us, stored with well chosen books in all sciences. Mr. Deane praised the globes, the orrery, and the instruments of all sorts, for geographical, astronomical, and other scientific observations. It is ornamented with pictures, some, as Dr. Bartlett told us, of the best masters of the Italian and Flemish schools: statues, bustoes, bronzes; and there also, placed in a distinguished manner, were the two rich cabinets of medals, gems, and other curiosities, presented to him by Lady Olivia. He mentioned what they contained, and by whom presented; and said, he would shew us at leisure the contents. 'They are not mine,' added he. 'I only give them a place till the generous owner shall make some worthy man happy. His they must be. It would be a kind of robbery to take them from a family; that, for near a century past, have been collecting them.'

LUCY says, she will be very particular in her letters. This will take up time; especially as Lady G. and Lady L. must see them in their way to Northamptonshire; though they will not detain them. I shall have an opportunity to send this to London on Monday. This makes me intent to snatch every opportunity of writing. It will otherwise be too long before you will hear of us by my hand.

I do not intend to invade this flow girl's province; yet I will give you a slight sketch of the house and apartments, as I go along.

The situation is delightful. The house is very spacious. It is built in the form of an H; both fronts pretty much alike. The hall, the dining-parlour, two drawing-rooms, one adjoining to the study, the other to the dining-parlour, (which with the study,

mentioned already, and other rooms, that I shall leave to Lucy, to describe, make the ground-floor) are handsome, and furnished in an elegant, but not sumptuous taste; the hangings of some of them beautiful paper only. There is adjoining to the study, a room called the *Musick-parlour*, so called in Sir Thomas's time, and furnished with several fine musical instruments; Sir Thomas was as great an admirer of musick as his son; and a performer.

It is no news to you, Madam, that Sir Charles shews a great regard to every thing, place, and disposition, that was his father's; and not absolutely inconvenient, and inconsistent with the alterations he has thought necessary to make: and which Dr. Bartlett praises highly, and promises to particularize to me. We are to be shewn this musick-parlour bye and bye.

The dining-room is noble and well-proportioned: it goes over the hall, large as that is, and dining-parlour. It is hung with crimson damask, adorned with valuable pictures.

Two fine ones drawn by Sir Godfrey, one of Sir Thomas, the other of Lady Grandison, whose lengths particularly took my eye, (with what reverence, that of my lady!) Lady L. Lady G. as girls, and Sir Charles, as a boy of about ten years of age, made three other fine whole lengths. I must contemplate them when I have more leisure. The furniture is rich, but less ornamented than that of the lady's drawing-room.

The best bed-chamber adjoining is hung with fine tapestry. The bed is of crimson velvet, lined with white silk; chairs and curtains of the same.

There is a fine suite of rooms on the first floor which we just stepped into, mostly furnished with damask.

Mrs. Curzon tells us, that, on occasion, they make fifteen beds, within the house, in which the best lord in the land need not disdain to repose. You remember, Madam, that Sir Charles, in his invitation to the Italian family, tells them, he has room to receive them. The offices, it seems, are exceedingly convenient.

The gardens and lawn seem from the windows of this spacious house to be as boundless as the mind of the owner, and

and as free and open as his countenance*.

My uncle once took my aunt out from the company, in a kind of hurry. I saw his eyes glisten, and was curious, on her return, to know the occasion. This was his speech to her, unable to check his emotion; 'What a man is this, dame Selby! We were surely wanting in respect to him when he was among us. To send such a one to an inn!—Fie upon us!—Lord be good unto me, how are things come about!—Who would have thought it?—Sometimes I wonder the girl is not as proud as Lucifer; at other times, that she is able to look him in the face.'

To this convenient house belongs an elegant little chapel, neatly decorated. But Sir Charles, when down, generally goes to the parish-church, of which he is patron.

The gallery I have not yet seen—Dr. Bartlett tells me, it is adorned with a long line of ancestors.

AFTER dinner, which was sumptuous and well-ordered, Sir Charles led me into the musick-parlour. O Madam, you shall hear what honour was done me there!—I will lead to it.

Several of the neighbouring gentlemen, he told us, are performers; and he hopes to engage them as opportunity shall offer. 'My dear Dr. Bartlett,' said he, 'your soul is harmony: I doubt not, but all these are in order.—May I ask you, my Harriet?' pointing to the harpsichord. I instantly sat down to it. It is a fine instrument. Lord G. took up a violin; my uncle, a bass-viol; Mr. Deane, a German flute; and we had a little concert of about half an hour.

* Miss Lucy Selby thus describes the situation of the house, and the park, gardens, orchard, &c. in one of her letters, which does not appear.

'This large and convenient house is situated in a spacious park; which has several fine avenues leading to it.

'On the north side of the park flows a winding stream, that may well be called a river, abounding with trout and other fish; the current quickened by a noble cascade, which tumbles down it's foaming waters from a rock, which is continued to some extent, in a ledge of rock-work rudely disposed.

'The park is remarkable for it's prospects, lawns, and rich appearing clumps of trees of large growth; which must therefore have been planted by the ancestors of the excellent owner; who, contenting himself to open and enlarge many fine prospects, delights to preserve, as much as possible, the plantations of his ancestors; and particularly thinks it a kind of impiety to fell a tree that was planted by his father.

'On the south side of the river, on a natural and easy ascent, is a neat, but plain villa, in the rustick taste, erected by Sir Thomas; the flat roof of which presents a noble prospect. This villa contains convenient lodging-rooms; and one large room, in which he used sometimes to entertain his friends.

'The gardener's house is a pretty little building. The man is a sober diligent man; he is in years: has a housewifely good creature of a wife. Content appears in the countenances of both: how happy must they be!

'The gardens, vineyards, &c. are beautifully laid out. The orangery is flourishing; every thing indeed is, that belongs to Sir Charles Grandison; alcoves, little temples, seats are erected at different points of view: the orchard, lawns, and grass-walks, have sheep for gardeners; and the whole being bounded only by sunk fences, the eye is carried to views that have no bounds.

'The orchard, which takes up near three acres of ground, is planted in a peculiar taste. A neat stone-bridge, in the center of it, is thrown over the river: it is planted in a natural slope; the higher fruit-trees, as pears, in a semicircular row, first; apples at farther distances next; cherries, plumbs, standard apricots, &c. all which in the season of blossoming, one row gradually lower than another, must make a charming variety of blooming sweets to the eye from the top of the rustick villa which commands the whole.

'The outside of the orchard, next the north, is planted with three rows of trees, at proper distances from each other; one of pines; one of cedars; one of Scotch firs, in the like semicircular order; which at the same time that they afford a perpetual verdure to the eye, and shady walks in the summer, defend the orchard from the cold and blighting winds.

'This plantation was made by direction of Sir Thomas, in his days of fancy. We have heard that he had a poetical, and, consequently, a fanciful taste.'

Here

Here is a noble organ: when the little concert was over, he was so good himself, on my aunt's referring to him with asking eyes, to shew us it was in tune.

We all seated ourselves round him, on his preparing to oblige us; and he with a voice admirably suited to the instrument, (but the words, if I may be allowed to say so, still more admirably to the occasion) at once delighted and surprized us all, by the following lines—

I.

'Accept, great Source of ev'ry bliss,
'The fulness of my heart,
'Pour'd out in tuneful extasies,
'By this celestial art.

II.

'My soul with gratitude profound,
'Receive a form so bright!
'And yet I boast a bliss beyond
'This angel to the sight.

III.

'When charms of mind and person meet,
'How rich our raptures rise!
'The fair that renders earth so sweet,
'Prepares me for the skies!

How did our friends look upon one another as the excellent man proceeded!—I was astonished. It was happy I sat between my aunt and Lucy!—They each took one of my hands. Tears of joy ran down my cheeks. Every one's eyes congratulated me. Every tongue, but mine, encored him. I was speechless. Again he obliged us. I thought at the time, I had a foretaste of the joys of Heaven!—How sweet is the incense of praise from a husband; that husband a good man; my surrounding friends enjoying it! How will you, Madam, rejoice in such an instance of a love so pure and so grateful!—Long, long may it be, for the sake of his Harriet, his and her friends, for the world's sake, before his native skies reclaim him!

He approached me with tender modesty; as if abashed at the applause he met with. But seeing me affected, he was concerned. I withdrew with my aunt and Lucy. He followed me. I then threw myself into his arms; and, had speech been lent me, would have offered him the fervent vows of a heart overflowing with love and gratitude.

LETTER VI.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

THE musick-parlour [I can hardly mention it without breaking into raptures] is adorned with a variety of fine carvings, on subjects that do honour to poetry and musick. Be it Lucy's task to describe them. Let me mention other instances of his goodness to one of the happiest creatures on earth.

You know, Madam, Sir Charles, when in Northamptonshire, offered me my choice of servants of both sexes; and when I told him, that I chose not to take with me any one of either but my Sally, he said, that when I came to Grandison Hall, where they would be all together, I should chuse which of the men-servants I would more particularly call my own. 'I have not, my dearest life, said he, run into the taste of our modern gentry, for foreign servants, any more than for foreign equipages. I am well served; yet all mine are of our own country.'

And then he gave me the names, and an account of the qualities of each: Frederick I had seen at Selby House, an observant, sensible-looking young man: I chose him. He called him in, (my aunt Selby present:) 'All my servants, Frederick, said he, are as much your lady's as mine: but you will devote yourself more particularly to her commands. I mean not, however, any distinction in your favour, where you all equally merit distinction.—The power, Madam, of change or dismissal through the house, is entirely yours.'

To-morrow, I am to go over all the bridal ostentation again at the parish-church. On Monday, Lady Mansfield and her family are to be here.—'Your guests, my dear,' said Sir Charles to me, 'I hope, for a week, at least.' This was the first notice he gave of it to Lord and Lady W. What joy and gratitude appeared in her countenance upon it!

Tuesday, by general approbation, (Sir Charles submitting the choice of the

the day to his company) we are to have the neighbouring gentry here to dinner, and for the rest of the day. Sir Charles has been long wished by them all to reside among them. He breaks through the usual forms, and chose this way, at once, to receive the visits of all his neighbours, and in both our names gave the invitation. He shewed us a list of the persons invited. It is a very large one. 'My dearest love,' said he, 'we shall be half-familiarized to them, they to us, even to-morrow, by the freedom of this invitation for the Tuesday following.'

Mrs. Curzon came to me for directions about the bed-chambers. I took that opportunity to tell her, that I should add to the number of female servants, only my Sally, of whose discretion I had no doubt. 'You must introduce to me,' said I, 'at a proper time, the female servants. If you, Mrs. Curzon, approve of them, I shall make no changes. I am, myself, the happiest of women: every one who deserves it, shall find her happiness in mine.'

'You will rejoice all their hearts, Madam, by this early declaration of your goodness to them. I can truly say, that the best of masters has not the worst of servants: but Dr. Bartlett would make bad servants good.' 'I shall want no other proof,' said I, 'of their goodness, than their love and respect to Dr. Bartlett.'

In company of my aunt, Lady W. Lucy, Miss Jervois, attended by Mrs. Curzon, we went to chuse our rooms; and those for our expected guests of Monday. We soon fixed on them. My aunt, with her usual goodness, and Lady W. with that condescension that is natural to her, took great notice of Mrs. Curzon, who seemed delighted with us all; and said, that she should be the happier in the performance of her duty, as she had been informed, we were managing ladies. It was a pleasure, she said, to receive commands from persons who knew when things were properly done. You, my dearest grandmamma, from my earliest youth, have told me, that to be respected, even by servants, it is necessary to be able to direct them, and not be thought ignorant of those matters that it becomes a mistress of a family to

be acquainted with. They shall not find me pragmatical, however, in the little knowledge I have in family matters.

Will nothing happen, my dear grandmamma—But no more of this kind—Shall I, by my diffidences, lessen the enjoyments of which I am in full possession? My joy may not be sufficient to banish fear; but I hope it will be a prudent one, which will serve to increase my thankfulness to Heaven, and my gratitude to the man so justly dear to me.

But do you, my grandmamma, whenever you pray for the continuance of your Harriet's happiness, pray also for that of Lady Clementina: that only can be wanting, in my present situation, to compleat the felicity of your ever grateful, ever dutiful,

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER VII.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

SUNDAY NOON.

WHAT a crowded church-yard and church had I to pass through to the handsome seat, which belongs to the excellent patron of it!—How much exalted was I to hear his whispered praises! How did my Northamptonshire friends rejoice in the respectful approbation paid to the happy creature, to whom they are more immediately related! I am always a little mortified by praises of my figure. What a transitory thing is outward form!—May I make to myself a more solid and permanent foundation for that respect, which is generally more pleasing to a female heart than it ought to be!

Sir Charles was not unhappy in his invitation for next Tuesday. I took off, I imagine, some particular addresses to him. Yet several gentlemen at his coach-side acknowledged the favour done them in it.

My uncle, who, you know, Madam, loves every thing that promotes good neighbourhood, is greatly delighted with the thoughts of the day. How proud is he of his Harriet! How much more proud of his relation to the best of men!

I have

I have looked upon what Lucy has written. I see there will be but little room for me to say any thing. She is delighted with her task. It employs all her faculties, displays her fine taste in architecture, painting, needle-works, shell-works. She will give you a description of several charming performances, in the two latter arts, of the late Lady Grandison!—How does the character of that admirable lady rise upon us! With what emulation does it fire me! On twenty accounts, it was a very bold thing, my grandmamma, for your Harriet to aspire to be Lady Grandison!—Yet how does Sir Charles's goodness, his kind acceptance of all my humble endeavours, encourage me!—O Madam! he said truth, when, in courtship, he told me, that I parted with power to have it returned me with augmentation. I don't know how it is, but his freedom of behaviour to me is increased; yet his respectfulness is not diminished.—And, tender as he was before to me, his tenderness is still greater than it was: yet so much unaffected dignity in it, that my reverence for him is augmented, but without any abatement of my love. Then his cheerfulness, his *more* than cheerfulness, his vivacity, shews, that he is at heart pleased with his Harriet. Happy Harriet!—Yet I cannot forbear now and then, when my joy and my gratitude are at the highest, a sigh to the merits of Lady Clementina!—What I am now, should she have been, think I often!—The general admiration paid me as the wife of Sir Charles Grandison, should have been paid to her!—Lady L. Lady G. should have been her sisters!—She should have been the mistress of this house, and co-guardian of Emily, the successor of the late excellent Lady Grandison!—Hapless Clementina!—What a strange thing, that adherence to religion in two persons so pious, so good, each in their way, should sunder, for ever sunder, persons whose minds were so closely united!

Sir Charles, by Lucy, invites me, till dinner is ready, to walk with them, at her request, in the gallery. Lucy wants, in describing that gallery, to give you, my dearest grandmamma, (in whom every other of my friends is included) a brief history of the ancestors of Sir Charles, whose pictures

adorn it. 'I come! Lord of my heart! 'T attend you!'

How, Madam, would you have been delighted, could you have sat in this truly-noble gallery, and seen the dear man, one arm round my waist, pointing sometimes with the other, sometimes putting that other arm round my Lucy's, and giving short histories of the persons whose pictures we saw!

Some of the pictures are really fine. One of Sir Charles's, which was drawn when he was about sixteen, is on horseback. The horse a managed, curvetting, proud beast.—His seat, spirit, courage, admirably expressed: he must have been, as his sisters say he was, the loveliest, and the most undaunted, yet most modest-looking of youths. He passed his own picture so slightly, that I had not time to take in half the beauties of it. You will not doubt, Madam, but I shall be often in this gallery, were only this one picture there.

What pleasure had I in hearing the history of this ancient family, from this unbroken series of the pictures of it, for so many generations past! 'And will mine, one day,' thought I, 'be allowed a place among them, near to that of the most amiable of them all, both as to mind and figure?' How my heart exulted! What were my meditations as I traced the imagined footsteps of dear Lady Grandison, her picture and Sir Thomas's in my eye! as finely executed as those in the best bed-chamber. 'May I,' thought I, 'with a happier lot, be but half as deserving!' But, Madam, did not Lady Grandison shine the more for the hardships she passed through?—And is it necessary for virtue to be called forth by trials, in order to be justified by its fortitude under them? What trials can I be called to with Sir Charles Grandison? But may I not take my place on the footsteps of her throne, yet make no contemptible figure in the family of her beloved son? I will humbly endeavour to deserve my good fortune, and leave the rest to Providence.

There are in different apartments of this seat, besides two in the house in town, no less than six pictures of Sir Thomas: but then two of them were brought

brought from his seat in Essex. Sir Thomas was fond of his person; they are drawn in different attitudes. He appears to be, as I have always heard he was, a fine figure of a man. But neither Lucy nor I, though we made not the compliment to Sir Charles, you may suppose, (who always speaks with reverence and unaffected love of his father) thought him comparable in figure, dignity, intelligence, to his son.

We were called to dinner before we had gone half way through the gallery.

We had a crowded church again in the afternoon.

SUNDAY NIGHT.] This excellent Dr. Bartlett! And, this excellent Sir Charles Grandison! I may say.—Sir Charles having enquired of the doctor, when alone with him, after the rules observed by him before we came down, the doctor told him, that he had every morning and night the few servants attending him in his antichamber to prayers, which he had selected out of the church-service. Sir Charles desired him by all means to continue so laudable a custom; for he was sure master and servants would both find their account in it.

Sir Charles sent for Saunders and Mrs. Curzon. He applauded to them the doctor's goodness, and desired they would signify, the one to the men-servants, the other to the women, that he should take it well of them, if they cheerfully attended the doctor; promising to give them opportunity as often as was possible. 'Half an hour after ten, doctor, I believe, is a good time in the evening?'

'That, Sir, is about my time; and eight in the morning, as an hour the least likely to interfere with their business. Whenever it does, they are in their duty; and I do not expect them.'

About a quarter after ten, the doctor slept away. Soon after, Sir Charles withdrew, unperceived by any of us. The doctor and his little church were assembled. Sir Charles joined them, and afterwards returned to company, with that cheerfulness that always beams in his aspect. The doctor followed him, with a countenance as serene. I took the doctor aside, though

in the same apartment, supposing the matter. Sir Charles joined us.—O

'Sir,' said I, 'why was I not whifpered to withdraw with you? Think you, that your Harriet—'

'The company, my dearest love,' interrupted he, 'was not now to be broken up. When we are settled, we can make a custom for ourselves, that will be allowed for by every body, when it is seen we persevere, and are, in every other respect, uniform. —Joshua's resolution, doctor, was an excellent one*. The chapel, now our congregation is large, will be the properest place; and there, perhaps, the friends we may happen to have with us, will sometimes join us.'

MONDAY MORNING.] Sir Charles has just now presented to me, in Dr. Bartlett's presence, Mr. Daniel Bartlett, the doctor's nephew, and his only care in this world; a young gentleman of about eighteen, well educated, and a fine accomptant; a master of his pen, and particularly of the art of shorthand writing. The doctor insisted on the specification of a salary, which he named himself to be 40l. a year, and to be within the house, that he might always be at hand. He could not trust, he said, to his patron's assurance, that his bountiful spirit would allow him to have a regard, in the reward, only to the merit of the service.

MONDAY NOON.] Lady Mansfield, Miss Mansfield, and the three brothers, are arrived. What excellent women, what agreeable young gentlemen, what grateful hearts, what joy to Lady W. on their arrival! What pleasure to Lord W. who, on every occasion, shews his delight in his nephew!—All these things, with their compliments to your happy Harriet, let Lucy tell. I have not time.

WHAT, my dear grandmamma, shall we do with Lord and Lady W.!—Such a rich service of gilt plate! Just arrived! A present to me!—It is a noble present!—And so gracefully presented! And I so gracefully permitted to accept of it, by my best, my tenderest, friend!—Let Lucy describe this, too.

* 'As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.' Josh. xiv. 15.

TUESDAY MORNING.] A vast company we shall have. Gentlemen and their ladies are invited: your Harriet is to be dressed; she is already dressed. How kindly am I complimented by every one of my friends!—Let Lucy, let my aunt, (she promises to assist Lucy) relate all that shall pass, describe the persons, and give the characters of our visitors; our managements, our entertainments, the ball that is to conclude the day and night. I shall not be able, I suppose, to write a line.

WEDNESDAY NOON.] Our company left us not till six this morning. My uncle was transported with the day; with the night.

I will only say, that all was happy; and decency, good order, mirth, and jollity, went through the whole space. Sir Charles was every-where, and with every body. O how he charmed them all! Sir William Turner said once, behind his back, 'Of what transports did my late friend Sir Thomas, who doated upon his son, deprive himself, by keeping him so long abroad!'

I could not but think of what my dear Lady G. once wrote, that women are not so soon tired as men with these diversions, with dancing particularly. By three, all but Sir Charles and my uncle seemed quite fatigued; but recovered themselves. My Emily delighted every body. She was the whole night what I wished her to be.—Dear Madam, be not uneasy. We shall be very happy in each other.

O that you were with us, my dearest grandmamma! But you, from your cheerful piety, and joyful expectation of happiness supreme, are already, though on earth, in Heaven!—Yet it is my wish, my aunt's, my uncle's, Lucy's, twenty times a day, that you were present, and saw him, the domestic man, the cheerful friend, the kind master, the enlivening companion, the polite neighbour, the tender husband! Let nobody who sees Sir Charles Grandison at home, say, that the private station is not that of true happiness.

How charmingly respectful is he to my uncle, aunt, and good Mr. Deane! To Lucy, he is an affectionate brother. Emily, dear girl, how she enjoys his tenderness to her!

My uncle is writing to you, Madam,

a letter. He says, it will be as long as his arm. My aunt will dispatch this day a very long one. Theirs will supply my defects. Lucy is not quite ready with her first letter. If there were not so much of your Harriet in it, I would highly praise what she has hitherto written.

THURSDAY MORNING.] I leave to my uncle the account of the gentlemen's diversions in the gardens and fields. They are all extremely happy. But Lord G. already pines after his Charlotte. He will not be prevailed upon to stay out his week, I doubt; sweet tempered man! as I see him in a thousand little amiable instances. If Lady G. did not love him, I would not love her. Lord W. is afraid of a gouty attack. He is never quite free. He and his admirable lady will leave us to-morrow.

I think, my dear Lady G. with you, that discretion and gratitude are the corner-stones of the matrimonial fabrick. Lady W. had no prepossessions in any other man's favour. My lord loves her. What must be that woman's heart, that gratitude and love cannot engage? But she loves my lord. Surely she does. Is not real and unaffected tenderness for the infirmities of another, the very essence of love? What is wanting where there is that? My Sir Charles is delighted with Lady W.'s goodness to his uncle. He tells her often, how much he reveres her for it.

In our retired hours, we have sometimes the excellent lady abroad, for our subject. I always begin it. He never declines it. He speaks of her with such manly tenderness! He thanks me, at such times, for *allowing* him, as he calls it, to love her. He regrets very much the precipitating of her; yet pities her parents and brothers. How warmly does he speak of his Jeronimo? He has a sigh for Olivia. But of whom, except Lady Sforza and her Laurana, does he not speak kindly?—And then he pities. Never, never, was there a more expanded heart!

AN, Madam, a cloud has just brushed by us! It's skirts have affected us with sadness, and carried us from our sunshine prospects *home*; that is to say,

say, to thoughts of the general destiny!—Poor Sir Harry Beauchamp is no more! A letter from his Beauchamp; Sir Charles shewed it to me, for the honour of the writer, now Sir Edward. We admired this excellent young man together, over his letter. What fine things did Sir Charles say on this occasion, both by way of self-consolation, and on the inevitable destiny! But he dwelt not on the subject. He has written to Lady Beauchamp, and to the young baronet. How charmingly consolatory!—What admirable!—But Sir Charles, Madam, is a CHRISTIAN!

THIS event has not at all influenced his temper. He is the same cheerful man to his company; to his Harriet; to every body. I am afraid it will be the cause of his first absence from me: how shall I part with him, though it were but for two days?

FRIDAY NOON.] Lady Mansfield, and her sons, Lord G. and Lord and Lady W. have left us. Miss Mansfield is allowed to stay with me some time longer. Emily is very fond of her. No wonder: she is a good young woman.

We are busied in returning the visits of our neighbours, which Sir Charles promised to do, as if they were individually made to us. We have a very agreeable neighbourhood. But I want these visitings to be over. Sir Charles, and his relations and mine, are the world to me. The obligations of ceremony, though unavoidable, are drawbacks upon the true domestick felicity. One happiness, however, results from the hurry and bustle they put us in; Emily's mind seems to be engaged: when we are not quite happy in our own thoughts, it is a relief to carry them out of ourselves.

SIR Charles and I have just now had a short conversation about this dear girl. We both joined in praising her; and then I said, I thought, that some time hence Mr. Beauchamp and she would make a very happy pair.

I have, said he, a love for both. But as the one is my own very particular friend, and as the other is my ward, I would rather he found for himself, and she for herself, another lover, and that for obvious reasons.

But suppose, Sir, they should like each the other?

So as they made it not a compliment to me, but gave me reason to believe, that they would have preferred each the other to every one else, were they strangers to me, I would not stand in the way. But the man who hopes for my consent for Emily, must give me reason to think, that he would have preferred her to any other woman, though she had a much less fortune than she is mistress of.

I am much mistaken, Sir, if that may not be the case of your friend.

Tell me, my nobly-frank, and ever-amiably Harriet, what you know of this subject. Has Beauchamp any thoughts of Emily?

Ah, Sir! thought I, I dare not tell you *all* my thoughts; but what I do tell you, shall be truth.

I really, Sir, don't imagine Emily has a thought of your Beauchamp.

Nor of any other person? Has she?

Lady G. Lady L. and myself, are of opinion, that Beauchamp loves Emily.

I am glad, my dear, if any thing were to come of it, that the man I loved first.

I was conscious. A tear unawares dropt from my eye—He saw it. He folded his arms about me, and kissed it from my cheek. Why, my love! my dearest love! why this?—and seemed surprized.

I must tell you, Sir, that you may not be surprized. I fear, I fear—

What fears my Harriet?

That the happiest of women cannot say, that her dear man loved her first!

He folded me in his kind arms.

How sweetly engaging! said she.

I will presume to hope, that my Harriet, by the happiest of all women,

means herself—You say not so. I will not insult your goodness so much, as to ask you to say yes.

But this I say, that the happiest of all men loved his Harriet, before she

could love him; and, but for the honour he owed to another admirable

woman, though then he had no hopes of ever calling her his, would

have convinced her of it, by a very early

early declaration. Let me add, that the moment I saw you first (distressed and terrified as you were, too much to think of favour to any man) I loved you: and you know not the struggle it cost me (my destiny with our dear Clementina so uncertain) to conceal my love—Cost me, who ever was punctually studious to avoid engaging a young lady's affections, lest I should not be able to be just to her; and always thought what is called Platonick love an insidious pretension.

O Sir! and I hung my fond arms about his neck, and called him the most just, the most generous, of men.

He pressed me still to his heart; and when I raised my conscious face, though my eye could not bear his, 'Now, Sir,' said I, 'after this kind, this encouraging acknowledgment, I can consent, I think I can, that the lord of my heart shall see, as he has more than once wished to see, long before he declared himself, all that was in that forward, that aspiring heart.'

Lucy had furnished me with the opportunity before. I instantly arose, and took out of a drawer a parcel of my letters, which I had sorted ready, on occasion, to oblige him; which, from what he had seen before, down to the dreadful masquerade-affair, carried me to my setting out with his sisters to Colnebrook.

I think not to shew him farther, by my own consent, because of the recapitulation of his family-story, which immediately follows; particularly including the affecting accounts of his mother's death; his father's unkindness to the two young ladies; Mrs. Oldham's story; the sisters conduct to her; which might have revived disagreeable subjects.

'Be pleased, Sir,' said I, putting them into his hands, 'to judge me favourably. In these papers is my heart laid open.'

'Precious trust!' said he, and put the papers to his lips: 'you will not find your generous confidence misplaced.'

An opportunity offering to send away what I have written, here, my dearest grandmamma, concludes your ever dutiful

HARRIET GRANDISON,

LETTER VIII.

LADY GRANDISON, IN CONTINUATION.

SATURDAY MORNING, DEC. 16.

I Will not trouble you, my dear grandmamma, with an account of the preparations we are making to benefit and regale our poorer neighbours, and Sir Charles's tenants, at this hospitable season. Not even Sir Charles Grandison himself can exceed you, either in bounty or management, on this annual solemnity. Sir Charles has consulted with Dr. Bartlett, and every thing will be left to the direction of that good man. My uncle and aunt have dispatched their directions to Selby House, that their neighbours and tenants may not suffer by their absence.

The gentlemen are all rode out together, the doctor with them, to reconnoitre the country, as my uncle calls it. Emily and Lucy are gone with them, on horseback. My aunt and I declined accompanying them; and took this opportunity, attended by Mrs. Curzon, to go through the offices.

In the house-keeper's room, I received the maid-servants, seven in number; and, after her, called each by her name, and spoke kindly to them all. I told them how handsomely Mrs. Curzon spoke of them, and assured them of my favour. I praised the cheerfulness with which Dr. Bartlett had told me they attended him every day in his antichamber. They should have the opportunity given them, I said, as often as possible. I hoped that my Sally behaved well among them.

They praised her.

'Sally,' said I, 'has a serious turn. Piety is the best security in man and woman for good-behaviour. She will seldom fail of attending the doctor with you. We shall all be happy, I hope. I am acquainting myself with the methods of the house. Nobody shall be put out of their good way by me.' My aunt only said, 'My niece proposes to form herself on the example of the late excellent Lady Grandison.'

They blessed me; tears in their eyes. I made each of them a present for a pair of gloves.

We went through all the offices, the

the lowest not excepted. The very servants live in paradise. There is room for every thing to be in order: every thing is in order. The offices so distinct, yet so conveniently communicating—Charmingly contrived!—The low servants, men and women, have laws, which, at their own request, were drawn up, by Mrs. Curzon, for the observance of the minutest of their respective duties; with little mauls, that at first only there was occasion to exact. It is a house of harmony, to my hand. Dear Madam! What do good people leave to good people to do? Nothing! Every one knowing and doing his and her duty; and having, by means of their own diligence, time for themselves.

I was pleased with one piece of furniture in the house-keeper's room, which neither you, Madam, nor my aunt, have in yours. My aunt says, Selby House shall not be long, after her return, without it. It is a servant's library, in three classes: one of books of *divinity* and *morality*; another for *housewifery*; a third of *history*, true adventures, voyages, and innocent amusement. I, II, III. are marked on the spines, and the same on the back of each book, the more readily to place and re-place them, as a book is taken out for use. They are bound in buff, for strength. A little fine is laid upon whoever puts not a book back in its place. As new books come out, the doctor buys such as he thinks proper to range under these three classes.

I asked, if there were no books of gardening? I was answered, that the gardener had a little house in the garden, in which he had his own books. But her master, Mrs. Curzon said, was himself a library of gardening, ordering the greater articles by his own taste.

Seeing a pretty glass-case in the housekeeper's apartment, filled with physical matters, I asked, if she dispensed any of those to the servants, or the poor? "Here is," said she, "a collection of all the useful drugs in medicine; but does not your ladyship know the noble method that my master has fallen into since his last arrival in England?" "What is that?" "He gives a salary, Madam, to a skilful apothecary, and pays him for

his drugs besides, (and these are his, though I have a key to it;) and this gentleman dispenses physick to all his tenants, who are not able to pay for advice; nor are the poor, who are not his tenants; refused, when recommended by Dr. Bartlett.

"Blessings on his benevolence!" said I. "O my aunt! What a happy creature am I! God Almighty, if I disgrace not my husband's beneficence, will love me for his sake!" "Dear creature!" said my aunt—"And for your own too, I hope."

"There lives in a house, Madam," continued Mrs. Curzon, "within five miles of this, almost in the middle of the estate, and pays no rent, a very worthy young man; brought up under an eminent surgeon of one of the London hospitals, who has orders likewise for attending his tenants in the way of his business—As also every casualty that happens within distance; and where another surgeon is not to be met with. And he, I understand, is paid, on a cure actually performed, very handsomely. But if the patient dies, his trouble and attendance are only considered according to the time taken up; except a particular case requires consideration.

"And this surgeon, Mrs. Curzon, this apothecary—

"Are noted, Madam, for being good, as well as skilful men. My master's test is, that they are men of seriousness, and good livers; their consciences, he says, are his security."

"How must this excellent man be beloved, how respected, Mrs. Curzon!"

"Respected and beloved, Madam!—

"Indeed he is—Mr. Saunders has often observed to me, that if my master either rides or walks in company, though of great lords, people distinguish him by their respectful love: to the lord, they will but seem to lift up their hats, as I may say; or, if women, just drop the knee, and look grave, as if they paid respect to his quality only; but, to my master, they pull off their hats to the ground, and bow their whole bodies; they look smiling, and with pleasure and blessings, as I may say, in their faces; the good women curtsy also to the ground, turn about

when

when he has passed them, and look after him—"God bless your sweet face!" and "God bless your dear heart!" will they say—And the servants who hear them are so delighted!—Don't your ladyship see, how all his servants love him as they attend him at table? How they watch his eye in silent reverence—Indeed, Madam, we all adore him; and have prayed morning, noon, and night, for his coming hither, and settling among us. And now is the happy time: forgive me, Madam; I am no flatterer; but we all say, he has brought another angel to bless us.

I was forced to lean upon my aunt. Tears of joy trickled down my cheeks. O Madam, what a happy lot is mine!

My uncle wonders I am not proud. Proud, Madam!—Proud of my inferiority!

We visited my Bartlett in his new office. He is a modest, ingenious young man. I asked him to give me, at his leisure, a catalogue of the servant's library, for my aunt.

O my dear, said my aunt, had your grandpapa, had your papa, your mamma, lived to this day!

I will imagine, said I, that I see them looking down from their Heaven. They bid me take care to deserve the lot I have drawn; and tell me, that I can only be more happy, when I am *what* and where they are.

Dr. Bartlett, attended by his servant, is returned without the gentlemen. I was afraid he was not very well. I followed him up, and told him my apprehensions.

He owned afterwards, that he was a little indisposed when he came in; but said, I had made him well.

I told him what had passed between Mrs. Curzon and me. He confirmed all she said.

He told me, that Sir Charles was careful also in improving his estates. The minutest things, he said, any more than the greatest, escaped not his attention. He has, said he, a bricklayer, a carpenter, by the year; a sawyer, three months constantly in every year. Repairs are set about the moment they become necessary. By this means he is not imposed

upon by intrenching or craving tenants. He will do any thing that tends to improve the estate; so that it is the best conditioned estate in the country. His tenants grow into circumstance under him. Though absent, he gives such orders, as but few persons on the spot would think of. He has a discernment that goes to the bottom of every thing. In a few years, improving only what he has in both kingdoms, he will be very rich, yet answer the generous demands of his own heart upon his benevolence: all the people he employs, he takes upon character of seriousness and sobriety, as Mrs. Curzon told you; and then he makes them the more firmly his, by the confidence he reposes in them. He continually, in his written directions to his master-workmen, cautions them to do justice to the tenants, as well as to him, and even to throw the turn of the scale in their favour.

You are," says he, "my friends, my workmen: you must not make me both judge and party. Only remember, that I bear not imposition. The man who imposes on me once, I will forgive; but he never shall have an opportunity to deceive me a second time: for I cannot act the part of a suspicious man, a watchman over people of doubtful honesty."

The doctor says, he is a great planter, both here, and in Ireland: and now he is come to settle here, he will set on foot several projects, which hitherto he had only talked of, or written about.

Sir Charles, I am sure, said he, will be the friend of every worthy man and woman. He will find out the sighing heart before it is overwhelmed with calamity.

He proposes, as soon as he is settled, to take a personal survey of his whole estate. He will make himself acquainted with every tenant, and even cottager, and enquire into his circumstances, number of children, and prospects. When occasions call for it, he will forgive arrears of rent; and if the poor men have no prospects of success, he will buy his own farms of them, as I may say, by giving them money to quit: he will transplant one to a less, another to a larger farm, if the tenants consent,

according

‘according as they have stock, or probability of success in the one or the other; and will set the poor tenants in a way of cultivating what they hold, as well by advice as money; for while he was abroad, he studied husbandry and law, in order, as he used to say, to be his father’s steward; the one to qualify him to preserve, the other to manage his estate. He was always prepared for, and beforehand with, probable events.’

‘Dear Dr. Bartlett,’ said I, ‘we are on a charming subject; tell me more of my Sir Charles’s management and intentions. Tell me all you know, that is proper for me to know.’

‘Proper, Madam! Every thing he has done, *does*, and *intends* to do, is proper for you, and for all the world to know. I wish all the world were to know him as I do; not for his sake, but for their own.’

That moment (without any body’s letting me know the gentlemen were returned) into the doctor’s apartment came Sir Charles. My back was to the door, and he was in the room before I saw him. I started; and looked, I believe, as if I thought excuses necessary.

He saw my silly confusion. That, and his sudden entrance, abashed the doctor. Sir Charles reconciled us both to ourselves—He put one arm round my waist, with the other he lifted up my hand to his lips, and in the voice of love, ‘I congratulate you both,’ said he—‘Such company, my dearest life—Such company, my dearest friend—you cannot have every hour! May I, as often as there is opportunity, see you together! I knew not that you were—The doctor and I, Madam, stand not upon ceremony.—Pardon me, doctor. I insist upon leaving you as I found you.’

I caught his hand, as he was going.—‘Dear, dear Sir, I attend you. You shall take me with you; and if you please, make my excuses to my aunt, for leaving her so long alone, before you came in.’

‘Doctor, excuse us both; my Harriet has found, for the first time, a will. It is her own, we know, by its obligingness.’

He received my offered hand, and led me into company: where my aunt called me to account for leaving her, and begged Sir Charles would chide me.

‘She was with Dr. Bartlett, Madam,’ said he: ‘had she been with any other person, man or woman, and Mrs. Selby alone, I think we could have *tried* to chide her.’

What obliging, what sweet politeness, my dear grandmamma!

Such, Madam, is the happiness of your Harriet.

Lucy has an entertaining letter to send you!—From that letter, you will have a still higher notion of my happiness, of Sir Charles’s unaffected tenderness to me, and of the approbation of a very genteel neighbourhood, than I myself could give you.

Lady G. and Lady L. have both made up for their supposed neglects. I have written to each to charge them with not having congratulated me on my arrival here. Two such affectionate letters!—I have already answered them. They love as well as ever (thank Heaven they do!) ~~just~~

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER IX.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

MONDAY, DEC. 23.

THE dearest, best of men, has just now left me!—Did not every body keep me in countenance, I should be very angry with myself for wishing that *such* a man should be always confined to my company! I must keep my fondness within equitable bounds. But, he kindly seemed, and, if he *seemed*, he *was*, as loth to part with me. He is gone to London, Madam: poor Lady Beauchamp has besought his presence, not at Sir Harry’s funeral, (he was to be interred, it seems, last night) but at the opening of the will. And his Beauchamp joined in the request.

He hopes to be down with us on Thursday. Miss Mansfield took the opportunity to return to her mother, who sent word, that she knew not how to live without her.

Sir

Sir Charles was pleased to give me the keys of his study, and of Lady Olivia's cabinets. Lucy gave you, Madam, an account of the invaluable contents. And now I will amuse myself there, and sit in every chair, where I have seen him sit, and tread over his imagined footsteps.

TUESDAY.] My books are come, and all my trinkets with them. We have all been busy in classing the books. My closet will be now furnished as I wish it: and I shall look at these my dear companions of Selby House, and recollect the many, many happy hours they gave me there.

Was I ever, ever unhappy, my dear grandmamma? If I was, I have forgot the time. I acquiesce cheerfully with your wishes not to dis-furnish your gallery, by sending to me our family-pictures. Let those of my benevolent father, and my excellent mother, of happy memory, still continue there, to smile upon you, as you are pleased to express yourself. Nobody but you and my aunt Selby have a right to each of those of mine, which are honoured with a place in your respective drawing-rooms. My dear Sir Charles, thank Heaven! calls the original his. But why would you load me with the precious gold-box, and its contents; less precious those, though of inestimable value, than my dear grandpapa's picture in the lid:—But I can tell you, Madam, that Sir Charles is an ungrateful man: he will not thank you for it. A *remembrance*, Madam! (I know what he will say) Does the best of women think my Harriet wants any thing to remind her of the obligations she is under to parents so dear?—He will be very jealous of the honour of his Harriet. Forgive, Madam, the freedom of my expostulation, as if I were not *your* girl, as well as *his*.

What reasons have you found out (but this was always your happy, your instructive way) to be better pleased with your absence from us, than if you were present with us, as we all often wish you!

HERE, Lady L. Lady G. sisters so dear to me, since these letters will

pass under your eye, let me account to you, by the following extract from my grandmamma's last letters, for the meaning of what I have written to that indulgent parent, in the lines immediately preceding.

'You often, my dearest Harriet, wish me to be with you. In the first place, I am here enjoying myself in my own way, my own ser-vants about me; a trouble, a bar, a constraint, upon no one, but those to whom I make it worth while to bear with me. I should think I never could do enough to strangers: no, though I were sure they thought I did too much. In the next, were I to be with you at Grandison Hall, I could not be every-where: so that I should be deprived of half the delightful scenes and conversations, that you, your aunt, and Lucy, relate and describe to me by pen and ink; nor should I be able perhaps to bear those grateful ones, to which I should be present. My heart, my dear, you know is very susceptible of joy; it has long been preparing itself for the sublimest. Grief touches it not so much. The losses I sustained of your father, your mother, and my own dear Mr. Shirley, made all other sorrows light. Nothing could have been heavy, but the calamity that once threatened my gentle Harriet, had she been afflicted with it. Now, I take up the kind, the rapturous letters, from my table, where I spread them. When the contents are too much for me, I lay them down; and resume them, as my subdued joy will allow: then lay them down again, as I am affected by some new instance of your happiness; bless God, bless you, your dearest of men; bless every body.—In every letter I find a cordial that makes my heart light, and, for the time, insensible of infirmity.—Can you, my Harriet, be happier than I?'

I AM called upon by my aunt and Lucy. I will here, my dear grandmamma, conclude myself, *your* forever obliged, and dutiful,

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER

LETTER X.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

A Treasure, an invaluable treasure, my dear grandmamma!—On the table in Sir Charles's own closet, I took up a common-prayer book, under which, on removing it, I saw a paper written in Sir Charles's largest hand, the three last lines of which appearing to be very serious, (the first side not containing them) I had the curiosity to unfold it: it contains reflections, mingled and concluded with solemn addresses to the Almighty. I asked leave to transcribe them. On promise that a copy, as his, should not pass into any body's hands but yours, I obtained it.

What a comfort is it, on reflection, that, at his own motion, I joined with him in the sacramental office, on occasion of our happy nuptials, the first opportunity that offered! a kind of renewal, in the most solemn manner, of our marriage-vows; at least a confirmation of them. No wonder that the good man, who could draw up such reflections, should make such a motion.

What credit did he do to religion on that happy day! A man of sense, of dignity in his person, known to be no bigot, no superstitious man; yet not ashamed to join in the sacred office with the meanest. It was a glorious confession of his christian principles. Whenever he attends on publick worship, his seriousness, his modesty, his humility, all shew that he believes himself in the presence of that God whose blessing he silently joins to invoke: and when all is over, his cheerfulness and vivacity demonstrate, that his heart is at ease in the consciousness of a duty performed. How does my mind sometimes exult in the prospects of happiness with the man of my choice, extending, through divine goodness, beyond this transitory life!

I will conclude this letter with the copy of these reflections. What is fit to come after them, that can be written by *your*

HARRIET GRANDISON?

THE REFLECTIONS.

WHAT, O my heart! overflowing with happiness! are the sentiments that ought to spring up

in thee, when admitted either in the solemnities of publick worship, or the retiredness of private devotion, into the more immediate presence of thy MAKER!—Who does not govern, but to bless! Whose divine commands are sent to succour human reason in search of happiness!

Let thy law ALMIGHTY! be the rule, and thy glory the constant end of all I do! Let me not build virtue on any notions of honour, but of honour to thy name. Let me not sink piety in the boast of benevolence; my love of God in the love of my fellow-creatures. Can good be of human growth? No! It is thy gift, Almighty, and All-good! Let not thy bounties remove the Donor from my thought; nor the love of pleasures make me forsake the Fountain from which they flow. When joys entice, let me ask their title to my heart. When evils threaten, let me see thy mercy shining through the cloud; and discern the great hazard of having all to my wish. In an age of such licence, let me not take comfort from an inauspicious omen, the number of those who do amiss: an omen rather of publick ruin, than of private safety. Let the joys of the multitude less allure than alarm me; and their danger, not example, determine my choice. What, weigh publick example, passion, and the multitude, in one scale, against reason, and the Almighty, in the other?

In this day of domineering pleasure, so lower my taste, as to make me relish the comforts of life. And in this day of dissipation, O give me thought sufficient to preserve me from being so desperate, as in this perpetual flux of things, and perpetual swarm of accidents, to depend on *to-morrow*: a dependence that is the ruin of *to-day*; as that is of *eternity*. Let my whole existence be ever before me: nor let the terrors of the grave turn back my survey. When temptations arise, and virtue staggers, let imagination sound the final trumpet, and judgment lay hold on eternal life. In what is well begun, grant me to persevere; and to know, that none are wise, but they who determine to be wiser still.

And since, O Lord! the fear of thee is the beginning of wisdom; and,

' in it's *progress*, it's surest shield;
' turn the world entirely out of my
' heart, and place that guardian angel,
' thy blessed fear, in it's stead. Turn
' out a foolish world, which gives it's
' money for what is not bread; which
' hews out broken cisterns that hold
' no water; a world in which even
' they, whose hands are mighty, have
' found nothing. There is nothing,
' Lord God Almighty, in heaven, in
' earth, but thee. I will seek thy face,
' bless thy name, sing thy praises, love
' thy law, do thy will, enjoy thy peace,
' hope thy glory, till my final hour!
' Thus shall I grasp all that can be
' grasped by man. This will heighten
' good, and soften evil, in the present
' life! And when death summons, I
' shall sleep sweetly in the dust, till
' his mighty CONQUEROR bids the
' trumpet sound; and then shall I,
' through his merits, awake to eternal
' glory.'

LETTER XI.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

DEC. 21.

SIR Charles arrived here in safety about two hours ago. He has settled every thing between Lady Beauchamp and the now Sir Edward, to the satisfaction of both; for they entirely referred themselves to him. This was the method he took.—As their interests were not naturally the same, he enquired into each separately, what were the wishes of each; and finding the lady not unreasonable, he referred it to Sir Edward, of his own generosity, to compliment her with more than she asked.

Particularly she had wished to Sir Charles that she might not be obliged to remove under a twelvemonth, from the house in Berkeley Square: and when Sir Charles had brought them together, and pronounced between them, making that an article, Sir Edward thus bespoke her—

' All that your ladyship demands I
' most cheerfully comply with. In-
' stead of the year you wish to remain
' in Berkeley Square, let me beg of
' you, still to consider both houses as
' your own; and me your inmate only,

' as in the life-time of my father. I
' never will engage in marriage, but
' with your approbation: let us, Ma-
' dam, be as little as possible sepa-
' rated; be pleased only to distinguish,
' that I wish not this, but from pure
' and disinterested motives. I will be
' your servant as well as son. I will
' take all trouble from you that you
' shall think trouble; but never will
' offer so much as my humble advice
' to you in the conduct of your own
' affairs unless you ask for it.'

She wept. 'We will henceforth,' said she, 'have but one interest. You shall be dear to me, for your father's sake. Let me, for the same dear sake, be regarded by you—Receive me, excellent pair of friends,' proceeded she, 'as a third in your friendship. Should any misunderstanding arise, which, after so happy a settling out, I hope, cannot be, let Sir Charles Grandison determine between us. Justice and he are one.'

Sir Charles invited down to us the lady and his Beauchamp. He hopes they will come. The young baronet, I dare say will. Emily says, she wants to see how he will become his new dignity. 'Very well, I dare say,' said I.—'Why yes; such an example before him, I don't doubt but he will.'

Lucy was present. 'Near 4000 l. a year, and a title,' said she—'I think you and I, my dear, were we nearer of an age, would contend for him.'

'Not I, Miss Selby: so that I have the love of my guardian and Lady Grandison, you may be Lady Beauchamp for me.'—'You will be of another mind, perhaps, some time hence,' said Lucy—'When I am,' replied Emily, 'tell me of it.'

Sir Charles, when he was in town, visited his two sisters. We shall be favoured with the company of Lord and Lady L. as soon as her visits and visitings are over. With what delight do I expect them!

Mind, my dear Lady G. what follows.

'Lady L.' said he, 'is all joy, that her great event is happily over; she and my lord rewarded with a dear pledge of their mutual love. But is not Lady G. a little unaccountable, my dear?'

'As how, Sir?'

'She

' She hardly seems to receive pleasure in her happy prospects. She appears to me peevish, even childishly so, to her lord. I see it the more for her endeavours to check herself before me. She submits but ungraciously to the requisites of the circumstance, that lays him and me, and our several united families, under obligation to her. I was unwilling to take notice of her particular behaviour, for two reasons; first, because she wants not understanding, and would see her own error before she went too far; and next, because she tacitly confessed herself to be wrong, by being evidently desirous to hide her fault from me: but is not our Charlotte a little unaccountable, my dear?'

What, my dear Lady G. should I have answered? I hope you will allow me to be just. I should have been most sincerely glad to have spoken a good word for you; but to attempt to excuse or palliate an evident fault, looks like a claim put in for allowances for one's own.

' Indeed, Sir, she is a very unaccountable creature! She is afraid of you, and of nobody but you. You should, as she could not conceal from you her odd behaviour to one of the best of husbands, and sweet-tempered of men, who loves her more than he loves himself; and who is but too solicitous to oblige so unthankful a thing; have taken notice of it, and chidden her *severely*. I, for my part, take liberties of this kind with her in every letter I write; but to no purpose. I wanted you, Sir, to find her out yourself; she will get a habit of doing wrong things, and make herself more unhappy than she will make any body else; since it is possible for her to tire out her lord. How insupportable to her, of all women, would it be, were the tables to be turned, and were the man she treats so ungraciously, to be brought to slight her! The more insupportable, as she has a higher opinion of her own understanding than she has of his!'

Can't you form to yourself, my dear Lady G. the attitude of astonishment, that your brother threw himself into?—

But, ah! my dear grandmamma, do

you think I said this to Sir Charles?—No, indeed! for the world, I would not have said one syllable of it. But let Lady G. for a moment, as she reads my letter, think I did. She loves to surprize; why should she not be surprized in turn? Her displeasure would affect me greatly; but if by incurring it I could do her good, and put her in a right train of thinking, I *would* incur it, and on my knees afterwards beg her to forgive me.

He did make the above observation. 'A thousand excellent qualities has my Charlotte.' I particularized to her brother half a dozen, and those are more than fall to the share of most of our modern people of quality; and he was willing to be satisfied with them.—Why? because he loves her. But as she now and then whispers her Harriet, in her letters, let me whisper her, that she is under great obligation to her brother, and still greater to her lord, for passing over so lightly her petulances.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

WHO, Madam, do you think, is arrived? Arrived just as we sat down to dinner; and will stay with us this one night, but he says, no more?—Sir Rowland Meredith! good man! and Mr. Fowler! The latter attended his uncle reluctantly; it seems; but, thank God, he is in pretty-good health. How kindly, how affectionately, did Sir Charles receive them both! How has he already won the heart of honest Sir Rowland!

LET me, Madam, acquaint you with something generously particular of this worthy man.

He desired Sir Charles to let him have me by himself for a quarter of an hour. So fine a young gentleman would not, he hoped, be jealous of such a poor old man as he.

We were in the dining-room; and he rising to attend me, I led him to my drawing-room, adjoining. He looked round him, and was struck with the elegance of the room and furniture; disregarding me for a few moments—'Why, aye!' said he at last, 'this is noble! this is fine! stately, by mercy!' And he bowed to me, poor man, the more respectfully, as I thought, for what he saw. 'And will you, Ma-

'dam,' bowing again, and again, 'allow me to call you *daughter*? I can't part with my *daughter*; nor would I, were you a queen.'

'You do me honour, Sir Rowland; call me *still* your daughter.'

'Why then, you must allow me—Forgive me, Madam!—and he saluted me. 'Joy, joy, tenfold joy, attend my daughter! I don't know what to make of the present fashions. Would Sir Charles have been affronted, had I taken this liberty before him? The deuce is in the present age; they reserve themselves to holes and corners, I suppose: but I am sure no creature breathing could mean more respect than I do. I think only of myself as of your *father*.'

'You are a good man, Sir Rowland. Sir Charles Grandison was prepared to love you; he was prepared to value Mr. Fowler.'

'Prepared by your own respect for us, Madam!—God love you, say yes.'

'Yes indeed, I ever shall respect you both. Have I not claimed a father in you? Have I not claimed a brother in your nephew? I never forget my relations.'

'Charming, charming, by mercy!' and he talked to the other end of the room, wiping his eyes: 'the very same good young lady that ever you were! But, but, but,' putting his hand in his pocket, and pulling out a little box; 'if you are my daughter, you shall wear these for your father's sake!—How now, Madam! refuse me! I command you on your obedience to accept of this—I will not be a jack-straw father.'

'Indeed, indeed, Sir Rowland, you must excuse me: I thought I might have trusted myself with you alone. Your generosity, Sir, is painful to me.'

I curtsied, begged his excuse; and, too much abashed to consider what I did, withdrew to the company in the dining-room. The good man followed me, tears upon his cheeks, the box in his hand: my face glowed.

'She calls me father, Sir Charles; and refuses her obedience. Here I have brought a toy or two, to shew my fatherly love to my daughter. Not a soul, not my nephew there, know not a syllable of the matter; it was that made me call her aside.'

Sir Charles rose from his seat. 'My dearest life is not used,' said he, 'to make light of a duty;' taking my hand. 'You will excuse her from accepting the present, Sir Rowland; that would look as if you thought it necessary to bribe her to do her duty. She will always acknowledge her father: so will I mine. But you do us honour enough in the relation.'

'What, Sir Charles, not of a present from her father to his daughter, on her nuptials, and as a small token of his joy on the occasion; when I know not the man living, out of my own family—' There he stopt.

'My dearest love, there is no resisting this plea: your duty, your gratitude, is engaged.'

'Look you there now! Look you there now! God love you both everlastingly, Amen!—And there is the blessing of a father.'

I took the box, curtsying low; but looked silly, I believe.

'Forgive me, Sir Charles,' said the knight; 'but I must—' He took my hand, and kissed it—and looked as if he wished to salute me—'Fathers, my dear, must be revered,' said Sir Charles, 'by their children.'

I bent my knee, and, in compliance with a motion of Sir Charles, leaned forward my cheek. He saluted me; and again he blessed us both.—'My dear nephew,' said he, hastening to Mr. Fowler, 'if you envy such a man as this his good fortune, by mercy I will renounce you!'

'I may envy you, Sir Charles,' said Mr. Fowler, addressing himself to him in agreeable manner; 'I don't know how it is possible to avoid it; but at the same time I revere you for your character and accomplishments. You are the only man in the world whom I could cordially congratulate, as I do you, on your happiness.'

'True, nephew, true: I, any more than you, should never have enjoyed myself, had any of the feather-headed creatures I saw formerly endeavouring to make an interest in my daughter's favour, succeeded with her—But you, Madam, have chosen a man that every-body must prefer to himself.'

The knight, after tea, moved to have the box opened.

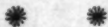
When Sir Charles saw the jewels, he

he was a little uneasy, because of the value of them. A costly diamond necklace and ear-rings, a ring of price, a repeating watch finely chased, the chain of which is richly ornamented; one of the appendages is a picture of Sir Rowland in enamel, adorned with brilliants; an admirable likeness. This I told him was more valuable to me than all the rest. I spoke truth; for so rich a present has made me uneasy. He saw I was: he knew, he said, that I could not want any of these things; but he could not think of any other way to shew his love to his daughter. It was nothing to what he had intended to do in his will; had I not intimated to him, that what he left me, should be given among his relations. 'I am rich, Madam, I can tell you; and what, on your nuptials, could I do less for my daughter?'

Sir Charles said, 'This must not end so, Sir Rowland: but I see you are an invincible man.—Mr. Fowler, I wish you as happily married as you deserve to be: your lady will be entitled to a return of equal value.'

Sir Rowland begged, that he might try on the ring himself.

He was allowed to do so, and was pleased it was not *much* too big. He said I should not pull it off this night. I kept it on to humour the worthy man.



SUPPER over, and a cheerful glass going round with my uncle, Mr. Deane, and the knight, Sir Rowland made it his odd request, that I would permit Sir Charles to put on the necklace for me. 'By no means!' I said. But the knight being very earnest, and my uncle seconding him, (for there was particularity enough in the motion to engage the dear old man) and Sir Charles not discouraging it, my aunt and Lucy smiling all the time, I thought I had better comply. Yet I was the more reluctant, on poor Mr. Fowler's account; for his smiles were but essays to smile. Sir Charles, in his own graceful manner, put it on; bowing low to me, when he had done.

FRIDAY NOON.

SIR Rowland and Mr. Fowler have left us; they would not stay to dinner; they have business to dispatch in town, which will take them up some days:

but they were so well pleased with their reception, that they promise to see us before they set out for Carmarthen.

At parting, Sir Rowland drew me aside: 'Your cousin Lucy, as you call her, is a fine young lady. They tell me that she has a great fortune; but I matter not that a straw—Would to God, my boy knew how to submit to his destiny like a man—Hem! You understand me, Madam—Mercy! I want to be akin to you—You take me, Madam?'

'We are akin: Sir Rowland Meredith is my father.'

'God bless you, Madam! I love you dearly for that; and so we are: but you understand me; a word to the wife. She is not engaged, is she?—I love your uncle of all men—except the king of all men; your lord and master—God bless him! with what good-humour he eyes us—Sir Charles, one word with you, if you please.'

I thought the knight had his fingers ready to take hold of Sir Charles's button; for his hand was extended, but suddenly, as from recollection, withdrawn.

He led Sir Charles to me—and put the same question to him, as he had done to me.

'Let me ask you, my dear Sir Rowland, was this in your thought before you came hither?'

'No, by mercy!—It just now struck me. My nephew knew not a syllable of the matter. But why, you know, Sir Charles, should a man pine and die, because he cannot have the *she* that he loves?—Suppose, you know, six men love one woman, as has been the case here, for aught I know; what a deuce, are five of them to hang, drown, or pistol themselves? or are they to out-stay their time, as I have done, till they are fit for nobody?'

'Women must be treated with delicacy, Sir Rowland. Miss Selby is a young lady of great merit. When questions are properly asked, you hardly need to doubt of a proper answer.'

'But, Sir Charles, is Miss Selby, *bona fide*, engaged, or is she not?—that's the question I ask: if she be, I shall not say a word of the matter.'

'My dear!' said Charles to me.

'I don't

'I don't know that she is,' answered I. 'But Lucy will never think of a man, be his qualifications ever so great, if he cannot give her proofs of loving her above all women.'

'I understand you, Madam—Well, well, and I should be nice too, I can tell you, for my boy. But I'll sound him. I must have him married before I die, if possible. But no more of that for the present. And now God Almighty bless, preserve, and keep you both!—I will pray for the continuance of your happiness.'

He saluted me; wrung Sir Charles's hand; wiped his eyes; made his bow; and stepped into the chariot to his nephew, who had taken leave of us all before.

Lucy, with an air so like some of dear Lady G.'s, put up her saucy lip, when I told her of this; and bid me not write it to you: but I thought, were nothing to come of it, it would divert my grandmamma, as I am sure it will Lady G.

God preserve the most indulgent and pious of parents, and my two sisters and their lords, (including the honoured lord and lady, you, Lady G. are with) *prays her ever dutiful, and their ever affectionate,*

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XII.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

TUESDAY, JAN. 9.

I Have been obliged, by the just demands made upon us by the equally solemn and joyful season, to be silent for many days. You, Madam, and you, Ladies L. and G. have, I doubt not, been engaged in consequence of the same demand—so will excuse me; especially as Lucy and my aunt have both written, and that very minutely, in the interim.

Mr. Deane, to our great joy, has signified to us his intention to live near us; and to present his house at Peterborough to one of his two nephews.

Sir Charles has besought him to consider Grandison Hall as his own house. He promises that he will. I hope, by my care of him, to be an humble means of prolonging his life; at least of making his latter days cheerful.

What a happy season has this been to scores of people in our neighbourhood! but most to ourselves, as the giver is more blessed than the receiver! Such admirable management! such good order!—But I told you that all was left to Dr. Bartlett's direction: what a blessing is he to us, and all around him!

Sir Charles has a letter from Mr. Lowther, who is on his return from Bologna. By the date it should have arrived a fortnight ago; so that he may be every day expected.

Mr. Lowther lets him know, that the family at Bologna are all in spirits, on the prospect they have of carrying their point with Lady Clementina; who, however, for the present, declines the visits of the Count of Belvedere; and they humour her in that particular.

Mr. Lowther is afraid, he says, that all is not quite right as to her mind. Poor lady! He judges so, from the very great earnestness she continues to express to visit England.

She received, he says, with great intrepidity, the news of Sir Charles's marriage. She besought a blessing upon him and his bride; but since has been thoughtful, reserved, and sometimes is found in tears. When challenged, she once ascribed her grief to her apprehensions that her malady may possibly return.

The physicians have absolutely given their opinion, that she should marry.

The general is expected from Naples to urge the solemnity; and vows, that he will not return till she is actually Countess of Belvedere.

She begs that she may be allowed again to pass the Apennines, and visit Mrs. Beaumont at Florence, in order to settle her mind.

She dreads to see the general.

How am I grieved for her!—Sir Charles must be afflicted too. Why will they not leave to time, the pacifier of every woe, the issue of the event upon which they have set their hearts?

Mr. Lowther writes, that Signor Jeronymo is in a fine way.

In this letter he acquits Sir Charles of all obligation to himself. He returns him bills for the sum he had advanced; and declares, that he never will enter into his presence, if he refuses to accept of his acquittance. The family,

family, he says, have nobly rewarded him.

Dr. Bartlett applauds Mr. Lowther's spirit on this occasion. As Sir Charles, he says, is not an ostentatious man, but judges of every thing according to the rules of right and prudence, he has no doubt (though he might not expect this handsome treatment) but he will acquiesce with it. This, however, lessens not the *comparative* merit of Mr. Lowther. There are men, I believe, who having succeeded so well, would have accepted of a reward from both parties. Yet, on recollection, Sir Charles stipulated with Mr. Lowther, that he should receive no fee, but from himself: and his present to the worthy man was the ampler on that account.

I have two charming letters from the Countess of D. By her permission, I have shewn to Sir Charles the correspondence between that good lady and me. He greatly admires her. She desires, that he will be acquainted with her son; and declares she will always look upon me as her daughter, and call me so. Sir Charles bids me tell her, that he cannot consent to her calling me so, unless she will look upon him as her son, and unless my lord will allow him to call him brother. He bid me express his wishes of a friendship with both, answerable to that desirable relation.

My uncle says, he knows not such a place as Selby House. Shirley Manor, indeed, he loves for the sake of the dear mistress of it: but, as long as he has with him his dame, his Harriet, Mr. Deane, and Sir Charles, he is happy. Yet my aunt now and then gets upon a rising ground in the park, and asks, pointing, 'Does not Northamptonshire lie off there?'

Emily is very good in the main. Dear girl! I do pity her. Her young heart so *early* to be tied and tormented by the stings of hopeless love!—Her eyes just now were fixed for several minutes, so much love in them! on the face of her guardian, that his modest eye fell under them.

I will give you, on this occasion, the particulars of a conversation that passed between us; which, at the conclusion, let in a little dawn of hope, that the dear girl may be happy in time.

I had more than once been appre-

hensive, that her eyes would betray her to her guardian; who at present imputes all her reverence for him to gratitude; and as soon as he was withdrawn, with a true sisterly tenderness, 'Come hither, my love,' said I. I was busy with my needle—She came.

'My dearest Emily, if you were to look with so much earnestness in the face of any other man, as you sometimes do, and just now did, in that of your guardian, and the man a single man, he would have hope of a wife.'

'High-ho!' sighed she. 'Did my guardian mind me?—I hope he did not so much, Madam, as you do.'

'So much as I do, my love!'

'Yes, Madam. When my guardian is present, you do look very hard at me: but I hope, I am not a confident girl.'

'You are serious, my Emily!'

'And so is my dear Lady Grandison!'

I was a little surprized. She abashed me. 'Her love,' thought I, 'will make the dear girl hardy, without intending to be so.'

She was too innocent even for consciousness of having disconcerted me. She looked upon my work. 'What would I give, Madam, to be so fine a work-woman as you?—But why that sigh, Madam?'

'The poor Lady Clementina!' said I. I was really thinking of her.

'Do you sigh for every-body, Madam, that loves my guardian?'

'There are different sorts of love, Emily.'

'Why, so I think. Nobody loves my guardian better than I myself do: but it is not the love that Lady Clementina bears him. I love his goodness.'

'And does not Clementina?'

'Yes, yes; but still the love is different.'

'Explain, my dear, your kind of love.'

'Impossible!'

'Why, now, sighs my Emily? You asked me why I sighed. I have answered, it was from pity.'

'Why, Madam, I can pity Lady Clementina, and I do: but I sigh not for her; because she might have had my guardian, and would not.'

'I sigh

' I sigh for her the more, for that
' very reason, Emily; her motive so
' great!'

' Pho, pho, her *motive*! When he
' would have allowed her to be of her
' own religion!'

' Then you sigh not for Clementina,
' Emily?'

' I believe not.'

' For whom, then?'

' I don't know. You must not ask.'

' A habit, and nothing else.'

' Again sighs my Emily?'

' You must not mind me, Madam.'

' A habit, I tell you. But, believe
' me, Lady Grandison,' (hiding her
blushing face in my bosom, her arms
about my neck) ' I believe, if the truth
' were known—'

She stopt, but continued there her
glowing cheek.

' What, my dear, if the truth were
' known?'

' I dare not tell you. You will be
' angry at me.'

' Indeed, my love, I will not.'

' O yes, but you will.'

' I thought we had been sisters, my
' dear. I thought we were to have no
' secrets. Tell me, *what*, if the truth
' were known?'

' Why, Madam, for a trial of your
' forgiveness, tell me, are you not apt
' to be a little jealous?'

' Jealous, my Emily! You surprize
' me! *Why*, of *whom*, of *what*, jea-
' lous? Jealousy is doubt; of whom
' should I doubt?'

' People have not always cause, I
' suppose, Madam.'

' Explain yourself, my dear.'

' Are you not angry with me, Ma-
' dam?'

' I am not. But why do you think
' me jealous?'

' You need not, indeed! My guar-
' dian adores you. You deserve to be
' adored.—But you should allow a
' poor girl to look upon her guardian
' now and then, with eyes of grati-
' tude. Your charming eye is *so* ready
' to take mine to task!—I am, if I
' know myself, a poor innocent girl.
' I do love my guardian, that's cer-
' tain: so I ever did, you know, Ma-
' dam; and let me say, before he knew
' there was such a lady in the world as
' yourself, Madam.'

I threw aside my work; and clasp-
ing my arms about her, ' And love

' him still, my Emily. You cannot
' love him so well as he deserves. You
' are, indeed, a dear innocent, but not
' a *poor* girl. You are *rich* in the re-
' turn of his love. I will ever, ever,
' be a promoter of an affection so in-
' nocent, so pure on both sides. But
' *jealousy*, my dear! do you charge me
' with *jealousy*? Impossible I should
' deserve it! My only concern is, lest,
' as the heart is guessed at by the eyes,
' (the hearts of young creatures espe-
' cially, whose good minds are inca-
' pable of art or design) you should
' give room for the censorious, who
' know not, as I do, that your love
' is reverence next to filial, to attribute
' it to a beginning of the other sort of
' love; which yet in you, were it kind-
' led, would be as bright and as pure
' a flame as ever warmed a virgin heart.'

' O Madam! how you express your-
' self! What words you have! They
' go to my heart!—I don't know how
' it is, but every day I reverence more
' and more my guardian. *Reverence*!
' Yes, that is the proper word! I thank
' you for it! *Filial reverence*! Just the
' thing! And let me say, that I never
' revered him so much as now, that
' I see what a polite, what a kind, what
' an affectionate husband he makes my
' dear Lady Grandison. Yet, let me
' tell you truth, Madam, I should, I
' am afraid, be such a little-minded,
' poor creature, that if I were married,
' and had not a husband that was very
' like him, I should envy you. I should
' be at least unhappy.'

' If you could be *envious*, my dear,
' you would be unhappy: but you must
' never encourage the address of a
' man, who you think loves you not
' better than any other woman; who
' is not a good man upon principle;
' who is not a man of sense; and that
' has seen something of the world.'

' And where, Madam, can such a
' man be found?'

' Leave it to your guardian, my
' dear. He, if any body, will find you
' a man that you may be happy with,
' if your eye be not beforehand with
' your judgment.'

' That, Madam, I hope it will not
' be: first, because the reverence I
' have for my guardian, and his great
' qualities, will make all other men
' look little in my eye; and next, as I
' have such a confidence in his judg-
' ment,

ment, that if he points his finger, and says, "That's the man, Emily!" I will endeavour to like him. But I believe I never now shall like any man on earth.

"It is early days, my love; but is there not some one man, that, were you of age to marry, you would think better of than of any other?"

"I don't know what to say to that.

"It is early days," as you say. I am but a girl: but girls have thoughts. I will tell you, Madam, that the man who has passed some years in the company of Sir Charles Grandison; who is beloved by him, on proof, on experience, (as I may say) of his good heart—She stopt.

"Beauchamp, my dear?"

"Why, yes—Him I mean: he is the most to be liked of any man but my guardian; but he now is a great man; and I suppose may have seen the woman he could love."

"I fancy not, my dear."

"Why do you fancy not, Madam?"

"Because, if I must speak as freely to you, as I would have you do always to me, I think he shews great and uncommon respect to you, though you are so young a creature."

"That's for my guardian's sake."

"But be that as it will; let me be secure of my guardian's love and yours, and I shall have nothing to wish for."

Her guardian, my guardian, my friend, my lover, my husband, every sweet word in one, coming in, put an end to the subject.

I leave this conversation to your own reflections, my dear grandmamma, Lady L. Lady G. But I have hopes from it.

LETTER XIII.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

SATURDAY, SUNDAY, JAN. 20, 21.

ANOTHER long silence. Lucy will supply all my defects. She will tell you how much I have been engaged. Are you not delighted with her last letter?

We went, as we had proposed, to Mansfield House. The lady of it would not part with us till Thursday, the days

being short, and the weather unfavourable.

Mr. Dobson and his lady were guests there. He is a credit to his cloth; his wife to him. They are greatly beloved by all who know them.

Lady Mansfield and Miss Mansfield are all that is polite and good.

The three brothers were there. The eldest, who was once a melancholy man, is now one of the cheerfullest.

With what pleasure did I meditate, as I looked upon them, the restoration of such a worthy and ancient family to affluence! They were born to it: yet when they were deprived of it, how glorious was the resignation of mother and daughters! And now, how easy sits the prosperity upon them! Never saw I eyes more expressive of gratitude to a benefactor, than those both of ladies and gentlemen, as they were often cast upon my dear Sir Charles.

I heartily wish Mr. Orme may find his expectations answered in the second voyage Nancy tells me he is preparing for to Lisbon. She will make known my best wishes for the restoration of his health. How good is his sister to accompany him!—I always loved her.

I received yesterday yours, Madam, acquainting me with Mr. Greville's visit and proposal, and asking my opinion of the latter; and whether I would chuse to mention it to Lucy and my aunt. What can I say? You once told me, Madam, that you believed Lucy would not have refused Mr. Greville, had he first applied to her. Lucy's grandmother, you say, is not averse to the match; and you think my uncle would not refuse his consent, because of the contiguity of their respective estates, and in hopes, that he might resume with success, on such an event, his favourite project of exchange of lands. Yet I am sure this consideration would have no weight with him, if he thought Lucy could not be happy with Mr. Greville.

I have mentioned it to my aunt. She says, Mr. Greville is not a bashful man. He knows how to apply to Lucy himself. And she has no notion, in such a case, of that pride, which withholds him till he thinks himself sure of the family-interest.

He will, if possible, he says, be related to me: let that be mentioned to Lucy, as one of his principal motives,

and his business with her is done for ever.

Lady G. would laugh at the notion of a difficulty from a first love. First love she calls first nonsense. Too frequently it is so. Lucy is a noble girl. She has overcome a first attachment; the more laudably, as it cost her some struggles to do it. Mr. Greville, I doubt, has had several first loves: this transition, therefore, is nothing to him. So neither of them will be first love to the other. It may, therefore, be a match of discretion. Yet his character! The reformation he boasts of!—I *hope* he is reformed: but I have no notion of a good young woman, as Lucy is, trusting her person, I may say, her *principles*, to the arbitrary will of an impetuous man, who has been an avowed libertine, and pretends not to have reformed from proper convictions. A scoffer too! How came he by his new lights?—You, Madam, have told us young folks the difficulty of overcoming evil habits. I own that Lucy always spoke of him with more favour than any body else. She was inclined to think him a good-natured man; and was pleased with what she called humour in him. *Humour*! I never could call it so. Humour, I used to tell her, is a gentle, a decent, though a lively thing. Mr. Greville is boisterous, impetuous; *rude*, I had almost said: his courtship to me was either rant, or affront; the one to shew his plain-dealing, the other his love. He knows not what respectful love is. In short, his mirth, his good-nature, as it is called, has fierceness in it; it always gave me apprehension.

As to worldly matters, there can be no exception to him; but I cannot be of the opinion of Lucy's grandmother, that he is a generous man: he has only qualities that look like generosity. His start to me, when he *resigned* his pretensions to me, as they have been called, (for I know not any he had) was *only* a start. He could not hold it. But be all these things as they may, how can I, who love Lucy as myself, propose to the dear girl a man, whom I could not think of for myself? Lucy has a fine fortune; and surely, there are men enough in the world, who have never made pretensions to Lucy's cousin, who would think themselves honoured by

her acceptance; otherwise I should, after Sir Rowland's hint, and earnest wishes in his nephew's favour, much sooner have recommended Mr. Fowler to her than Mr. Greville.

My aunt had said, that, for her part, she should chuse to leave the above affair to its own workings: yet, could not forbear to acquaint Lucy with it. The dear girl came to me, to demand a sight of your letter, and of what I had written upon it. I could not (though I had some little reluctance to shew her the letter) deny her. I will give you, Madam, the substance of a short dialogue that passed between us on the occasion; and leave it to you to draw such conclusions from it, as you shall judge proper, with regard to my Lucy's inclinations.

She did not know what I meant, she said, by writing to you, that she had always spoken of Mr. Greville with more favour than any body else.

'It is ungenerous, Lucy, if you are angry at what you would oblige me to shew you against my will.'

'I am *not* angry. But—' She stopt, and would not explain her half-fullen but. 'O Lucy,' thought I, 'you are a woman, my dear!'

'As to what you write,' said she, 'of his desire of being related to *you*; who would not?—If that be not his *principal* motive—' 'Very well, Lucy,' thought I.

'I know,' said she, 'that my grand-mamma Selby has often wished Mr. Greville would make his addresses to her grand-daughter!—' 'So! so! so! Lucy,' thought I.

'His libertinism, indeed, is an objection—But I have not heard *late*ly of any enormities—'

'Go on, Lucy,' thought I: 'hitherto appears not any reason for Mr. Greville to despair.'

'He may have seen his folly.'

'No doubt but he has!' thought I. 'He *saw* it all the time he was committing it: but, perhaps, he is the more determined bad man for that. 'Is not purity of heart,' thought I, 'as well as of manners, an eligible thing?'

'If a woman is not to marry till she meet with a strictly virtuous man—'

'You have too often pleaded that argument,

'argument, Lucy, to me—I am sorry—I stop; willing to hear her quite out; for she held before her what I had written.

'How came he, you ask,' said she, 'by his new lights? I have nothing to do with how he came by them. I should rather indeed he had them from *proper* convictions—but if he has them, that's enough.'

'Is it, my dear, let him have been what he will?'

'I am for judging charitably—'

'Charming!' thought I—'judging charitably! So I have lost a virtue, and you, Lucy, have found it.'

'Mr. Greville is nothing to me; nor ever will be.'

'Not quite so sure of that,' thought I to myself.

'You say, Harriet, you have no notion of a good young woman trusting her *principles* to the arbitrary will of a man who has been a free liver—*Must* the man be arbitrary?—Were a husband a free liver, must a wife's own principles be endangered?'

'*These* questions from my Lucy! thought I.

'A scoffer, you say, Harriet!—The man's a fool for that!—But what a poor soul must he be that could not silence a scoffer!'

'Silence a scoffer! Ah, Lucy!' said I; 'and would you marry a man with a hope to be able to silence him? Mr. Greville is a conceited man: my Lucy has six times his sense; but he will not be convinced of that. You will have the less influence upon him, if he is jealous of the superiority of your understanding. Mr. Greville is obstinate as well as conceited. Few men, I believe, will own conviction from a wife's argument.'

'To be sure the man is not a Sir Charles Grandison. Who is?—Let him, as my aunt Selby says, apply to me; I shall give him his answer.'

'You would wish he should, Lucy?'

'I don't say so.'

'I fancy, Lucy, you would not be very *cruel* if he did.'

'You *fancy* I would not—But I can, as you always did, treat the man who professes to love me, with civility; yet not throw myself into his arms at the first word.'

'*First* word, Lucy, no! the second, or third, or fourth, is time enough;

so the man is not mean-time rendered quite hopeless.'

'Very well, Lady Grandison: but let me go on with what you have written—"Good-natured man!"—I do think he is not an *ill-natured* man.'

'So much the better for himself, and his future wife, Lucy.'

'That will not be I, Lady Grandison.'

'Perhaps not, my Lucy.'

—"Humour!" I do think he is a humorous good-natured man. A little too vehement perhaps in his mirth; a little too frolick: but who is faultless?'

'Proceed, my Lucy.'

—"Generous!" Not a generous man!—"Qualities that look like generous ones!"—You are a nice distinguisher, Harriet; you always were—But here you tell your grand-mamma, that you had rather I should have Mr. Fowler than Mr. Greville.'

'Well, my dear, and what say you to that?'

'Why, I say, I think you are not so nice for me in this case, as you are in others.'

'How so?'

'*How so!* Why is there not a difference between the actual proposals made by Mr. Greville to Mrs. Shirley; and Sir Rowland's undertaking to try to *prevail* upon Mr. Fowler to make his addresses to me?'

'Granted, my dear—I have not a word more to say in behalf of Mr. Fowler. Mr. Greville, Lucy—'

'Is a man I never will have.'

'No rash resolutions, my dear. And yet I believe a woman has seen the same man in a very different light, when he has offered himself to her acceptance, from what she did before.'

'I believe so—But I had a mind to sound you, Harriet; and to come at your opinion.'

'You are entitled to it, Lucy, without attempting to sound me for it.'

'True. But we women sometimes chuse to come at a point by the *roundabouts*, rather than by the *fore-rights*.'

'That is, Lucy, either when we think the *fore-right* way would not answer our wishes; or when we are not willing to open our hearts.'

‘Your servant, my dear: but the cap fits not. Whenever I speak to you, my heart is upon my lips.’

‘Let me try then, in this first doubtful instance that I ever had from you of it’s being so—Do you think of encouraging Mr. Grenville’s proposal?’

‘It is not a proposal, till it comes in a direct way to myself.’

‘Very well, my dear—I say no more till it does.’

SIR Charles has just now heard that Mr. Lowther is arrived in London. He longs (so I am sure do I) to know how affairs are situated in Italy. O for good news from thence! Then will my happiness in this life be perfected!

LETTER XIV.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

GRANDISON-HALL, THURSDAY,
JAN. 25.

MR. Lowther arrived here last night. Sir Charles gave him a most welcome reception. He presented him to all our guests, with expressions of the warmest friendship; and then retired with him to his study. He soon led him back to company, and seating him, drew a chair between my aunt and me.—‘You must have curiosity, my dear,’ said he.—‘Behold the sister-excellence of Lady Clementina, Mr. Lowther! Not a person of her family is more concerned for the happiness of that lady, than this dearest and most generous of women.—Every one of my friends present, looking around him, is an admirer of her.—We cannot, my dear,’ applying to me, ‘know for certainty, the destiny of that excellent lady from Mr. Lowther. He passed a week at Lyons, a fortnight at Paris, on his return to England. But my Jeronymo is in a fine way, thank God, and resolves to visit us in the spring.’

‘I hope, Sir,’ said my aunt, to Mr. Lowther, ‘you left Lady Clementina well and happy in her mind?’

‘She was at Florence,’ answered he, ‘when I left Italy. She has been pretty much indisposed there. The general,

the bishop, and Father Marefcotti, had been with her. She was expected at Bologna very soon. By this time, I have no doubt, she is Countess of Belvedere.’

‘By her own consent, I hope then, Mr. Lowther,’ said I eagerly.

He shook his head.—‘As to that,’ said he, ‘she has the most indulgent of parents—’

‘They cannot be so, Mr. Lowther, if they would compel her to marry any man to whom she has an indifference.’

‘They will not compel her, Madam.’

‘Persuasion, Sir, in the circumstances of this excellent lady is in, is compulsion.’

‘I think it may be justly called so,’ said Sir Charles.—‘Mr. Lowther, they should not have been so precipitating.’

‘So you have always told them, Sir Charles. Signor Jeronymo is entirely of your opinion: yet is earnest in the Count of Belvedere’s favour. The count adores her.’

‘Adores her,’ Sir! said I. ‘Adores himself! for so it should be said (pardon me, Sir!) of a man who prefers not the happiness of the object beloved, to his own.—I felt my face glow.’

‘Generous warmth!’ said Sir Charles, laying his hand on mine.

‘For my part,’ replied Mr. Lowther, ‘I am only afraid of the return of her malady. If it do not return, and she can be prevailed on, her piety will reconcile her to her duty.’

‘A duty, Mr. Lowther,’ interrupted I.—‘So imposed!—A duty!’

I knew not what I said. I thought at that instant, I did not like Mr. Lowther.

My uncle, aunt, and the rest of us, thought Sir Charles and Mr. Lowther would be glad to be left alone; and retired early.

My aunt, my Lucy, and I, had a good deal of discourse upon this interesting subject; Emily present.

We all foresaw, that the situation of this admirable lady would overcloud a little (we hoped but a little) the happiest days that ever mortals knew.

‘The sincere value,’ said my aunt, ‘that you have for so deserving a woman, and your native generosity, will

'will be your security for happiness, my dear; and will fix on a durable base your mutual love: but this lady's trials will, however, be trials to you. God give her peace of mind! it is all we can hope for in *her* favour: to *you*, the continuance of your present happiness; greater cannot fall to the lot of mortal.'

She left me. I retired to my pen.

Thus far have I written. 'Tis late. Sir Charles is coming up—And I am here at my pen. I will compliment him with a place in my closet, while I retire.—Good night, my dearest grandmamma. Pray for your Harriet, and pray for Clementina.

FRIDAY MORNING.

SIR Charles would have withdrawn to his study, when he found me at my pen. I besought him to sit down in my closet.

'Remove your papers then, my dear.'

'No need, Sir. *This*,' (putting what I had been just writing, and those I had written the day before on one side of my desk) 'I would not, Sir, except you have a curiosity, wish you to see at present: *these*, Sir, you may, if you please, amuse yourself with.'

'I will take down one of your books, my love. I will not look into any of your written papers.'

'Dear, generous Sir, look into them all—Look into both parcels. Something about Luey; something of what Mr. Lowther has talked of in that parcel—Read any of the written papers before you.'

'A generous mind, my love, will not take all that is offered by a generous mind. Hasten, my Harriet: it is late. My mind is a little disturbed: yours, I am afraid, is generously uneasy. In your faithful bosom will I repose all my cares.'

I pressed his hand between both mine, and would have pressed it with my lips: but, kissing my hand, first one, and then the other—'Condescending goodness,' said he. 'God continue to me my Harriet's love, and make Clementina not unhappy, and what can befall me, that will not add thankfulness to thankfulness?'

With what soothing tenderness did he afterwards open his generous heart to his Harriet! He was indeed disturbed: for Mr. Lowther had told him that the general (I don't love him) was quite cruel—At one time he threatened the excellent creature: he called her ungenerous, ungrateful, undutiful!—She fell down at his feet, in a fainting fit: he left her in anger—Staid not to recover or soothe her—Yet returned in about two hours, (his conscience stinging him) and on his knees besought her pardon—Received it—The dear faint forgave the *soldierly* man—Yet he persisted, and turned his threatenings into worse, if possible, than threatenings, into persuasion.

'If I have an enemy,' said the dear creature to her brother, 'who has conceived a mortal antipathy to me, let him insinuate himself into the favour of those most dear to me, and prevail upon them to attack me with all the powers of persuading love, in order to induce me to do the thing, whatever it be, most contrary to my heart: and then will the instigator wreak upon me his whole vengeance, and make me think death itself an eligible refuge.'

Sir Charles sighed at repeating this. I wept. 'How happy,' thought I, more than once, 'are you, best of men, in your own reflections, that a woman so excellent, who cannot be happy with any other man, *herself* refused you, and *persisted* in her refusal; though you sought all ways, and used all arguments to bring her to a change of determination! What otherwise would have been your regret! And how unhappy should I have been in the consciousness of being in her place; and of having dispossessed her of a heart to which she had so much better pretensions!' Now has he no room for remorse, but for friendly pity only, and for wishes to relieve her afflicted heart. Of what a blessing is that man possessed, who when calamity assails him, can acquit himself, his *intentions* at least; and say, 'This I have not brought upon myself; it is an inevitable evil: a dispensation of Providence I will call it, and submit to it as such!'

Methinks, Madam, I could spare this excellent woman some of my happiness.

pinefs. Have I not more than mortal ever knew before?

Sir Charles mentioned to me, that Lady Olivia, in her laft letter to him, intimated her defire to come over once more to England: but he hoped what he had written to diffuade her from it, would have weight with her. I told him, I wifhed that lady the wife of fome worthy man, whose gratitude and affection ſhe, by her great fortune, might engage. 'But, Sir,' ſaid I, 'I cannot, cannot wifh (be the Count of Belvedere ever fo good a man) that Lady Clementina were married.'

'What would my Harriet wifh for Lady Clementina, circumftanced as ſhe is?'

'I don't know. But the woman who has loved Sir Charles Grandifon with a heart fo pure, can never be happy with any other man.'

'You are ever obliging, my love. You judge of Clementina as ſhe deſerves to be judged of, as to the purity of her heart. But—' He ſtopt.

'But what, my dear Sir?—Alas! ſhe ſays that you have ſtrengthened the hands of her friends: am I forgiven before I go any farther?'

'Not, my Harriet, if you think it neceſſary to aſk ſuch a queſtion. Blame me always, when you think me wrong: I ſhall doubt your love, if you give me reaſon to queſtion your freedom.'

'Dear Sir!—But answer me: would you have Clementina, circumftanced as ſhe is, marry?'

'What answer can I return to my Harriet's queſtion; when ſometimes I am ready to favour the parents' pleas; at others, the daughter's? I would not have her either compelled, or over-earnestly perſuaded. The family plead, that their happinefs, her health and peace, depend on her marriage: they cannot bear to think of rewarding Laurana for her cruelty, with an eſtate that never was deſigned for her; and to the cutting it off, as it may happen, from their Giacomo and his descendants for ever, in caſe Clementina aſſumes the veil. The healths of the father and mother are declining: they wifh but to live to ſee the alliance with the Count of Belvedere take place. The noble lady gave reaſons that *could* be answered. She had, by her own

magnanimity, got over a greater difficulty, if I may preſume to ſay ſo, than they had required her to ſtruggle with: how could I avoid adviſing her to yield to the ſupplications of parents, of brothers, of an uncle, who, however miſtaken in the means by which they ſeek to obtain their wiſhes, love not their own ſouls better than they love their Clementina?'

'It was, beſides, a meaſure by which only, at the time, I could demonſtrate (and the general, I know, conſider it as a *teſt*) that I really gave up all hopes of her myſelf.—And when I had owned, that there was a woman, with whom I had no doubt of being happy; could I engage her to accept of me, they all beſought me, for *their* ſakes, for Clementina's, to court that acceptance, having hopes, that though ſhe could not ſet me an example, ſhe would follow mine.'

'This, my deareſt life, was the occaſion, as I told your friends, of accelerating my declaration to you. I could not elſe, either for the ſake of your delicacy or my own, ſo ſoon have made propoſals, not even to Mrs. Shirley; for, ſituated as I was, I could not think of applying to you till I had ſtrengthened myſelf, as I hoped to do, by her intereſt. Your generous acceptance, ſignified to me by that good lady, has for ever obliged me. I regarded it, my Harriet, circumſtanced as I have been, and ſhall ever regard it, as a *condeſcenſion*, which, as I told that lady, at the time, laid me under an obligation that I never, by my utmoſt gratitude, ſhall be able to repay.'

'O Sir, well have you ſhewn that you meant what you ſaid. How poor a return is my love for ſo much goodnefs, and kind conſideration!'

He claſped me to the faithfulleſt of human hearts.

'But, dear Sir, I find, on the whole, that you think Lady Clementina has not ſo much reaſon on her ſide, as her parents have on *theirs*.'

'My tendernefs for her, my dear, becauſe of her unhappy malady, and my apprehenſion of a return of it, together with my admiration of her noble qualities, prejudice me ſtrongly in her favour. If ſhe *could* be convinced

convinced by their motives, I should be ready to own my convictions in favour of these. But if *she* cannot, neither can I; so partial am I in the cause of a lady I so sincerely admire, and who has been so much afflicted. But what, in the situation they and she were in, remained for me to do, but to advise the family to proceed with tenderness and patience; that their Clementina might have time to weigh, to consider, their reasons, their indulgence? You, my dear, shall see, in the copies of the letters I have written since I have been in England, my remonstrances to them in their precipitating her. But they were in a train: they presumed on the characteristick duty of their Clementina; they flattered themselves, that sometimes she seemed to relent; they conceived hopes from the expressions of compassion for the Count of Belvedere, which sometimes she let fall. The general, who, though a generous man, can do nothing moderately, would not be satisfied with cold measures, as he called them; and, not doubting his sister's acquiescence with her duty, if once she could be prevailed upon to think her compliance such, they were resolved to pursue the train they were in: but in order to avoid their importunities, how has the dear Clementina shifted the scene from Bologna to Florence, from Florence to Bologna, and once, for that purpose, wanted to go to Urbino, once to Naples, and even, as you have seen, to come to England!—But now, by this time, most probably they have succeeded. God give happiness to the dear Clementina!

Most cordially did I join in the prayer.

The next letters from Italy must acquaint us with the unwished-for success of the family; and the poor lady's thralldom: can, my dear grandmamma, the Count of Belvedere really be a good, a generous man, to solicit the favour of a *hand*, that he knows will not be accompanied by a *heart*? Can the man be said to know what true love is, who prefers not the happiness of the beloved object to his own; who thinks he can be happy, though the person he professes to love, shall be unhappy?

Thank God, this dreadful lot has not been drawn by *your*

HARRIET GRANDISON.

I am glad, my dear Lady G. that you are returned to Grosvenor Square. Be easy, be patient, my Charlotte. We shall have, I hope, many happy days together at Grandison Hall, at Grosvenor Square; at every place where we shall be. You are a dear fretful creature!—But not half so petulant, I hope, in behaviour, as on paper to me. Let us think of nothing grievous, my Charlotte; but of the unhappy situation of poor Lady Clementina: and let us join to pray for her happiness.

LETTER XV.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

SATURDAY MORNING, FEB. 3.

EMILY and I have had another conversation. She had been more grave and solemn than usual from the time of the last, of which I gave you an account.

Her Anne had taken notice to Sally of a change in the temper of her young mistress. She knew not how to please her, she said. From the best-natured young lady in the world, she was grown one of the most peevish: and she had taken the liberty to tell her, that she must quit her service, if she found her so hard to be pleased.

'Do then,' was her answer; 'I won't be threatened by you, Anne. You seem to have found out your consequence with me. Go, Anne, as soon as you will. I won't be threatened, Anne. I have enough to vex me, without being disturbed by you.'

The honest maid who dearly loves her, and has been with her ever since she was seven years old, and was much approved, for her fidelity and good behaviour, by her father, burst out into tears, and would, in a mild and humble manner, have expostulated with her. 'Let me beseech you, Madam,' said she, 'to permit me a word or two by way of dutiful expostulation.' But she hurried from her—'I won't hear

'hear you, Anne. You have begun at the wrong end. You should have expostulated, and not threatened, first.' And then going up to her closet, she locked herself in.

I pitied the dear girl. Too well I thought I could account for this change of temper in her: so exceedingly good her guardian to her, her gratitude augmented her love. [Don't I know how that might easily be?] 'Yet,' thought I, 'it would half break her heart, if he were to assume reserve. — I would not, for her sake, have him imagine there was a necessity for a change of his behaviour to her. And indeed if he were to be more reserved, what would that do? So good a man; so uniform his goodness; the poor Emily must acquit him, and condemn herself; yet have no cure for her malady.'

Sally offered Anne to acquaint me with what had passed: but the good young woman begged she would not. Her young lady was so tenacious, she said, (young lady like) of her authority, that she would never forgive her, if she were known to make an appeal to me, or to my aunt. And to complain without a probability of redress, the prudent creature observed, except to her, as one lady's woman to another, would expose her beloved young mistress; when, perhaps, the present grievance might be cured by time, assiduity, and patience.

This was necessary to premise.

Sir Charles, my uncle, and Mr. Deane, having rode out pretty early this morning to breakfast, at Sir William Turner's; and my aunt and Lucy retiring after breakfast to write; and I to my closet for the same purpose; Emily came and tapp'd at my door: I instantly opened it.

'I intrude, Madam.' — 'No, my dear.'

I had observed at supper last night, and at breakfast this morning, that she had been in tears, though nobody else did; for the hints privately given me by Sally, made me more observant of her motions.

I took her hand, and would have placed her by me. — 'No, Madam,' said she, 'let me stand: I am not worthy of sitting down in your presence.'

Her eyes were brimful of tears; but as she twinkled in hopes to disperse

them, I would not take such full notice of them, as might make them run over, if they could be dispersed: yet mine, I believe, sympathized.

'In my presence, my Emily! my friend! Why this?'

I stood up. 'Your eldest sister, my love, sits not, while her younger stands.'

She threw her arms about me, and her tears ran over. 'This goodness kills me! — I am, I am, a most unhappy creature! — Unhappy from the grant of my own wishes! — O that you would treat me severely! I cannot support myself under the hourly instances which I receive of your goodness.'

'Whence, my dearest Emily, these acknowledgments? I do love my Emily: and should be either ungrateful or insensible to the merits of my beloved sister, did I not do all in my power to make her happy. What can I do for her that is not her due?'

She struggled herself out of my embracing arms, withdrawing hers. — 'Let me, let me go, Madam!' — She hurried into the adjoining apartment. I followed her; and taking her hand, 'Leave me not in this perplexity, my Emily! I cannot part with you: if you love your Harriet, as she loves her Emily, you will put me in the way of alleviating this anguish of the most innocent, and most amiable of minds. Open your heart to me, my dear.'

'O, Lady Grandison! the deserving wife of the best of men, you ought to hate me!'

'My dearest Emily!' said I.

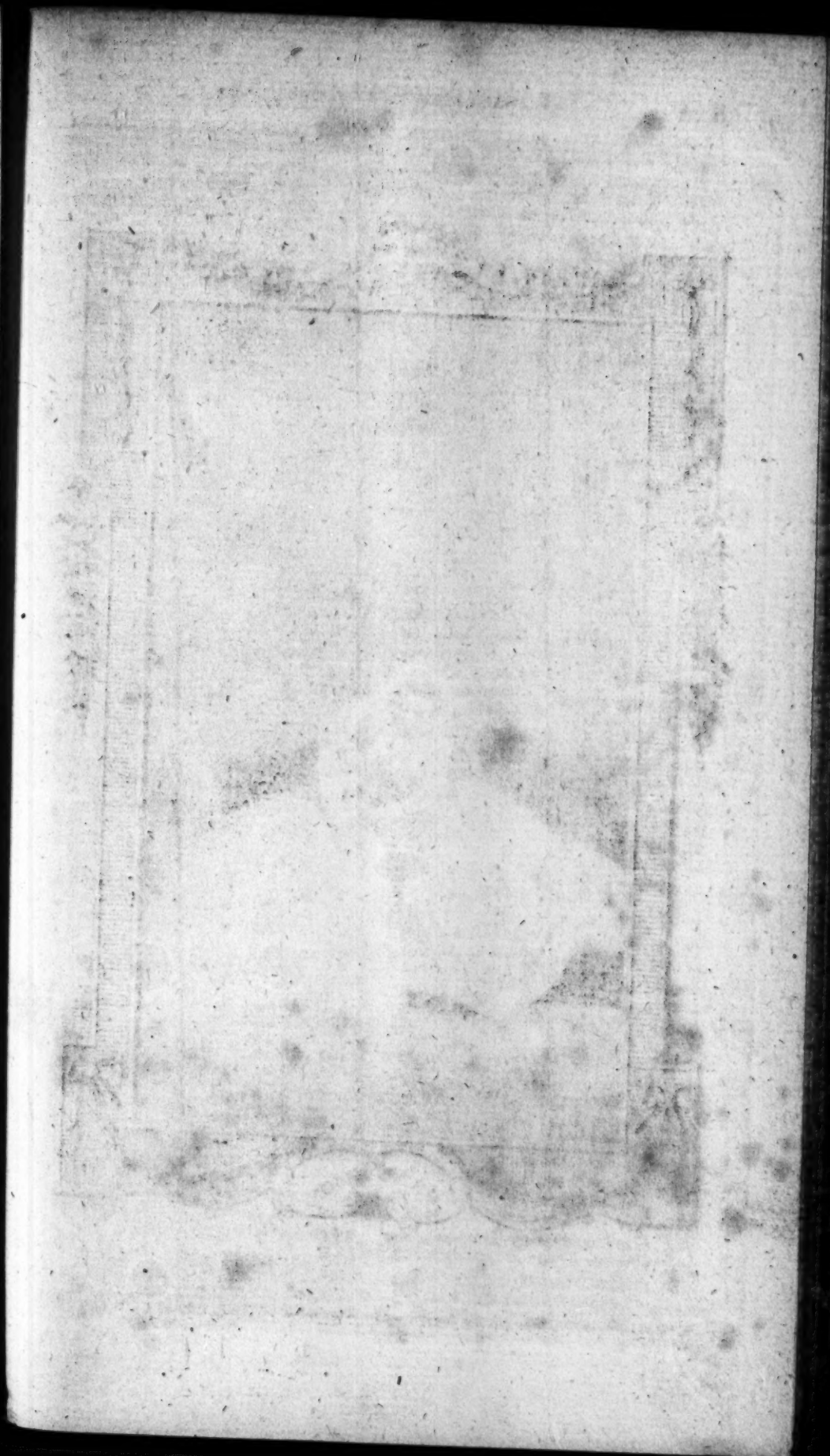
'Indeed you ought.'

'Let us sit down on this sofa, if you will not return to my closet.'

I sat down. She sat by me, leaning her glowing face on my shoulder. I put one arm round her neck; with the other hand I grasped one of her's. — 'Now, my dear, I conjure you, by the friendship that is between us, the more than sisterly friendship, open your whole heart to me; and renounce me, if it be in my power to heal the wounds of your mind, and I do not pour into them the balm of friendly love.'

'What can I say? — Yesterday, my dearest Lady Grandison, I received an answer to a case I put to Dr. Bartlett, of

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‘ of a young creature who—I can’t tell you—

She wept, raised her head, dried her eyes; again leaned her face on my shoulder; again I put my arm round her neck—‘Your case, my love?’

‘Ah, Madam! *My case*—Did you say *my case*?’

‘I asked, my dear, not as for *your* case, any other than as for the case you put to the doctor.’

‘He has not told you, Madam?’

‘Indeed he has not said a word of your consulting him.’

‘I had rather tell you myself. I am afraid he guesses who the young woman is. O the poor cunning!—I am a weak silly creature!—He certainly guesses—

‘May I, my love, see the case?—May I see the answer to it?’

‘I have burnt them both! In a fit of anger at myself, that I should expose myself, (for he certainly guesses who the young man is) I threw them in the fire.’

‘But you can tell me the case. You can give me the substance of the answer.’

‘How can I? *You* of all women! *You*, Madam, whom I best love of all women; but who ought to hate, to despise me!’

‘Trust me, love, with your secret. It shall never, without your leave, pass this faithful bosom, if it be a secret that *already* I do not guess at. She started—‘Guess at, Madam!’

‘Don’t start at what I say, my love.’

‘O you cannot, cannot guess at it. If you did—

‘What if I did?’

‘Then would you banish from your presence for ever the justly-hated Emily: then would you make my guardian renounce me!’

‘Shall I, my dear, tell you what I guess?’

‘Whisper me, then,’ throwing about me the hand I held not: ‘but whisper me that I may not hear.’

‘You love your guardian, my Emily!—He loves you!’

‘O Madam!’

‘He will always love you; so will I.’

‘Banish the criminal from your presence forever!’ rising; yet again laying her face on my shoulder—and clasp-

ing her arms about me, ‘Hide me, hide me from myself.’

‘No need, my dear. Every body loves your guardian. You cannot love him but with innocence. Your love is founded in gratitude. So was mine. Don’t I know how to allow for my Emily?’

‘You will banish fear from my heart, Madam, by this your goodness to me. I find I may own all my weakness, my folly, to you; and the rather, as I shall entitle myself by it to your advice. I wanted to do it; but was afraid you would hate me: in the same circumstances I doubt I should not be so generous as you are. O that I had not put my case to the doctor!’

‘The doctor, my dear, is all goodness: he will keep your secret.’

‘And not tell my guardian, Madam, any thing about it! It would be worse than death to me, if my guardian should mistrust me. He would hate the poor Emily, if you did not.’

‘He never shall know it, my dear. You have already engaged the doctor to secrecy, I doubt not?’

‘I have.’

‘He will inviolably keep your secret, no fear; especially as your charming ingenuoufness to me will be a means of putting you and me, my love, on finding expedients, that shall equally secure your honour, and your guardian’s regard for you.’

‘That, Madam, is the very thing.’

‘Open then to me your innocent heart, my dear. Regard me as your friend, your sister, and as if I were not the happy wife of your beloved guardian.’

‘And so I will.—I did not, Madam, mistrust myself till the solemnity had passed, that made you and my guardian one. Then I began to be uneasy with myself; and the more, as I was for hiding myself from myself, as I may say; for I was afraid of looking into my heart. “Why so?” thought I. “Am I not an innocent girl? What do I wish for? What can I hope for? Do I not love Lady Grandison? I do.” Yet now and then—Don’t hate me, Madam! I will reveal to you all my heart, and all my weakness.’

‘Proceed, my Emily. This is in-

' deed a token of your love, of your confidence in me. What a compliment does my dearest younger sister make me?'

' Yet now and then, something like envy, I thought, arose in my heart: and can your countenance forbear to change, when I tell you of envy?'

' If it did, it would be from compassionate love to my Emily. You don't know, my dear, how my heart dilates on this your most agreeable confidence in me.'

' God bless that dear heart—There never was such a heart as yours. Well, but I will go on, if you please.'

' Do, my dear.'

' Here,' thought I, once (that I was resolved to call myself to account) 'did I ask the favour of being allowed to live with my guardian and his lady, when they were married: and what did I mean by it?' Nothing but innocence, believe me. 'Well, and my request is granted!' This was all that I thought was wanting to make me happy: 'But,' said I to myself, 'Am I happy? No. Do I love my guardian less? No. Do I love Lady Grandison more for granting me this favour? I *admire* her more, I think; and I have a grateful sense of her goodness to me: but, I don't know how it is—I think, though I dearly love her, yet I would be sometimes glad I did not, quite so well. Ungrateful Emily!' and severely I took myself to task. Surely, pity, Madam, is near akin to love; for while your suspenses lasted, I thought I loved you better than I loved my own heart: but when you were happy, and there was no room for pity, wicked wretch that I was! I wanted, methought, sometimes to lower you—Don't you hate me now?'

' No, no, my Emily; my pity, as you say, increases my love of you. Proceed, sweet child; your mind is the unfulfilled book of nature: turn to another leaf. Depend upon my kindest allowances. I knew, before you knew it yourself, that you loved your guardian.'

' Before I knew it myself! Why, that might be. So I went on reasoning with myself—'What, Emily, canst thou love thy guardian more; and Lady Grandison, with

' all her goodness to thee, *not* more. —And canst thou mingle envy with admiration of her?—Ah, silly, and worse than silly, girl, where may this end?—Lord bless me! If I suffer myself to go on thus, shall I not be the most ungrateful of creatures? Shall I not, instead of my guardian's love, incur his hatred? Will not all the world despise me? And where may this stop?—Yet I went on excusing myself; for I knew I had no vile meaning; I knew I only wanted my guardian to love me, and to be allowed to love him. 'But what!' thought I, at last, 'can I allow myself in loving a married man, the husband of my friend?' and sometimes I trembled at the thought; for I looked back; and said to myself, 'Wouldst thou, Emily, a year ago, have allowed in thyself but the same lengths that thou hast now run?'—'No:—' answered I my own question. 'Is not this a fair warping of what may be a year hence?'—So I put a case to Dr. Bartlett, as of three persons of my Anne's acquaintance, two young women, one young man, living in one house: the young man contracted to one of the young women; the other knowing it; and though a person incapable of a criminal thought, yet finding an increasing regard for the young man, though she dearly loved her friend, began to be afraid her heart was not quite as it should be; what, I asked, as from my Anne's friend, would he advise in the case?'

' And what, my dear, was the doctor's advice?'

' I was a silly creature to put it to him. As I said, he certainly must guess. If you, Madam, *could*, without such a case put, he certainly must. We young girls think, if we put our hands before our eyes nobody can see us. In short, the doctor pronounced the increasing regard to be a beginning love. The consequence would be, that the young woman would in time endeavour to supplant her friend; though at present she might probably shudder at the thought. He bid me tell Anne to warn her acquaintance against the growing flame. He said, she might entangle her own heart, and, without gaining her end, render unhappy a couple, who, according

‘ according to my representation from my Anne, deserved to be happy : and he advised, by all means, that she should leave the contracted couple to themselves, and for her own honour’s, her own heart’s sake, remove to as great distance from them as possible.’

‘ Believe me, Madam, I was shocked, I was frightened at myself ; I threw my papers in the fire, and have been, ever since I read them, more unhappy than usual. “ My dear Lady Grandison,” thought I, “ I will, if you give me encouragement, open my heart to you. You will hear of my folly, my weakness, one day or other.”—And now, dear good Madam, forgive me : keep my secret ; and advise me what to do.’

‘ What, my dearest creature, *can* I advise you ? I love you. I ever will love you. I will be as careful of your honour as of my own. I will endeavour to cultivate your guardian’s affection to you.’

‘ He never, Madam, I hope, guessed at the poor Emily’s folly.’

‘ He never mentioned you to me, but with love and tenderness.’

‘ Thank God !—But say, advise me, Madam ; my heart shall be in your hand ; guide it, as you please.’

‘ What, my dear, did you think of doing yourself ?’

‘ I must not think of living with you now, Madam.’

‘ Why not ? you shall find me ever your true friend.’

‘ But I am sure Dr. Bartlett’s advice to Anne’s acquaintance is right. I tell you, Madam, that I must every day, and every hour of the day, that I see his tender behaviour to you ; that I behold him employed in acts of beneficence ; that I see every one adoring him ; admire him more. I see that I am less my own mistress than I thought it was possible I could be : and if such a girl as I have so little command of myself, and his merit every hour spreading itself out before me with increasing lustre, my weak eyes will not be able to bear his glory—O Madam, I ought to fly ; I am resolved, whatever it cost me, to fly.’

How I admired, how I pitied, how I loved, the dear creature ! I clasped both my arms about her ; and, pressing her

to my bosom—‘ What can I say, my Emily ? What *can* I say ? Tell me, what would you wish me to say ?’

‘ You are wise, Madam ; you have a tender and generous heart : O that I were half as good !—Advise me something—I see the folly of my wishing to live with you and my guardian.’

‘ And is it necessary, my dear, to a conquest of yourself, that we should not live together ?’

‘ Absolutely so : I am convinced of it.’

‘ Suppose, my dear, you go to the London house, and put yourself under Mrs. Grandison’s protection ?’

‘ What, Madam, my guardian’s house still ?’

‘ I hope a few weeks absence, by the help of a discretion of which you have, in the present conversation, given shining proofs, will answer all we wish ; since you never, my dear, could have thought but of admiring, and that at distance, the great qualities of your guardian.’

‘ I have, ’tis true, but just found myself out : I never could have hoped of being looked upon in any other light, than as his daughter ; and I hope, I have made the discovery in time. But I must not be with him in his own house : I must not be in the way of his constant conversation.’

‘ Admirable discretion ! Amiable innocence !—Well then, suppose you request Lady L. Lady G.—’

‘ Ah, no, no ! That would not o, neither. My guardian would be the continual subject of our conversation ; and often, very often, his brotherly goodness would lead him to them ; them to him.’

‘ Charming fortitude ! Heroick Emily ! How I admire you ! I see you have thought attentively of this matter. What *are* your thoughts ?’

‘ Can’t you guess ?’

‘ I know what I wish—But you must speak first.’

‘ Don’t you remember what the blessed Mrs. Shirley (I must call her blessed !) said to me on your wedding-day, in the vestry ?’

‘ I do, my dearest Emily ! And are you inclined—’

‘ Shall I be received, Madam, as a second Harriet in your family ? It would be my ambition to tread in

your steps at Selby House and Shirley Manor; to hear *from* you; to write *to* you: to form myself by the model, by which *you* were formed; to be called by Mrs. Shirley, by Mrs. Selby, *their* Emily.

How you would rejoice them all, my Emily! and, if we must part, *me*, to have my Emily be to my dearest friends what their Harriet so happily was!

But, Madam, will you undertake to procure my guardian's consent?

I will endeavour it.

Endeavour it! Then it is done. He will deny you nothing. Will good Mrs. Shirley consent?

I have no doubt but she will, if your guardian do.

Will Mrs. Selby, will Mr. Selby, be my uncle and aunt?

We will consult them: they are happily with us, you know.

But, Madam, there is one objection; a very great one.

What is that, my love?

Your cousin James Selby! I should respect him as your cousin, and as the brother of the two Miss Selby's; but that is all.

I never, my dear, approved of any motion of that kind. Not one of my friends think of it: they wish it not. He has met with discouragement from every one of my family, and his own: he submits to the discouragement.

Then, Madam, if you please to break the matter to Mr. and Mrs. Selby, and to Mrs. Shirley, without letting them know the poor girl flies to them as for refuge against herself; and satisfy Lady L. Lady G. and Mrs. Eleanor Grandison, that I mean nothing of slight to them; then will I attend Mr. and Mrs. Selby in their return home, and I shall be in a while a very happy girl, I doubt not. But still remember, Madam, I must love my guardian: but it shall be with a love that shall not exclude Lady Grandison from a large share of it; the *largest*, if I can. And now, clasping her arms about my neck, let me beg your pardon for all the strange things I have said. My heart will be the easier for having found a confidant; such a confidant, however, as no girl ever found before—But in this instance of good-

ness, you more than equal Lady Clementina herself: and a thousand, thousand thanks for your patience with me on such a subject!—Yet say, my dear Lady Grandison, you don't hate the poor girl, who has the vanity to emulate you and Lady Clementina!

I wept over her from joy, pity, tenderness.

Will you not, my dear grandmamma, love my Emily more than ever? Will you call her *your* Emily, and think of her, as your Harriet?

Lady L. Lady G. will you excuse the preference she has given to quiet Northamptonshire, against noisy London, and its gay scenes, at so young a time of life? *Excuse* it! I am sure you will think that the reason she has given for the preference, lifts her up above woman.

MONDAY, FEB. 5.

I HAVE already obtained my uncle's and aunt's, and Lucy's high approbation of Emily's proposal. They, at her request, asked Sir Charles's consent as a favour. He desired to see her upon it. She came in, bashful, her steps unassured, looking down. He took her hand: 'My good Emily,' said he, 'I am told that you have a desire to restore to Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby, and Mr. Selby, the granddaughter and niece I have robbed them of. They rejoice in your proposal. You will be exceedingly happy in their protection. My Harriet will be loth to part with you; but for their sakes, as well as yours, she will cheerfully acquiesce: and, though we wanted it not, we shall have an additional pleasure in visiting Northamptonshire.—Is it your deliberate choice, my dear?'

It is, Sir: and I hope I may be allowed to accompany Mrs. Selby down.

Settle the matter, ladies, among yourselves.—I have but one thing to add on the subject. You have another, my dear. We must not absolutely resolve till we have her consent. She is good now; you must make a compliment to my sisters, and their lords also, and to my aunt Grandison; they love my ward: and she must preserve every worthy person's love.

The dear girl curtsied; wept—You are all—all goodness, Sir.

IF

'If your mind should change, my dear, don't be afraid to signify the alteration. It will be the business of us all to make each other happy. You will be always dear to my Harriet. Recollect, mean time, if there be any thing farther in my power to oblige you.'

'O Sir! You must not,' (she ran to me, and in my bosom, weeping, whispered out her sentence) 'be too good to me!'

I pressed the dear girl's forehead with my lips—'Heroick Emily!' whispered I, to confirm her in her heroism.

And thus, already, my dearest grand-mamma, is this material article settled. My aunt answers for your approbation; and Lucy for the pleasure that this acquisition, as I may call it, will give to Nancy, and all our other kindred and acquaintance. But how, when the time comes, shall I part with her?

What, I wonder, will Sir Edward Beauchamp say to this?—He must get his dear friend's leave to visit with us Shirley Manor and Selby House, which I hope we shall do twice a year at least.

My uncle and aunt, Lucy and Mr. Deane, are exceedingly rejoiced on this occasion: how fond are they of Emily! She of them! This gives them a relation to each other, that I hope will produce a friendship which will last for ever.

My aunt and Lucy have been asking my opinion whether Sir Charles did not discover something of the good girl's growing affection for him; so undisguisedly sincere as she always was, and for some time not suspecting herself; he so penetrating a man? 'Of this,' said Lucy, 'I am sure, he would have seen it with half an eye, had any other man been as much the object of her regard.'

'If any thing would induce me,' said I, 'to think he did, it would be his ready acquiescence with her proposal, and his being so little inquisitive after her motives for leaving us. The case,' continued I, 'is of so nice a nature, that he never will say, even to me, what his thoughts are upon it, if such thoughts he has. And as to myself, it would be dealing with Emily less delicately than I was dealt with by the two noble sisters, should I presume to sound him on so nice a subject.'

And indeed there never could be a man in the world that had a greater regard than he has to those real delicacies of our sex, which border not upon what is called *prudery*.

Mr. Lowther is gone to London: he has given in to Sir Charles's wishes to settle in this neighbourhood. He said he liked the country; he had no particular attachment to any place; and made a fine compliment to Sir Charles on the occasion. I need not say, it was a just one.

My uncle, my aunt, write. Lucy has another long letter almost ready. I have only farther to say, therefore, at this time, that I am, and ever will be, *your most dutiful*

HARRIET GRANDISON.

Sir Charles intends to write to you, Madam, on Emily's proposal.—My uncle and aunt begin to be weary of us, as Sir Charles and I tell them: but they call us both unreasonable. God give us good news from Italy!

LETTER XVI.

LADY GRANDISON, TO LADIES
L. AND G.

GRANDISON HALL, TUESD. FEB. 13.

I Write to my dearest sisters now. Nor will I ask you to send my letters to my grandmamma for the present. Lucy shall be left to entertain my Northamptonshire friends.

The inclosed translation of a letter written by Signor Jeronymo, will give you the surprizing news—Surprizing, indeed—Poor, poor lady!

I must tell you in my next, how we were all affected on the receiving it: no more at present can I add, but that I am, my dear ladies, *your ever affectionate sister*,

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XVII.

SIGNOR JERONYMO DELLA PORTETTA, TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

MY GRANDISON,

YOU will be surprized—astonished—The dear Clementina! How has she tarnished all her glory! A young creature

creature of her nice honour!—Good God!—And must I, her brother, your Jeronymo, expose his sister?

We gave into almost every wish of her heart. The dear *scripturist* had requested a month's time to travel from place to place on the other side of the Apennines, partly in imitation of the daughter of the famous Israelitish general*; and partly on pretence of establishing her health; implying, that she considered the meditated marriage as a sacrifice: and we had hopes, at the end of it, that she would be brought to give her hand, not uncheerfully, to the Count of Belvedere, for whom she owned pity and gratitude.

We had consented to several trifling delays of her return to us before. Yet besought her to excuse us from allowing her to visit Rome and Naples; and she acquiesced with the reasons we gave her. She desired leave to take into her service, as a page, an English youth, the nephew of a gentleman of the English factory at Leghorn, who was well recommended by his uncle, on the enquiry Mrs. Beaumont, at our desire, made into his character. We, supposing her motive to be merely an innocent and grateful regard to the country of a man whom we could allow her to respect, consented. She accordingly took him; and he attended her in her excursions to Pistola, Prato, Pratolina, Pisa, Sienna, &c. to some of which places she was accompanied by Mrs. Beaumont, and the ladies her friends. But being desirous to see the sea-coast from Piombino to Lucca, according to a plan she shewed; and talking of stretching to Genoa, when at Lucca; which was to conclude her excursions, and compleat her month; she was left by those ladies to be attended by her own servants: these, all but her page and Laura, she contrived (the high-soul'd Clementina stoop'd to art!) to send different ways, ordering them to meet her at Lucca; but, instead of going thither, took a short way to Leghorn; and there embarked on board an English ship ready cleared out, and bound for the port of London; and it had sailed three days, before it was known what was become of her. But then the contents of the following letter, directed to Mrs. Beaumont, as-

nished that lady, and her friends; as you will believe it did us, when it was transmitted to us in a letter written us by Mrs. Beaumont, acquainting us with the particulars of her excursions and flight; and the certainty, upon proper enquiries at Leghorn, that she was gone to England.

FORGIVE me, my dearest ladies
—my dearest Mrs. Beaumont, particularly, forgive me; I am embarked in an enterprize, that will be enough my punishment. Pity me, therefore, as well as pardon me! The impending evil is always the most terrible. My heart is extremely averse to a married life. A fortnight of the month is expired, at the end of which I am expected to give my vows to a man not unworthy of them, could I think it in my power to make him happy, and could I be so myself in the prospects before me: but how can that be? Persuasion, cruel persuasion! A kneeling father! a sighing mother! generous, but entreating brothers! how can I resist you, if I go to dear, once *most* dear Bologna?—All you, my friends, at Bologna, at Urbino, *every-where*, forgive me! What have I not suffered before I came to the resolution that must be pursued, though repentance, when I have attained the proposed asylum, follow!—My good Lord of B. forgive me also. Change your attachment. You deserve a better wife, than conscience, than honour, than justice, (words that mean the same thing) tell me, can be made you, by the unhappy Clementina. She dare not add—della Porretta.—Ah, my mother!

This letter was left with a person at Leghorn, with orders not to send it till the vessel had sailed three days. We are all distracted; but most my mother.

For the sake of *her* peace of mind, we are come to a resolution to anticipate our summer's visit to you; and, unpropitious as the season is for such a journey, we shall set out next week accordingly. God give my mother strength to bear the fatigue! Courage she has, on *this* occasion, who never before could be brought to go by sea any where: no,

* Jephthah. See Judges xi.

not to Naples, to visit her Giacomo and his lady, though in a more propitious season.

It was a long-laid scheme, we imagine; for she had dismissed her faithful Camilla, on her urging her to a change of condition. I am afraid the good woman was too sedulous in obeying the orders given her by my brother, to make use of every opportunity to inspire her with tender sentiments, in favour of the Count of Belvedere. Laura has for some time been her only favourite servant.

This youth, by name Antony Dagley, no doubt, has managed this affair for her.

Mrs. Beaumont now recollects several circumstances, which, could she have suspected Clementina to be capable of such an enterprize, might have given her suspicion.

The vessel she is in, is called *The Scanderon*: Alexander Henderson, master.

How can the dear creature, on her arrival in England, look you, your lady, your sisters, in the face? What may she suffer, in such a voyage, at such a season? To what insults may she be exposed! So little as she knows of the English tongue! Laura not a syllable of it! Depending on the fidelity of a stranger boy! So few changes of apparel as she had the opportunity to take with her!—Whether provided with any considerable sums of money, we know not. England, in her opinion, a nation of hereticks!—Good Heaven! could Clementina della Porretta be guilty of such a rashness!

But what an averfeness must she have to marriage! We have certainly been too precipitating. You cautioned us: yet, I dare say, could not have believed, that our Clementina could have taken such a step. But, alas! we conclude that it is owing more to the effects of her late unhappy malady, than to any other cause. When once the mind is disordered, there is danger, it seems, of it's shewing itself, on extraordinary occasions, even after the cure is supposed to be perfected, capable of extravagance. Again, I say, we have been too hasty.—Our brother Giacomo!—But he is the most disinterested of men. He would not otherwise be so urgent as he is for her marriage.

Dear, dear, creature! how my heart bleeds for the distresses she may be thrown into!—But they cannot be equal to those which her mother feels for her. Clementina knows how much the lives of her father and mother are bound up in hers. But I repeat, she must be under the influences of her former malady, or never could she have done an act, that she must know would wound our very souls.

From the lights I have held out, we hope you will be able to find her before she can have suffered more than the hardships of the voyage; before she can have wanted money, or other conveniences. If you do, your sisters will give the rash one countenance and protection till we can arrive.

Our company will be, my father, mother, the bishop, the Count of Belvedere, your Jeronymo, Father Marefcotti, and our two cousins Sebastiano and Julianio. Mrs. Beaumont has the goodness, purely from motives of charity, to accompany my mother. Poor Camilla, almost as inconsolable as my mother, attends her lady.

We must give you the trouble of hiring for us as large a house as you can procure. The circumstances we are in, allow us not to think of any thing more than common convenience, and to be incognito.

Our two cousins above-named may be in lodgings, if room be wanted.

We shall have no more than necessary attendants.

A lesser house, or handsome lodgings, will content the Count of Belvedere.

These cares for us, my dear Grandison, we must throw upon you; yet, if my Lowther be in England, he will be so kind as to ease you of a part of them. You will have concern enough in sharing ours, for the occasion which carries us to you, so much sooner than we intended, and in an inconvenient season; circumstances that will sufficiently demonstrate the distress we are in.

The vessel we have hired, is called *The Leghorn Frigate*. The master's name is Arthur Gunning. If we are favoured in our voyage, the master hopes to be in your river Thames in about three weeks from our embarking.

God give us, my Grandison, a meeting not unhappy! May we find the
dear

dear fugitive safe in your protection, or under the wings of one of your noble sisters!

I hope this unhappy affair will produce no uneasiness between your lady and you. If it should, what an additional evil would the dear rash one have to answer for!

The general is too much incensed against the unhappy girl, to think of accompanying us, could he obtain permission of his sovereign.

The least reparation the dear creature can make us, the bishop says, is, cheerfully to give her vows to the good Count of Belvedere, who looks forward to the issue of this affair, as to the crisis of his fate.

I hardly know what I have written; nor how to leave off. It is to *you*, our dear friend, our consoler, our brother, and, let me add, our refuge, next to that Almighty, who, we hope, will guide us in safety to you, and give an issue not greatly derogatory to the glory of our sister, and family. Join, my Grandison, your prayers with ours, to this purpose. Noblest of friends, adieu!

JERONYMO DELLA PORRETTA.

LETTER XVIII.

LADY GRANDISON, TO LADIES
L. AND G.

WEDN. FEB. 14.

LET me now give you the promised particulars.

As we, and our beloved guests, were at dinner on Monday, all harmony, all love; the dear Emily laying out the happy days she hoped to see in Northamptonshire; Sir Charles using generous arguments to prevail on my uncle and aunt to stay a little longer with him; the letter, the affecting letter, was given into Sir Charles's hands: 'From my Jeronymo!' said he, looking at the superscription. Asking leave, he broke it open, and, casting his eye upon the first lines, he started; and bowing, he arose from table, and withdrew to his study.

We had not half dined. I urged our friends, but could not set them the example; and we arose by consent, and went into the adjoining drawing-room.

Sir Charles soon joined us there:

his face glowed. He seemed to have struggled for a composure, for our sakes; which, however, he had not obtained.

I looked upon him with eyes, I suppose, that had speech in them, by his taking my hand, and saying, 'Be not surprized, my love: you will soon have guests.'

'From Italy! From Italy, Sir?'—
'Yes, my life.'—'Who? Who, Sir?'

Dr. Bartlett was with us. He besought him to give a translation of that letter. The doctor retired to do it; and Sir Charles said, 'It is not impossible but Clementina may be soon in England; perhaps before the rest of the family. Be not surprized,' (for we all looked upon one another:)

'Dr. Bartlett will give you the contents of the letter.—Oblige me, my dear, with your hand.'

He led me into his study; and there, in the most tender and affectionate manner, acquainted me with what he had just read.

'My dearest Harriet,' said he, his arms encircling my waist, 'will not, cannot doubt the continuance of my tenderest love. I am equally surprized and disturbed at the step taken. God preserve the dear Clementina! Join your prayers with mine for her safety. You can pity the unhappy lady; she is, I am afraid, desolate and unprotected: you can pity her equally unhappy friends. They are following her: they are all good; they mean well. Yet over-persuasion, as you lately observed, in such a case as hers, is a degree of persecution. In the unhappy circumstances she had been in, she *should* have had time given her. Time subdues all things.'

'Let me beseech you, Sir,' said I, 'to give the unhappy lady your instant protection. Consider me as a strengthener, not a weakener, of your hands, in her service. I have no concern but for her safety and honour, and for your concern on the affecting occasion. Dear Sir, let me by participation lessen it.'

'Soul of my soul,' said he, clasping me more ardently to his bosom, 'I had no doubt of your generous goodness. It would be doing injustice to the unhappy *absent*, and to the knowledge I have of my *own heart*, as well as to *you*, the absolute mistress

of

‘of it, did I think it necessary, to make professions of my unalterable, my inviolable love to you. I will acquaint you with every step I take in this arduous affair. You must advise me as I go along. Minds so delicate as yours and Clementina’s must be allied. I shall be sure of my measures when I have the approbation of my Harriet. All our friends (they have discretion) shall be made acquainted with my proceedings. I will not leave a doubt upon the mind of any one of them, that my Harriet is not, as far as it is in my power to make her, the happiest of women.’

‘What, Sir, is the date of the letter?’—‘It has no date, my dear.—Jeronymo’s grief—’ ‘The lady, Sir,’ said I, ‘may be arrived. Leave me here at Grandison Hall, with my friends; I will endeavour to engage their stay a little longer than they had designed; and do you hasten up to town: if you can do service to the unhappy lady, destitute as you apprehend she is at present of protection, and exposed to difficulties and dangers, your letters shall be, if possible, more acceptable to me, than even the presence of the man who is as dear to me as my own soul.’

I was raised. It was making me great, my dear ladies, to have it in my power, as I may say, to convince Sir Charles Grandison, that my compassion, my love, my admiration, of the noblest of women, was a sincere admiration and love.

‘How happy a man am I!’ said he. ‘You have anticipated me by your goodness. I will hasten up to town. You will engage your friends. The man, whose love is fixed on such a mind as my Harriet’s, all loveliness as is the admirable person that thus I again press to my fond bosom, must be as happy as a mortal can be!’

He led me back to the expecting company. They all stood up, as by an involuntary motion, at our entrance; each person looking eager to know our sentiments.

The doctor had not finished the translation; but Sir Charles sent up

for the letter; and read it in English to us all.

What, my dearest ladies, was there of *peculiarity* in my generosity, as your brother was pleased to call it?—My uncle, my aunt, my Lucy, Mr. Deane, all, *before* Sir Charles could well speak, besought him not to suffer their being here to be one moment’s hindrance to his setting out for London.

He generously applauded me to them for what had passed between us in his study, and told them, he would set out early in the morning, if they would promise to keep me company here.

They said, they would stay as long as their convenience would permit; and the longer, that he might be easier on such a generous call to town.

‘One thing, dear Sir,’ said I, ‘let me beg: let not the sweet fugitive be *compelled*, if you can help it, to marry. Let not advantage be taken, as they seem, by a hint in this letter, inclined to take it, of this seeming rash step, to make her compliance the condition of their forgiveness and reconciliation.’

He called me his generous, his noble Harriet: repeated, that he would be governed by my advice, and that then he should be sure of his footing.

Your brother set out early this morning for London: join your prayers, my dear ladies, with his and mine, and with those of all our friends here, for a happy issue to the present afflictions of the dear Clementina. How I long, yet half-fear, to see her! Shall I, do you think, be able to see her, without being apprehensive that she will look upon me as the invader of her right? She was undoubtedly his first love.

Your brother communicated to me his intention of completing the furnishing of the new-taken house in Grosvenor Square, which was before in great forwardness, and to have it well aired for the reception of his noble friends. He will acquaint his sisters with his farther intentions, as occasions arise. God succeed to him his own wishes—He may be trusted with them.

Adieu, my dearest sisters! How proud am I, that I can indeed call you so, by the name of

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XIX.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO LADY GRANDISON.

ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, THURSDAY,
FEB. 15.

MY DEAREST LIFE,

ON my arrival here last night I found a long letter, dated Tuesday last, from the unhappy lady, whom we both so much admire and pity. The contents too well confirm her wandering state of mind, and account for the steps she has taken. I will send you the letter itself as soon as I have seen her, and can prevail upon her to put herself into my protection. Till the hope of a happier state of mind shall dawn upon us, the contents of it will afflict you.

She has been ten days in England: I wrote to her last night, to beg her to admit me to her presence.

She expresses in her letter a generous joy in our happiness, and in the excellent character which she has heard of the beloved of my heart; of every heart. In the midst of her affecting wanderings, she preserves the greatness of mind that ever distinguished her. She wishes to see you; but unknown to us both.

It would not be difficult perhaps to find out the place of her abode; but she depends on my honour, that I will not attempt it: Clementina loves to be punctiliously observed. In the way she is in, she must be soothed, and as little opposed as possible. She thinks too highly of my character, and apprehends that the step she has taken, has lowered her own. She has great sensibility, and only *sometimes* wanders into minute-nesses to which her circumstances, which I find are not happy, oblige her to attend. I have great hopes that I shall be able to sooth, conciliate, and restore her: her mind seems not to be deeply wounded. God enable me to quiet the heart of the noblest of your sisters! Forgive me for my two beloved sisters. *They* will, if you do.

I hope our dear friends will make themselves and you happy, at Grandison Hall. This cloud passed away, if God preserve us to each other, and our friends to us, all our future days must be serene: at least as far as it is in my

power, they shall be so to my Harriet. Professions would disgrace my love, and your merits. All that your own heart can wish me to be, that, if I know it, will I be; for am I not the happy husband of the best and most generous of women? and, as such, *truly yours*.

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XX.

LADY CLEMENTINA, TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

[MENTIONED IN THE PRECEDING.]

TUESDAY, FEB. 13. O. S.

BY this time, it is very probable, you have heard of the rashest step that the writer of these presents (chequered and unhappy, as the last years of her life have been) ever took. She knows it to be rash: she condemns herself for taking it. She doubts not but she shall be condemned by every body for it; nor is she sure, that she shall have the better opinion of your justice, if you are not one of the severest of her censurers; for you are a good man. Your goodness, I hear, fills every mouth in this your own country; and it is not one of your least praises, that you did your duty, in the strictest manner, to a father who was wanting in his to his whole family. It is, it seems, your principle, that where a duty is reciprocal, the failure in it of the one, acquits not the other for a failure in his. How then can I appear before you? I am covered with blushes at the thoughts of it—I, who am a runaway from the kindest, the most indulgent, of parents—God forgive me!—Yet, can I say, I repent? I *think* I can.—But at best, it is a conditional repentance only, that I boast.

I am here in your England; I cannot, cannot tell you where; in a low condition; my fortune scanty; my lodgings not very convenient; two servants only my attendants; Laura (you remember her) one; weeping every hour after her friends, and our Italy: my other you know not—My page he was called in the days of my state, as I may, comparatively, call them; but now my every thing? poor youth!—But he is honest, he is faithful. God reward him!—I cannot.

Yet in all this my depression of circumstances,

circumstances, if I may so express myself, and sometimes (too often indeed) of spirits; I think I am happy in the thought that I am a single woman.

Well, Sir!—And what can I say farther? A thousand things I have to say: too many, to know which to say first. I had better say no more. I am not, however, sure I shall send you this, or any other letter.

I have been ten days in this great, and, as it seems to me, ugly city; a vastly populous one: people very busy. I thought your London people were all rich?—But what is this to write to you about?

I have been out but once, and that for an airing in one of your parks. I can't say, I like England, nor its people much: but I have seen nothing of the one, or the other.

I live a very melancholy life: but that befits me best.

They tell me, that your churches are poor, plain things. You bestow more upon yourselves than you do upon your God: but perhaps you trust more to the heart, than to the eye, in the plainness of your places of devotion. But, again, what is all this stuff to you?—Yet I am apt to ramble too, too much.

The truth is, I am not very well: so excuse me.

But do you know how it comes about, that having the best of fathers, the best of mothers, the most affectionate of brothers, I should yet think them persecutors? How it comes about, that I, who love them, who honour them, as much as daughter ever honoured parents, or sister ever loved brothers, should run away from them all, into a strange land, a land of hereticks; yet once be thought a pious kind of creature! Do you know how this comes about?

Once there was a man—But him I renounced—But I had a good reason for it. And do you think I repent it? By my truth, Chevalier, I do not: I never did. Yet I think of nobody half so often, nor with half the pleasure: for, though a heretick, he is a good man.

But hush! Dare I, in this country, say he is a heretick? Perhaps we catholicks are looked upon as hereticks here. Idolaters I know we are said to be—I grant that I had like to have

been an idolater once—But let that pass. I believe we catholicks think worse of you protestants, and you protestants think worse of us catholicks, than either deserve: it may be so. But to me, you seem to be a strange people, for all that.

Of one thing, my good chevalier, methinks I should be glad.—Here am I told you are married: that I knew before I left Italy; else, let me tell you, I never would have come hither; yet I should have got away rather than be married myself, I believe; but then perhaps it would have been to a catholic country.

What was I going to say?—One thing I should be glad of: it is to see your lady; but not if she were to see me. I came with very few cloaths, and they were not the best I had at Florence; my best of all are at Bologna. My father and mother loved to see me dressed. I dressed many a time to please them, more than to please myself. For I am not a proud creature: do you think I am? You knew me once better than I knew myself: but you know little of me now. I am a runaway; and I know you won't forgive me. I can't help it. However, I should be glad to see your lady. She dresses richly, I suppose. Well she may!

I am told, she is one of the loveliest women in England: and as to her goodness—there is nobody so good. Thank God! You know, chevalier, I always prayed, that the best of women might be called by your name.

But Olivia, it seems, praises her; and Olivia saw her when she was a rambler to England, as, God help me! I am now.

But Olivia's motive and mine were very different. Olivia went to England in hopes of a husband—Poor woman! I pity her.

But, chevalier, cannot I see your lady, and she not see me? I need not be in disguise to see her. If you were with her, handing her, suppose, to church, (I would not scruple to crowd myself into some unobserved corner of your church on such an occasion) you would be too proud of her to mind me: and you would not know me, if you saw me; for I would stoop in my shoulders, and look down; and the cloaths I should have on would be only

an English linen gown and petticoat, unadorned by ribbands or gew-gaw—Not half so well dressed as your lady's woman.

But yet I should thank God, that you had not disgraced the regard I had once for you: I had a great deal of pride, you know, in that hope. Thank you, Sir, that you have married so lovely and so deserving a woman. She is of a good family, I hope.

It was a great disappointment to me, when I came first to London, to find that you were not there. I thought, some how or other, to catch a sight of you and your lady, were it but as you stepped into your coach; and I to have been in a chair, near, or even on foot! For when I heard what a character you bore, for every kind of goodness; I, a poor fugitive, was afraid to see you. So many good lessons as you taught me, and all to come to this! Unhappy Clementina!

'Where will your ladyship' (but I have forbidden that stile) 'chuse to take up your residence?' said Antony when we first landed; (my servant's name is Antony; but you shall not know his other name.) We landed among a parcel of guns, at the Tower, they called it, in a boat.

Laura answered for me; for he spoke in Italian; 'Somewhere near the Chevalier Grandison's, won't you, Madam?' I won't tell you what was my answer; for perhaps I am near the Thames—I don't want you to find me out. I beseech you, chevalier, don't give yourself pain for me. I am a fugitive. Don't disgrace yourself in acknowledging any acquaintance with a creature who is poor and low; and who *deserves* to be poor and low; for is she not a runaway from the best of parents? But it is to avoid, not to get, a husband; you will be pleased to remember that, Sir.

But, poor Laura—I am sorry for Laura; more sorry than for myself—My brother Giacomo would kill the poor creature, I believe, if ever she were to come in his way. But she is in no fault. It was with great reluctance she obeyed her mistress. She was several times as impertinent as Camilla. Poor Camilla! I used her hardly. She is a good creature. I used her hardly against my own nature, to make her the easier to part with me. I love her. I hope she is well. It is

not worth her while to pine after me; I was an ungrateful creature to her.

My Antony is a good young man, as I told you. I think to save half his wages, and give the other half to raise Laura's, to keep her a little in heart. The poor young man hoped preferment in my service; and I can do nothing for him. It will behove me to be a good manager. But I will sell the few jewels I have left, rather than part with him, till he can get a better service. What little things do I trouble you with! Little things to you; but not quite so little to me now, as I have managed it. But so as I can do justice to this poor youth, and poor Laura, I matter not myself. What I have done is my choice: they had no option. I over-persuaded Laura, as my friends would have done me. I feel that sting: it was not doing as I would be done by. Very, very wicked in me! I dare say, you would tell me so, were you to find me out.

But, chevalier, shall I send you, yes, or no, this scrawl, written to divert me in a pensive mood? I would not, if I thought it would trouble you. God forbid that your pupil Clementina should give you discomposure, now especially in the early part of your nuptials! Yet if I could so manage, as that you would permit your secretary (I would not ask the favour of your own pen) to send a few lines to some particular place, where my servant could fetch them unknown to you or any-body, only to let me know if you have heard from Bologna, or Naples, or Florence, (I was very ungrateful to good Mrs. Beaumont and the ladies her friends) and how they all do; my father, mother, (my heart at times bleeds for them) my dear Jeronymo, my two other brothers, and good Father Marefcotti, and my sister-in-law whom I have so much reason to love; it will be a great ease to my heart; provided the account be not a *very* melancholy one: if it should, poor Clementina's days would be numbered upon twice five fingers.

I am put in a way—This shall be sent to your palace in town. You will order your secretary to direct his letter, To George Trumbull, Esq. to be left, till called for, at White's chocolate-house in St. James's Street. I depend upon your honour, chevalier, that you will acquiesce with my desire

to remain incognita, till I shall consent to reveal to you the place of my abode, or to see you elsewhere. I sign only

CLEMENTINA.

LETTER XXI.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO
LADY GRANDISON.

SATURDAY, FEB. 17.

ALL day yesterday I was in pain that I heard not from Clementina. But I made myself as easy as I could in visiting my sisters, and their lords, and my aunt Grandison. What blessings do they all pour forth on my Harriet? What compassion do they express for the dear fugitive! How do they long to see her!

Yesterday I received a letter from her.

The copy of that to which hers is an answer; of hers; and of my reply; and her return to that; I inclose. You will read them to our friends in English.

You will find by the last of the four, that I am to be admitted to her presence. I would not miss a post, or I should have delayed, till the interview be over, the sending this to my Harriet. Hope the best, my dearest love. The purity of your heart, and of Clementina's, and the integrity of my own, if I know my heart, bids us humbly hope for a happy dissipation of the present cloud, which, hanging over the heads of a family I revere, engages our compassion, and mingles a sigh with our joys.

Adieu, my best, my dearest love. Answer for me to all my friends.

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XXII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO
LADY CLEMENTINA.

(UNDER COVER, TO GEORGE TRUMBULL, ESQ. &c.)

ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, WED.
NIGHT, FEB. 14.

TEN days the noble Clementina in England, the native place of her fourth brother, her equally ad-

miring and faithful friend; yet not honour him with the knowledge of her arrival!—Forgive me, if I call you cruel.—It is in your power, Madam, to make one of the happiest men in the world a very unhappy one; and you will effectually do it, if you keep from him the opportunity of throwing himself at your feet, and welcoming you to a country always dear to him, but which will be made still dearer by your arrival in it.

I have a letter from your and my Jeronimo. I have a great deal to say to you of it's contents; of your father, mother, brothers—but it must be *said*, not *written*. For God's sake, Madam, permit me to attend you in company of one of my sisters, or otherwise as you shall think best. You have in me a faithful, an indulgent friend. I am no severe man: need I tell you that I am not? If you do not chuse that any-body else shall know the place of your abode, I will faithfully keep your secret. You shall be as much the mistress of your own will, of your own actions, as if I knew not where to address myself to you. If ever you had a kind thought of your fourth brother, if you ever wished him happy, grant him the favour of attending you; for his happiness, I repeat, depends upon it.

I received our Jeronimo's letter but on Monday. Tender and affectionate are the contents.

I have ridden post, to get hither this night, in hopes of being favoured with intelligence of you. In the morning I should have made enquiries at the proper places: but little did I think my sister could have been so many days in town. Let not an hour pass after this comes to your hand, before you relieve the anxious heart of, *dearest Lady Clementina, your most affectionate brother, and faithful humble servant,*

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XXIII.

LADY CLEMENTINA, TO SIR
CHARLES GRANDISON.

FRIDAY MORNING, FEB.
BRUARY 16, O.S.

I Received yours but this moment. What can I say to the contents? I wish to see you; but dare not. Your happiness,

happiness, you say, depends upon an interview with me. Why do you tell me it does? I wish you happy. Yet, if you wished me so, you would have told me how my dear friends in Italy do. This omission was designed. It was not generous in the Chevalier Grandison. It was made to *extort* from me a favour, which you thought I should otherwise be unwilling to grant.

But can you forgive the rash Clementina? God is merciful as well as just. You imitate him. But how can Clementina, humbled as she is, be sunk so low, as to appear a delinquent, before the man she respects for a character which, great as she thought it before, has risen upon her since her arrival in England!

But, Sir, can you, will you engage, that my friends will allow me to continue single? Can you answer, in particular, for the discontinuance of the Count of Belvedere's addresses? Can you procure forgiveness, not only for me, but my poor Laura? Will you take into your service, or recommend him effectually to that of some one of your friends, in some manner that is not altogether servile, the honest youth who has behaved unexceptionably in mine? For he wishes not to return to Italy.

Answer me these few easy and plain questions; and you will hear farther from

CLEMENTINA.

LETTER XXIV.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO
LADY CLEMENTINA.

[UNDER COVER, DIRECTED AS BEFORE.]

FRIDAY MORN. FEB. 16.

TO the questions of dear Lady Clementina, I answer thus—I will endeavour to prevail upon your parents, and other friends, to leave you absolutely free to chuse your own state, without using either compulsion or over-earnest persuasion.

Who, Madam, can forbid the Count of Belvedere to hope? Leave him hope. If he has not the over-earnest entreaties of your own relations to give weight to his addresses, it will be in

your power to give him either encouragement or despair.

I will engage for the joyful reconciliation to her of all the dear Clementina's friends. I am sure I can.

Laura shall be forgiven, and provided for by an annuity equal to her wages, if the continuance of her service be not accepted.

I will myself entertain your young man; and place and reward him according to his merits.

And now, Madam, admit to the honour of your presence, *your brother, your friend, your ever grateful and affectionate humble servant,*

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XXV.

LADY CLEMENTINA, TO SIR
CHARLES GRANDISON.

SATURDAY MORNING, FEB. 17.

I Depend upon your honour, Sir, for the performance of the prescribed conditions: yet on meditating my appearance before you, I am more and more ashamed to see you. It was a great disappointment to me at my first arrival, that you were at your country-seat. At that time my heart was full. I had much to say, and I could have seen you then with more fortitude than now falls to my share. However, I *will* see you. To-morrow, Sir, about five in the evening, you will find at one of the doors on the higher ground, on the left-hand going up St. James's Street, from the Palace, as it is called, the expecting Laura, who will conduct you to

CLEMENTINA.

LETTER XXVI.

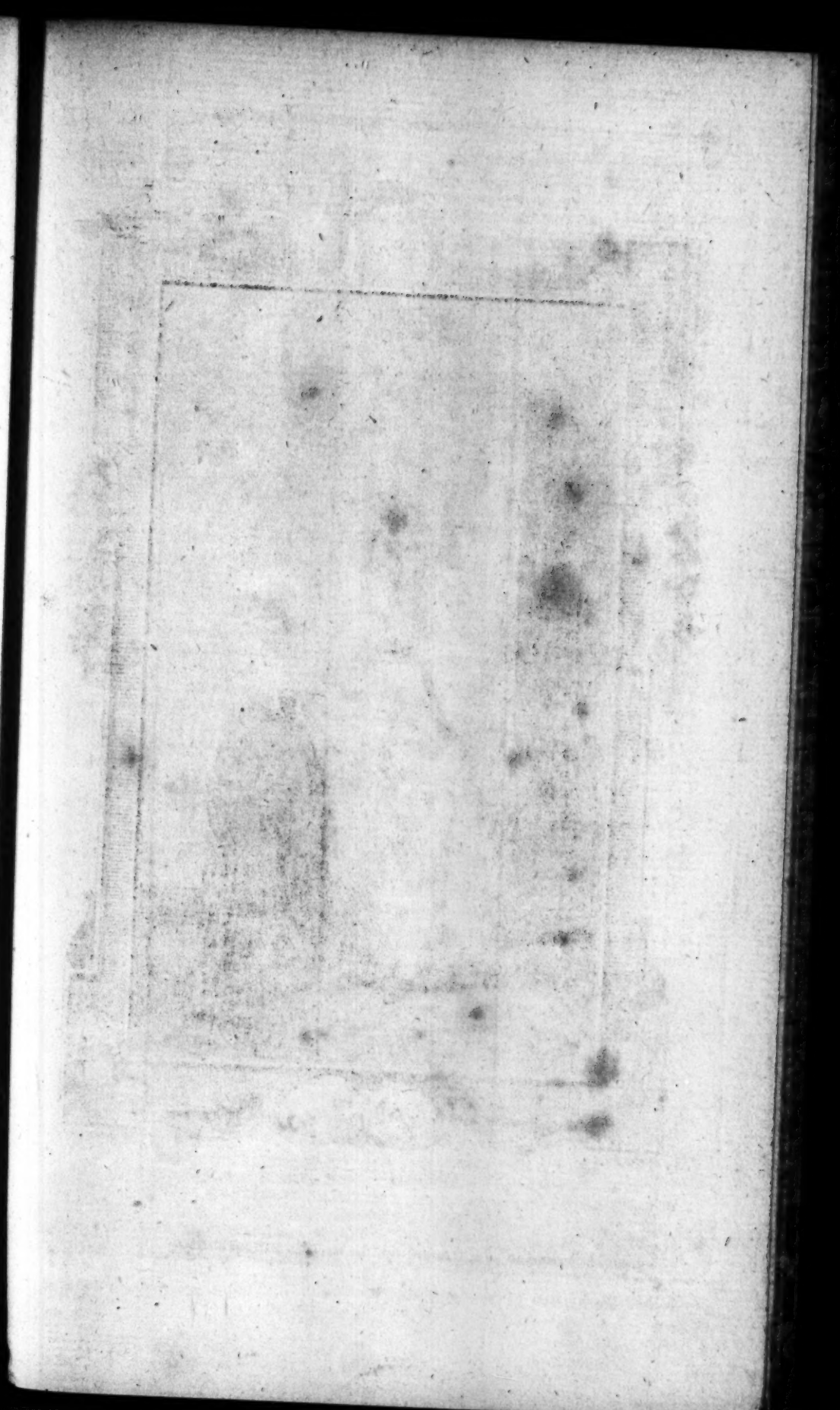
SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO
LADY GRANDISON.

MONDAY, FEB. 19.

YOU requested me, my dearest Harriet, to write minutely to you. Now I have been admitted to the presence of Clementina, and have hopes that she will soon recover her peace of mind, I can the more cheerfully obey you.

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I was exactly at the hour at the appointed place. Laura guessed at my chair, and my servants, as they crossed the way; and stood out on the pavement, that I might see her. When she found she had caught my eye, she ran into the house wringing her clasped hands—'God be praised! God be praised!' were her words, as I followed her in, in her own language. Laura can speak no other. 'Shew me, shew me, to your lady, good Laura!' said I, with emotion.

She ran up one pair of stairs before me. She entered the dining-room, as it is called. I stooped at the stairs head till I had Clementina's commands. Laura soon came out. She held open the door for me, curtsying in silence.

The drawn window-curtains darkened the room: but the dignity of Clementina's air and motion left me not in doubt. She stood up, supporting herself on the back of an elbow-chair.

Taking the trembling hand; 'Welcome, thrice welcome to England, dearest Lady Clementina!'

I pressed her hand with my lips; and seated her: for she trembled; she sobbed; she endeavoured to speak, but could not for some moments.

I called to Laura, fearing she was fainting.

'O that well-known voice!' said she. 'And do you, can you bid me welcome?—Me, a fugitive, an ingrate, undutiful!—O chevalier, lower not your unfulfilled character, by approving so unnatural a step as that which I have taken!'

'I do bid you welcome, Madam! Your brother, your friend, from his soul, welcomes you to England.'

'Let me know, chevalier, before another word passes, whether I have a father, whether I have a mother?'

'Blessed be God, Madam, you have both.'

She lifted up her clasped hands: 'Thank God! God, I thank thee! Distraction would have been my portion, if I had not! I was afraid to ask after them. I should have thought myself the most detestable of parricides, if either of them had been no more.'

'They are in the utmost distress for your safety. They will think themselves happy, when they know you are well, and in the protection of your brother Grandison.'

'Will they, Sir? O what a paradox! They so indulgent, yet so cruel.'

'—I, so dutiful, yet a fugitive! But tell me, Sir; determined as I was against entering into a state I too much honour to enter into it with a reluctant heart, could I take any other step than that I have taken, to free myself from the cruelty of persuasion? O that I might have been permitted to take the veil!—But answer my question, chevalier.'

'Surely, Madam, they would not have compelled you. They always declared to me they would not.'

'Not compelled me, Sir! Did not my father kneel to me? My mother's eyes spoke more than her lips could have uttered. The bishop had influenced good Father Marescotti (against the interests of religion, I had almost said) to oppose the wish of my heart. Jeronymo, your Jeronymo, gave into their measures: what refuge had I?—Our Giacomo was inexorable. I was to be met on my return from Florence to Bologna, by the Count of Belvedere, and all those of his house; the general was to be in his company: I had secret intelligence of all this; and I was to be received as an actual bride at Bologna, or made to promise I would be so within a few days after my arrival. My sister-in-law, my only advocate among my Italian friends, pitied me, it is true; but, for that reason, she was not to be allowed to come to Bologna. I was at other times denied to go to Urbino, to Rome, to Naples—Could I do otherwise than I have done, if I would avoid profaning a sacrament?'

'My dearest sister Clementina sometimes accuses herself of rashness, for taking a step so extraordinary. At this moment does she not receive her brother in darkness? Whence this sweet consciousness? But what is done is done. Your conscience is a law to you. If that accuse you, you will repent: if it acquit you, who shall condemn? Let us look forward, Madam. I approve not of the vehemence of your friends' persuasions. Yet what parents ever meant a child more indulgence; what brothers, a sister more disinterested affection?'

'I own, Sir, that my heart at times misgives me. But answer me this;

'are

'are you of opinion I ought, at the instance of my parents, and brothers, however affectionate, however indulgent in all other instances, to marry against inclination, against justice, against conscience?'

'Against any one of these you ought not.'

'Well, Sir, then I will endeavour to make myself easy as to this article. But will you undertake, Sir, (a woman wants a protector) to maintain this argument for me?'

'I will, Madam; and shall hope for the more success, if you will promise to lay aside all thoughts of the veil.'

'Ah, chevalier!'

'Will my dearest sister answer me one question; is it not your hope, that by resisting their wishes, you may tire out opposition, and at last bring your friends to consent to a measure, to which they have always been extremely averse?'

'Ah, chevalier!—But if I could get them to consent—'

'Dear Madam! is not *their* reasoning the same—If they could get *you* to consent?'

'Ah, chevalier!'

'May not this be a contention for months, for years? And—'

'I know, Sir, your inference: you think that in a contention between parents and child, the child should yield. Is not that your inference?'

'Not against reason, against justice, against *conscience*. But there may be cases, in which *neither* ought to be their own judge.'

'Well, Sir, you that have yielded to a plea of conscience—(God *has* blessed you, and may God *continue* to bless you, for it!)—'

'Admirable Clementina!'

'Are fit to be a judge between us—You shall be mine, if ever the debate be brought on.'

'No consideration in that case shall bias me!—But may I not hope, that the dear lady I stand before, will permit me to behold a person whose mind I ever revered?'

'Laura,' said she, 'let the tea be got ready: I have been taught to drink tea, Sir, since my arrival. The gentlewoman of the house is very obliging. Permit me, Sir, to withdraw for a few moments.'

She sighed as she went out, leaning upon Laura.

Laura returned soon after with lights. She set them on the table; and giving way to a violent emotion, 'O Milord Grandison,' said the poor girl, 'falling down, and embracing my knees; for the blessed Virgin's sake, prevail on my lady to return to dear, dear Bologna!'

'Have patience, Laura: all will be well.'

'I, the unhappy Laura, shall be the sacrifice. The general will kill me—O that I had never accompanied my lady in this expedition!'

'Have patience, Laura! If you have behaved well to your lady, I will take you into my protection. Had you a good voyage? Was the master of the vessel, were his officers, obliging?'

'They were, Sir: or neither my lady or I should have been now living. O Sir, we were in a dying way all the voyage; except the three last days of it. The master was the civilist of men.'

I asked after her fellow-servant, naming him from Jeronymo's letters. Gone out, was the answer, to buy some necessities! 'O Sir, we live a sad life! Strangers to the language, to the customs of the country, all our dependence is upon this young man.'

I asked her after the behaviour and character of the people of the house, (a widow and her three daughters) that if I heard but an indifferent account of them, I might enforce by it my intended plea to get her to Lady L.'s. Laura spoke well of them. The captain of the vessel who brought them over, is related to them, and recommended them, when he knew what part of the town her lady chose.

What risques did the poor lady run! such different people as she had to deal with, in the contrivance and prosecution of her wild scheme; yet all to prove honest; how happy! Poor lady! how ready was she to fly from what she apprehended to be the nearest evil! But she could not be in a capacity to weigh the dangers to which she exposed herself.

'Often and often,' said Laura, 'have I, on my knees, besought my lady to write to you. But she was

'not

not always well enough to resolve *what* to do; and when she was sedate, she would plead, that she was afraid to see you; you would be very angry with her; you would condemn her as a rash creature; and she could not bear your displeasure; she was conscious that the act she had done, bore a rash, and even romantick, appearance: had you been in town, Antony should have made enquiries at distance, and she might have yielded to see you; but for several days her thoughts were not enough composed to write to you. At last, being impatient to hear of the health of her father and mother, she *did* write.

Why stays she so long from me, Laura? Attend your lady, and tell her, that I beg the honour of her presence.

Laura went to her. Her lady presented herself with an air of bashful dignity. I met her at her entrance—

My sister, my friend, my *dearest* Lady Clementina, kissing her hand, welcome, welcome, I repeat, to England. Behold your fourth brother, your protector; honour me with your confidence; acknowledge my protection. *Your* honour, *your* happiness, is dear to me as my life.

I led her trembling, sighing, but at the moment, speechless, to a seat; and sat down by her, holding both her hands in mine; she struggled for speech: Compose yourself, Madam; assure yourself of my tenderest regard, of my truest brotherly affection.

Generous Grandison! Can you forgive me? Can you, from your heart bid me welcome? *I will endeavour* to compose myself. You told me I was conscious; conscious indeed I am: the step I have taken has a disgraceful appearance; but yet will I not condemn, nor consent that *you* should, my motive.

I condemn not your *motive*, Madam. All *will*, all *must*, be happy! Rely on my brotherly advice and protection. My sisters, and their lords, every one I love, admires you. You are come to families of lovers, who will think themselves honoured by your confidence.

You pour balm into the wounds of my mind. What is woman when difficulties surround her? When it

was too late, and the ship that I embarked in was under sail, then began my terror: *that* took away from me all power of countermanding the orders I had given; till the winds, that favoured my voyage, opposed my return. Then was I afraid to trust myself with my own reflections, lest, if I gave way to them, my former malady should find me out. But let me not make *you* unhappy. Yet permit me to observe, that when you mentioned the kind reception I might expect to meet with among your friends, you forbore to mention the principal person—What will *she* think of the poor Clementina? But be assured, and assure *her*, that I would not have set my foot on the English shore, had you *not* been married. O chevalier! if I make you and her unhappy, no creature on earth can hate me so much as I shall hate myself.

Generous, noble Clementina! Your happiness is indeed essential to that of us *both*. My Harriet is another Clementina! You are another Harriet! *Sister* excellences, I have called you to her, to all her relations. In the letter you favoured me with, you wished to know her: you *must* know her; and I am sure you will love her. Your wishes that she would accept of my vows, were motives with her to make me happy. She knows our whole history. She is prepared to receive you as the dearest of her sisters.

Generous Lady Grandison! I have heard her character. I congratulate you, Sir. You have reason to think, that I should have been grieved, had you not met with a woman who deserved you. To know you are happy in a wife, and think yourself so, that no blame lies upon me for declining your addresses, will contribute more than I can express, to my peace of mind. When I have more courage, and my heart is eased of some part of its anguish, you shall present me to her. Tell her, mean time, that I will love her; and that I shall hold myself everlastingly bound to her in gratitude, for making happy the man, whom once, but for a superior motive, I had the vanity to think I could have made so.

She turned away her glowing face, tears on her cheek. My admiration of

her greatness of mind, so similar to that of my own Harriet, would not allow me to pour out my heart in words. I rose; and taking both her hands, bowed upon them. Tears more plentifully flowed from her averted eyes; and we were both for one moment speechless.

It would be injurious to a mind equally great and noble as that which informs the person of this your sister-excellence, to offer to apologize for faithfully relating to you those tender emotions of hearts, one of them not less pure than my Harriet's, the other all your own.

I broke silence, and urged her to accept of apartments at Lady L.'s. Let me acquaint the gentlewoman of the house, I beseech you, Madam, that to-morrow morning the sister I have named, and I, will attend you to her house. We will thank her for you, as you have almost forgotten your English, for the civilities which she and her daughters have shewn you: and I will make it my business to find out the honest captain, who, Laura tells me, has been very civil to you also, and thank him, too, in the names of all our common friends, for his care of you.

I will think myself honoured, now you have encouraged me to look up, by a visit from either or both your sisters. But let me advise with you, Sir: is the kind offer you make me, a proper offer for me to accept of? I shall be ready to take your advice.—Little regard as I may seem, by the step I have taken, to have had for my own honour; I would avoid, if possible, suffering a first error to draw me into a second. Do you, Sir, as my brother and friend, take care of that honour, in every step you shall advise me to take.

Your honour, Madam, shall be my first care. I sincerely think this is the rightest measure you can now pursue.

Now pursue!—sighing.

This argument admitted of a short debate. She was scrupulous from motives too narrow for a Clementina to mention. I made her blush for mentioning them; and, in a word, had the happiness to convince her, that the protection of the sister of her fourth brother was the most proper she could choose.

I went down, and talked to the gentlewomen below.

I requested them to make my compliments to Captain Henderson, and desire him to give me an opportunity to thank him in person for his civility to a lady beloved by all who have the honour of knowing her.

I went up again to the lady; and sat with her most of the evening, Laura only attending us.

I talked to Clementina of Mrs. Beaumont, and the ladies of Florence; and intimated, that her mother had prevailed on that lady to come to England, in hopes, as she is an English woman, that her company would be highly acceptable to her. She blessed her mother. What an instance of forgiving goodness was this! she said, with tears of gratitude; and blessed Mrs. Beaumont for her goodness to her; and the ladies at Florence for parting with one so dear to them.

I was happy throughout this latter conversation in her serenity; not one instance of wandering did I observe.

I chose not, however, so early, to acquaint her with the intention of the dearest and nearest of her friends, to come over with Mrs. Beaumont; though I expressed my earnest hope, that if we could make England agreeable to her, I should have the honour of the promised visit from some of the principals of her family, before she left it.

This, my dearest life, is a minute account of our interview. One of the greatest pleasures I can know, is to obey the gentle, the generous commands; of my Harriet.

This morning I attended Lady L. to breakfast with the excellent lady, as proposed. My sister and her lord are charmed with their guest: their guest she is; and Lady Clementina is as much pleased with them. She is every hour more and more sensible of the dangers she has run; and censures herself very freely for the rash step, as she calls it herself.

She longs, yet is ashamed to see you, my dearest life; and listens with delight to the praises my Lord and Lady L. so justly give to my Harriet.

MONDAY AFTERNOON.

I HAVE introduced Lord and Lady G. to

G. to Lady Clementina, at her own request; being assured, she said, that the place of her *refuge* would be kept secret by all my friends. Both sisters occasionally joining in praising my angel: 'How happy,' said she, 'are those marriages which give as much joy to the relations on both sides as to the parties themselves!'

Adieu, my dearest love! With the tenderest affection I am, and ever will be, *your most faithful and obliged,*

CH. GRANDISON.

LETTER XXVII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. IN
CONTINUATION.

THURSDAY, FEB. 22.

WE are as happy here, as we can expect to be; Lady Clementina in her state of suspense and apprehension; I without my Harriet.

You hinted to me once, my love, something of our Beauchamp's regard for Emily. He just now, after more hesitations than I expected from my friend, opened his heart to me, and asked me to countenance his addresses to her. I chid him for his hesitation—and then said, 'Is my Beauchamp, in his proposition, so right as he generally is?—Emily, though tall and womanly, is very young. I am not a friend to *very* early marriages. You know as well as any man, my dear friend, the reason that may be urged against such. Methinks I would give Emily an opportunity, as well for her husband's sake, who ever shall be the man, as for her own, to look round her, and make her own choice. The merit of Sir Edward Beauchamp, his personal accomplishments, and character, to say nothing of his now ample fortune, must make his addresses to *any* woman acceptable. You would not, I presume, think of marrying her, if you might, till she is eighteen or twenty: and would my Beauchamp fetter himself, by engagements to a girl; and leave *her*, who at present can hardly give him the preference he deserves, no chance of chusing for herself when at woman's estate?'

He waved the discourse, and left me

without resuming it. I am grieved on recollection; for I am afraid he is not satisfied with me, for what I said.

My dearest life, you must advise me. I will not take any important step, whether relative to myself or friends, but by your advice, and, if you please, Dr. Bartlett's. Whenever heretofore I have had time to take that good man's, I have been sure of the ground I stood upon. His has been of infinite service to me, as you have heard me often acknowledge. Yours and his will establish my judgment in every case: but in this of Emily's, *yours*, my dear, for obvious reasons, I must prefer even to *his*. In the mean time, I will seek Beauchamp. He shall not be angry with his Grandison!—But, good young man! can it be, that he is really in love with such a girl as to years?

This I *dare* say; Beauchamp's principal regard cannot be to her fortune: his estate is unincumbered. I should think myself, as well as Emily, happy, and that I had performed all my duty by her, were I to marry her to such a man. But, methinks I want him to be *sooner* married, than I could wish my Emily to be a wife. I think you told me, that Emily at present has no thoughts of him—But you, my dear, must advise me.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

SIR Edward has just left me. He hoped I would excuse him, he said, for having mentioned the above subject to me: 'It is at present in your power, Sir Charles,' said he, 'to silence me upon it for ever. It might not have been so some time hence, I thought; therefore, on examining the state of my heart, it was but honourable to open it to you. Forbid me this moment to think of her, and I will endeavour to obey her guardian.'

'My dear friend! you know Emily's age—Would you willingly—I stopt that he might speak.'

'Stay for her? I would, Sir Charles, till you and she—' He paused—Then resuming: 'My love for her is not an interested love. I would, if I might have your permission to make my addresses to her, (and that should be by honest assiduities, before declaration) be wholly determined by your advice for the good of both. I would make your conduct to Lady Clementina,

6 G 2 'when

when you last went over, my pattern. I would be bound, she should be free. I never would be so mean as to endeavour to engage her by promises to me. My pride will let her free, whenever I perceive the balances in favour of another man.

But what, my excellent friend, shall we do? Can you condescend to court *two* women, Emily so young, for her *distant* consent?

What means Sir Charles Grandison?

I will read to you, without reserve, what I had just written to my Harriet on this topick; reciting to her what passed in the conversation between you and me, a little while ago.

I read to him accordingly, what I wrote to you. He heard me with great attention, not interrupting me once, (nor did I interrupt myself; no, not by apologies for the freedom of my thoughts on the subject.) And when I had done, he wrung my hand, and thanked me for my unreservedness, in terms worthy of our mutual friendship.

You see, my dear Sir Edward, said I, how I am circumstanced: what I have promised to my wife, is a law to me, prudence and after-events, not controuling. She loves Emily: she has a high regard for you. Women know women. Go hand in hand with her. I will save you the trouble of referring to me, in the progress of your application to my wife and Emily. My Harriet will acquaint me with what is necessary for me, as Emily's guardian, to know. I build on your hint of assiduities, in preference to an early declaration. *You*, my Beauchamp, need not be afraid of giving time to a young creature to look round her. Let me add, that Emily shall give signs of preferring you to all men, as I expect from you demonstrations of your preferring her to all women; or I shall make a difficulty, for both your sakes, of giving a guardian's consent: and remember also, that Emily has a mother; who, though she has not greatly merited consideration, is her mother. We must do *our* duty, you know, my Beauchamp, in the common relations of life, whether others do theirs or not. But the address of a man of your credit and

consequence cannot give you any difficulty there, when that of Miss Fenwick's tender years is got over.

He was pleased with what I said. I asked him, if he approved of her motion to go down with Mrs. Selby and Lucy? Highly, he said; and as it came from herself, he thought it an instance of prudence in her, that few young creatures would have been able to shew.

Instance of prudence! my love! How so! When, wise as our Northamptonshire relations are, Emily would have wanted no benefit that her choice can give her, were she to remain with us, in the instructions and example of my Harriet.—But, my dear life, does Emily hold her mind to attend Mrs. Selby and Lucy into Northamptonshire? Let it be with her whole heart.

My cousin Grandison believes himself to be very happy. His wife, he says, thinks herself the happiest of women. I am glad of it. She has a greater opinion of his understanding than she has of her own: this seems to be necessary to the happiness of common minds in wedlock. He is gay, fluttering, debonnaire; and she thinks those qualities appendages of *family*. He has presented her with a genealogical table of his ancestors, drawn up and blazoned by heraldry-art. It is framed, glazed, and hung up in her drawing-room. She shews it to every one. Perhaps she thinks it necessary to apologize, by that means, to all her visitors, for bestowing her person and fortune on a ruined man. But what, in a nation, the glory and strength of which are trade and commerce, is gentility? What even nobility, where descendants depart from the virtue of the first ennobling ancestor?

Lord and Lady G. have invited Lady Clementina to dinner to-morrow. She has had the goodness to accept of the invitation. Lord and Lady L. and my aunt Grandison, will attend her.

What, my dear, makes Charlotte so impatient, (so petulant I had almost said) under a circumstance which, if attended with a happy issue, will lay all us, her friends, under obligation to her? I asked once my Harriet, if Lord G. were as happy in a wife as Charlotte is in a husband? You returned me not a direct answer. I was afraid of repeating my question, because I knew you

you would have cheerfully answered it, could you have done it to my wishes. I see in my lord's behaviour to her, respect and affection even to fondness; but not the polite familiarity that becomes a wedded love. Let her present circumstance be happily over, and she will find her brother's eye a more observant one, than hitherto she has found it. But be not, my dear, over-solicitous for the friend you so greatly value: true brotherly love shall ever hold the principal seat in my heart, when I sit in judgment upon a sister's conduct.

My fond heart throbs in expectation of soon presenting a sister to each of the two noblest women on earth. Allow for the perplexity of Clementina's mind; and for the impolitic urgency of her friends; and you will not, when you see her, scruple to hold out to a sister-excellence, not happily situated, the hand that blessed *your ever faithful*

CH. GRANDISON.

LETTER XXVIII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

SATURDAY, FEB. 24.

THE arrival of the Leghorn frigate is every day expected. The merchants have intelligence, that it put into Antibes. If the journey by land from thence to Paris, and so to Calais, could be made favourable to my dear friend Jeronimo, I have no doubt but our respected friends landed there, at this season of the year, so unpropitious to tender passengers.

The house in Grosvenor Square is now, thanks to good Lord G. quite ready for their reception. There will be room, I believe, as they propose to be here incognito, and with only necessary attendants, for the marquis and his lady, for Mrs. Beaumont, (who will be both their comforter and interpreter) for the two brothers, and Father Marescotti. Saunders has already procured handsome lodgings for the Count of Belvedere. I wish with you, my love, that the count were not to accompany them. The poor lady must not know it, if it can be avoided. The two young lords, whom I invited when I was in Italy, must be more imme-

diately our own guests, if my dearest life has no objection.

Assure yourself, my generous Harriet, that the lady shall not be either compelled, or too urgently persuaded, if I have weight with the family when they arrive. They shall not know where she is, nor see her, but by her own consent, and as I see their disposition to receive her as I wish. Excellent creature! what a noble solicitude is yours for her tranquillity of mind!

I have not yet been able to break to her the daily expectation I have of seeing in England her parents and brothers: yet am uneasy, that she knows it not. I want courage, my Harriet, to acquaint her with it. I have more than once essayed to do it. Dear creature! she looks with so much innocence, and so much reliance upon me; and is, at times, so apprehensive!—I know not how to break it to her.

She depends upon my mediation. She urges me to begin a treaty of reconciliation with them. I defer writing, I tell her, till I have seen Mrs. Beaumont. Little does she think they are upon their journey, and that I know not where to direct to them. She longs for Mrs. Beaumont's arrival; and hopes, she says, she will bring with her the poor Camilla, that she may have an opportunity to obtain her excuse for the harsh treatment she gave her. 'And yet Camilla,' said she, 'was a teasing woman.'

Were you ever sensible, my Harriet, of the tender pain that an open heart (yours is an open and an enlarged one) feels; longing, yet, for it's friend's sake, afraid to reveal unwelcome tidings, which, however, it imports the concerned to know? How loth to disturb the tranquillity which is built upon ignorance of the event! Yet that very tranquillity (contemplated upon) adding to the pain of the compassionating friend; who reflects, that when the unhappy news shall be revealed, time, and christian philosophy, only, will ever restore it to the heart of the sufferer!

Lord and Lady L. are endeavouring to divert their too-thoughtful guest, by carrying her to see what they think will either entertain or amuse her. Tomorrow (Lady L. contributing to the dear lady's proper appearance there) they

they purpose to attend her to the drawing-room. But hitherto she seems not to have a very high opinion of the country. If her heart could be easy, every thing would have a different appearance to her.

I HAVE this moment the favour of yours of yesterday. If your kind friends will stay no longer with you at the Hall, do you, my dearest love, as you propose, accompany them up. They are extremely obliging in proposing to give me here two or three days of their company, before they return to Northamptonshire.

My consent, my Harriet!—Why, if you have a choice of your own, do you ask it? I *must* approve of whatever you wish to do. Could I have been certain, I would have met my love. But you will have many dear friends with you.

Tell my Emily, that I have had a visit from her mother and Mr. O'Hara; and was so much pleased with them, that I propose on Monday to return their visit at their own lodgings.

Now I know I am to be soon blessed with the presence of my Harriet, I have given way to all my wishes: one of them is, never to be separated from the joy of my heart. Such, I trust, will she ever be, to her grateful, ever faithful,

GRANDISON.

LETTER XXIX.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

LONDON, FRIDAY, MARCH 2.

AGAIN, my ever-honoured grand-mamma, does your Harriet resume the pen. Lucy and my aunt, between them, have given you an account of every thing that passed since my last.

We arrived last night. With what tenderness did the best of men, and of husbands, receive his Harriet, and her friends!

This afternoon at tea, I am to be presented to Lady Clementina at Lord L.'s. Don't you believe my heart throbs with expectation? Indeed it does. Sir Charles says, *her* emotions are as great on the occasion.

What honour does my dear Sir Charles do to his Harriet? He consults her, as if he doubted his own judgment, and wanted to have it confirmed by hers. What happiness is hers, who marries a *good* man! Such a one will do obliging things for principle's sake; he will pity involuntary failings; he will do justice to good intentions, and give importance to all his fellow-creatures, because he knows they and he are equally creatures of the Almighty. What woman, who *thinks*, but will prefer a good man to all others, however distinguished by rank, fortune, or person? But my Sir Charles is a good man, and distinguished by all those advantages. What a creature should I be, blessed with a husband of a heart so faithful, and so well-principled, if I were not able to let my love and compassion flow to a Clementina, though once (and indeed *for* that very reason) the only beloved of his heart!—Why are not *real* calls made upon me, to convince such a man, that I have a mind emulative of his own, at least of Clementina's? The woman who, from motives of religion, having the heart of a Sir Charles Grandison in her hand, loving him above all earthly creatures, and all her friends consenting, could refuse him her vows, must be, in that act, the greatest, the most magnanimous, of women. But could the noble lady have thus acted, my dear grandmamma, had she not been stimulated by that glorious enthusiasm, of which her disturbed imagination had shewn some previous tokens; and which, rightly directed, has heretofore given the palm of martyrdom to saints?

WE have just now been welcomed to town by Sir Edward Beauchamp. Sir Charles, on presenting him to me, thus expressed himself: 'You remember, my dearest life, what I wrote to you of the last part of the conversation between Sir Edward and me, in relation to my Emily. Your prudence, my Harriet, and love of the good girl—your discretion and generosity, Sir Edward; will join you together as counsellors and advisers of your Grandison. My wife and my friend cannot err in this instance, because you will both consider what belongs to the characters of a guardian, and a ward so beloved

by

'by you both; and, if you doubt, have Dr. Bartlett at hand.'

My uncle, aunt, and Lucy, are determined to set out next Wednesday for Northamptonshire. Sir Edward desired to know of Sir Charles, if he had any objection to his attending them down? 'None at all, surely,' was Sir Charles's answer.

Mr. Deane accompanies them, in order to adjust some matters at Peterborough, preparative to the favour he does of settling with us, or near us, for the remainder of his days. May that remainder be long and happy!

Sir Charles asked Emily just now, if she held her mind, as to going down? Indeed she did, she said; her heart was in it; and she would go that instant to acquaint her mother with her intention, and to buy some things preparatory to her journey: she would take it for a great favour, she told Lucy, if she would go with her on both occasions.

Lucy has made to herself a great interest in Emily's heart. They are both sure they shall be happy in each other. My aunt loves her: so does my uncle. Who does not? I am sure you will, my dear grandmamma, and pity her too. Dear pretty soul! She costs me now and then a tear. But had I not been in her way, it would have been worse. She could have no hope. I am sure she knows she could not. But what a sad gradation is there in that love, which, though begun in a hopelessness of succeeding, rises by self-flattery, to possibility, then to a probability, to hope; and, sinking again to hopelessness, ends in despair!—But how coolly I write on, for one who is by and by to see a Clementina.

I AM waiting Sir Charles's kind leisure to carry me to Lady L.'s. He has Mr. Lowther with him just now; who, however, finding us engaged, will not stay.

Sir Charles approved my dress, as he passed by me to go to Mr. Lowther in the study. He snatched my hand, and pressed it with his lips: 'My ever-lovely, my ever-considerate Harriet, you want no ornaments: but I was sure you would not give yourself any but those that flowed from a compassionate and generous heart, when you were to visit a lady who at pre-

sent is not in happy circumstances; yet is entitled by merit, as well as rank, to be in the happiest.'

My aunt and Lucy long for my return, to have an account of the lady, and what passes between us. How my heart—What is the matter with my heart?

LETTER XXX.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

SATURDAY, MARCH 3.

LADY Clementina, my dearest grandmamma, must not, shall not, be compelled. If I admired, if I loved her before, *now* that I have seen her, that I have conversed with her, I love, I admire her, if possible, ten times more. She is really in her person, a lovely woman, of middle stature, extremely genteel; an air of dignity, even of grandeur, appears in her aspect, and in all she says and does; her complexion is fine without art: indeed she is a lovely woman! She has the finest black eye, hair, eyebrows of the same colour, I ever saw; yet has sometimes a wildish cast with her eye, sometimes a languor, that, when one knows her story, reminds one that her head has been disturbed. Why, taking advantage of her sex, is such a person to be controuled, and treated as if she were not to have a will; when she has an understanding, perhaps, superior to that of either of her *willful* brothers?

When we alighted at Lady L.'s, I begged Sir Charles to conduct me into any apartment but that where she was. I sat down on the first seat. Lady L. hastened to me—'My dearest sister, you seem disordered—Fie! Lady Grandison, and want spirits?'

Sir Charles (not observing my emotion) had left me, and went to attend Lady Clementina. She, it seems, was in some disorder. 'My Harriet,' said he to her, as he told me afterwards, 'attends the commands of her sister-excellence.'

'Call me not *excellence*! Call me not her *sister*! And I not a fugitive in her eye, and in every body's eye?—I think, chevalier, I cannot see her. She will look down upon me. I think

I am

'I am as much afraid to see her, as I was at first to see you. Is there serenity in her virtue?'

'She is all goodness, all sweetness, Madam. Did I not tell you, that she is the Clementina of England?'

'Well, Sir, you are very good. Don't let me be unpolite. I am but a guest in this hospitable house—Else would I have attended her at the first door. Is she not Lady Grandison? Happy, happy woman!'

Tears were in her eyes. She turned away to hide them. Then stepping forward; 'I am now prepared to receive her: pray, Sir, introduce me.'

'She is not without her emotions, Madam—She is preparing herself to see you. Love, compassion, for Lady Clementina, fills her bosom—I will present her to you.'

Lady L. went to her. Sir Charles came to me.—'My dearest love, why this concern? You will see a woman you cannot fear but must love. She has been in the like agitations—Favour me with your hand.'

'No, Sir—That would be to insult her.'

'My dearest life! forget not your own dignity; [I started] nor give me too much consequence with a lady, who, like yourself, is all soul. I glory in my wife: I cannot desert myself.'

I was a little awed at the time; fearing he was displeased; but the moment I got home, and was alone with him, I acknowledged his goodness and greatness, both in one.

He led me in. Lady L. only (at Sir Charles's request, for both our sakes) was present. The noble lady approached me. I hastened to meet her, with trembling feet. Sir Charles, kissing a hand of each, joined them together.

'Sister-excellences, I have often called you! Dearest of women, love each other, as I admire you both.'

She tenderly saluted me: 'Receive, O receive to your love, to your friendship, a poor desolate! Till within these few days, a desolate indeed! a fugitive! a rebellious! an ingrate to the best of parents!'

I embraced her.—'Mistaken parents, I have called them, Madam—I have pitied them; but most I have pitied you—Honour me with your sisterly love. This best of men had before

given me two sisters. Let us be four.'

'Be it so, my dear Lady L.' said Sir Charles, bringing her to us: and, clasping his arms about the three; 'You answer for the absent Charlotte and yourself; a fourfold cord that shall never be broken.'

Sir Charles led us to one settee, again putting a hand of each together, and sitting down over against us; Lady L. on the other hand of him. We were both silent for a few moments, each struggling with her tears.

'My Harriet, Madam,' said Sir Charles, as I have told you, 'knows your whole story. You two are of long acquaintance. Your minds are kindred minds. Your griefs are here: your pleasures she will rejoice in as her own.—My Harriet, you now see, you now know by person, the admirable Clementina, whose magnanimity you so much admired, whose character, you have so often said, is the first among women.'

We both wept. But her tears seemed tears of kindness and esteem. I put the hand which was not in hers, on her arm. I wanted courage; my reverence for her would not allow me to be so free, or it had again embraced the too conscious lady. 'Believe me, Madam, (excuse my broken Italian) I have ever revered you. I have said often, very often, that your happiness, happy as I am, is necessary to complete mine, as well as Sir Charles Grandison's.'

'This goodness to me, a fugitive, an alien to your country; not a lover of your religion! O Lady Grandison, you must be as much all I have heard of you, in your mind, as I see you are in your person. Receive my thanks for making happy the man I wished to be the happiest of men; for well does he deserve to be made so. We were brother and sister, Madam, before he knew you. Let me be his sister still, and let me be yours.'

'Kindred minds, Sir Charles Grandison calls ours, Madam. He does me honour. May I, on farther knowledge, appear to as much advantage in your eye, as you, from what I know of you, do in mine; and I shall be a very happy creature!'

Then

'Then you *will* be happy. I was *prepared* to love you. I love you already, methinks, with a passion that wants not farther knowledge of your goodness to augment it. But can you, Madam, look upon me with a true sisterly eye? Can you pity me for the step I have taken, so seemingly derogatory to my glory? Can you believe me unhappy, but not wicked, for taking it? O Madam! my reason has been disturbed; do you know that?—You must attribute to that, some of my perversenesses.'

'Heaven, dearest Lady Clementina, only knows how many tears your calamity has cost me: in the most arduous cases, I have preferred your happiness to my own. You shall know all of me, and of my heart. Not a secret of it, though yet uncommunicated to this dearest of men, will I conceal from you. I hope we shall be true sisters, and true friends, to the end of our lives.'

'My noble Harriet!' said the generous man—'Frankness of heart, my dear Clementina, is *her* characteristic. She means all she says; and will perform more than she promises. I need not tell *you*, my love, what our Clementina is; you know her to be the noblest of women: give her the promised proofs of your confidence in her; and, whatever they be, they must draw close the knot which never will be untied.'

'Already, thus encouraged,' said the noble lady, 'let me apply to you, Madam, to strengthen for me the interest I presume to have in the friendship of Sir Charles Grandison. —Let me not, Sir, let me not, I intreat you all three, be compelled to give my vows to *any* man in marriage. All of you promise me; and I shall with more delight look before me, than for a long, long time past, I thought would fall to my lot.'

'You, Madam, must concede a little, perhaps: your parents must a little relax. Their reason, if you will not be too unconceding, shall not, if I am referred to, be mine, unless it is reason in every other impartial judgment. Would to Heaven they were at hand to be consulted!'

'What a wish! Then you would give me up! You are a good man: will a good man resist the authority

of parents in favour of a runaway child!—Dear, dear Madam, clasping her arms about me, 'prevail upon your Chevalier Grandison to protect me; to plead for me; he can deny you nothing: he will then protect me, though my father, my mother, my brothers, should all join to demand me of him.'

'My dear Lady Clementina,' said I, 'you may depend on *your own* interest with Sir Charles Grandison. He has your happiness at heart, and will have, as much as I wish him to have, mine.'

'Generous, noble, good Lady Grandison! how I admire you! May the Almighty shower upon you his choicest blessings!—If you allow me an interest in his services, I demand it of you, chevalier.'

'Demand it!' *expect* it, be assured of it, my dear Lady Clementina. I want to talk with you upon your expectations, your wishes. As much as is practicable, whatever they are, they shall be mine.'

'Well, Sir, when then shall we talk?—To morrow will be too soon for my spirits.'

'Do my Harriet then the honour of passing the day on Monday with her. The dear friends we have for our guests will chuse to pass it with Lord and Lady G.—Yourself, Lady L., my Harriet and I, will be all the company: you shall declare your pleasure, and that shall be a law to me. At present, this affecting interview has discomposed us all, and we will retire.'

'Kindly considered!' said she: 'you are in England what you were in Italy—I *am* discomposed.—I have discomposed *you*, Madam;' to me. 'I was born to give trouble to my friends. Forgive me! I once was happy—I may hope, Madam, to Lady L. your supporting presence at your brother's on Monday?'

Lady L. bowed her assent. She understands Italian, but speaks it not.

The lady stood up, yet trembling. 'I will withdraw, ladies—Sir—if you please. My head seems as if bound round by a tight cord,' (putting her hand to her forehead.) Then clasping her arms round me, thus in a high strain spoke she—'Angel of a woman, gracious as the blessed virgin me,

'cher, benign, all that is good and great, I attend you on Monday. Adieu!

She kissed my cheek, I clasped my arms about her. 'Revered Lady Clementina!'—I could say no more. Tears, and tenderness of accent, interrupted my speech. Lady L. conducted her to her own apartment, and left her to her Laura.

We sat down, admiring, praising her. 'Dear Sir,' said I, taking Sir Charles's hand, 'Lady Clementina must not be persuaded. Persuasion is compulsion. Why comes over the Count of Belvedere? If she knows it, I will not answer for her right mind.'

My uncle and aunt, Lucy, Emily, were very curious after particulars, when we came home, as we did, to supper.

Sir Charles left it to Lady L. to manage with Lady G. who, he knew, expected a day of our beloved guests; and he himself apologized to them for the freedom he had taken of so disposing of them. They had the goodness to thank him for his freedom. They long, however, to see the admirable lady, who could renounce the man of her choice from religious motives, yet love him still; say to him for protection, yet be able to congratulate him on his marriage, and love his wife. 'She is great indeed!' said my aunt—Lucy praised my generosity—But what is that which is called generosity in me, who am in full possession of all my wishes, to that of Clementina?

Join, my dear grandmamma, in prayers for her happiness; the rather, as in it, from true affection, is included that of your

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXI.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

MONDAY, MARCH 5.

LADY L. and Lady Clementina came just as we were preparing for breakfast.

Lady L. had given her such an account of my friends, that she was de-

sirous to see them, and, as she was pleased to say, to bespeak their favour to the poor fugitive. After the first salutations, she addressed my aunt Selby in French, being told that she spoke not Italian: 'You are happy, Madam,' said she, 'in a niece, who may challenge the world to shew her equal; and still more happy in her being blessed with such a husband. Merit is not always so well rewarded.' My aunt was struck with the manner as well as with the words.

She made a very pretty compliment to my uncle; who, having forgot his French, could only bow, and seem pleased.

When Lucy was presented to her, as my uncle's niece, and my favourite correspondent, 'You must not, Mademoiselle,' said she, 'be angry with me, if I envy you.'

To Emily, 'Happy young lady!' said she. 'I have heard of you in Italy. Mrs. Beaumont spoke honourably of you to me, more than once. We both called you happy in such a guardian.'

I hope, my dear grandmamma, you don't think I forget my cousins Reeves's, though I mentioned them not before. I have already called in upon them twice; and they have, with the kind freedom of relations, dropt in upon us several times. They are invited to Lord G.'s; I won't say Lady G.'s; though every body else does.

This is what I stole time to write, while Sir Charles is engaged in discourse with the lady; and our guests are preparing to be gone to Lord G.'s; Lady G. requesting my aunt's company early. She is the veriest coward! These brave spirits, she has said, are but flash. Indeed the very delicate, as well as very serious, and even solemn circumstances, which attend her case, must make the liveliest woman, when the time approaches, *think!*—The inclosed note of hers to my aunt, brought late last night, is, however, in her usual stile—

'YOU and Lucy must be here early to-morrow morning.'

'What wretched simpletons are we women! Daughters of gew-gaw, folly, ostentation, trifle!—First, we shew our sorry fellow, when not disapproved,

‘ approved, to our friends and relations; and take all their judgments upon him. If he has their opinion in his favour, every body, be he what he will, will praise him; and give him riches, sense, ancestry, and I cannot tell what of qualities, that perhaps we shall never find out. Then we shew our presents, our jewels, our laces; and a smile spreads the mouth, and a sparkle gladdens the eye, of every maiden that hangs admiring over them. Ah, silly maidens! if you could look three yards from your noses, you would pity, instead of envying, the milk-white heifer dressed in ribbands, and just ready to be led to sacrifice.

‘ Well, then, what comes next? Why, the poor soul, in a few months, by the time perhaps her gratulatory visits are half paid her, begins to find apprehension take place of security. Then is she and all her virgins employed in the *wretchedest* trifles.—If I thought you had forgot them, I would give you a list of them.—And the poor fools, wrapping up their jewels in cotton, with sighs that perhaps they have worn them for the last time, and doubtful whom they may next adorn, cover the decked-out milk-white bed with their baby-things. “ See here!” and, “ see here!” and, “ What is the use of this, and of that?” asks the curious, and perhaps too fearless maiden. “ Why, this is for—” and, “ that is for—” answer the matrons who have passed the Rubicon.

‘ And to this is your Charlotte reduced!—Aunt Selby, Lucy, come early, that I may shew you my *baby* things!—O dear! O dear! O dear!—and that you may be able to testify, that I had no design to over-lay the little marmouset. Adieu till ten to-morrow morning.

‘ C. G.’

THE moment our company were gone, Sir Charles came to me; and leading me into my drawing-room, where the lady was, ‘ Comfort, my love,’ said he, ‘ your sister.’

I hastened to her, (poor lady! she was in tears, and even sobbing;) and clasping my arms about her, ‘ Be comforted, be consoled, my dearest Lady Clementina.’

‘ O Madam! my father, my mother, my Jeronymo, are every day expected; who beside, I know not, how shall I look my father, my mother, in the face!’

Sir Charles withdrew. He was troubled for her. He sent in Lady L.

‘ Your dear friend, Madam,’ said I, ‘ and my dear friend, will protect you. Your father and mother would not have had the thoughts of taking so long and troublesome a voyage, had they not resolved to do every thing in their power to restore you to peace, and to them.’

‘ So the chevalier tells me.’

‘ At this time of the year, Madam, such a voyage! Your mamma so tender in her health! Such a dislike to the sea! Her whole motive is tenderness and love. She prefers your health, your tranquillity, to her own.’

‘ And is not this consideration enough to distress a grateful spirit?—Unworthy Clementina! To every relation, in every action, of late unworthy! What trouble hast thou given thy parents! I cannot, cannot bear to see them!—O my Lady Grandison, I was ever a perverse creature! Whatever I set my heart upon, I was uneasy, till I had compassed it. My pride, and my perverseness, have cost me dear. But of late I have been more perverse than ever. My heart ran upon coming to England. I could think of nothing till I came. I have tried that experiment. I am sick of it. I do not like England, now, I see I cannot be unmolested here. But my favourite for years, was another project. That filled my mind, and helped me to make the sacrifice I did.—And here I am come to almost the only country in Europe, which could render my darling wish impracticable. Why went I not to France? I had with me sufficient to have obtained my admission into any order of nuns: and had I been once professed!—I will get away still, I think. Be friend me, my sister! I cannot, I cannot, see my mother!’

Sir Charles came in just then. ‘ I heard what you last said, Madam,’ said he: ‘ compose yourself, I beseech you. I dreaded to acquaint you with the expected arrival of your parents. But are they not the most

'indulgent of parents? You *have* nothing, you *shall* have nothing to fear, and you will have every thing to hope, from their presence.'

'Will you engage for their allowing of a divine dedication, Sir? Will you plead that cause for me?'

'I cannot say, what will, what can be done, till I see them. But confide in my zeal to serve you, Madam. Lord L.'s house, I repeat, shall be your asylum, till you shall consent to see them. I cannot be guilty of a prevarication: I will own to them, that I know where you are; but, till you give leave, you shall be as much concealed from their knowledge, as if you were still at your first lodgings, and I myself ignorant of your abode.'

'A man of honour,' said she, her hands lifted up, 'is more valuable to a woman in trouble, than all the riches of the east! But tell me now, tell me upon your never-forfeited honour, whom besides my father, mother, and your *Jeronymo*, do you expect?'

'My lord the *bishop*, Madam—'

'Oh! Oh!' said she, clapping her hands together, with an inimitable grace and eagerness—'I am afraid—But whom else?'

'Father Marescotti—'

'The good man! will he think it worth his while—But for my father and mother's sake, he will—Whom else?'

'Mrs. Beaumont, Madam, never intended to set her foot on English ground again; but she has broken through her resolution, to oblige your mother.'

'Good Mrs. Beaumont!—But I am half-afraid of her. Well, Sir, *Camilla*, your poor *Camilla*, Madam.'

'Poor *Camilla*! I used her hardly: but teasing never yet did good with me. Remember, Sir, they are not to know where I am.—Your house, Madam, to Lady L. 'is to be my asylum.—Then seeing me affected, 'Gentlest of human hearts,' said she, 'what right have I thus to pain you?—Well, Sir,' drying her eyes, with looks too earnest for her health of mind; 'tell me, is any body else expected?'

'Your cousins *Sebastiano* and *Juliano*, Madam; but not the general.'

'Thank Heaven for that!—I love my brother *Giacomo*: but he is so determined a man! His own lady only can soften his heart.'

Sir Charles, by his admirable address, made her tolerably easy by dinner-time, on the subject of her friends expected arrival: and she once owned, that she should be transported with joy to see her father, mother, and *Jeronymo*, could she assure herself that she could see them with forgiveness in their countenances.

Sir Charles would only be attended at table by *Saunders*, whom she had seen in Italy. She was much pleased to have it so; but desired *Laura* might be permitted to attend at the back of her own chair.

I addressed myself to *Laura* three or four times as she stood. The lady was pleased: and *Laura* seemed proud of my notice.

Now and then an involuntary tear filled the lady's eye, as she sat. It was easy to enter into her thoughts, poor lady! on her situation. She was grieved, she said, at the trouble she gave me; and frequently sought to suppress a sigh. Once, after a reverie of a few minutes: 'And am I here?' said she; 'In England? At the house of the *Chevalier Grandison*? Can it be?'

After dinner, Lady L. and she and I, retiring to my drawing-room—'What a generous lady,' said she, 'are you! I was afraid to see you, before I saw you: but the moment I beheld you, I embraced a sister. You will allow of my esteem of your *Grandison*?'

'Of your love, dear Lady *Clementina*, and thank you for it. A good man has an interest in every good person's affections.'

'Such generosity,' snatching my hand with both hers, 'would confirm a doubtful goodness. But indeed my esteem for him always soared above person. You know I am a zealous catholic: You know our doctrine of merits. I would have laid down my life to save his soul. But surely God will be merciful to such a man: and no less so to such a woman, as,' (putting her arms about me)

me) 'I have now the honour to embrace.'

'Mercy, Madam,' said I, 'is the darling attribute of the Almighty. He is the God of all men.'

'True—But—' And was going to say something farther; but stooped on Sir Charles's entrance.

Sir Charles, after sitting with us a little while, asked leave of absence for an hour, to look on his friends at Lord G.'s. We had a charming conversation in the mean time. Our subjects were various. The customs of Italian ladies, and their surprizing illiterateness in general, were parts of it. A woman there, it seems, who knew more than her own tongue, was a miracle till within these few years, that the French customs seem prevailing there. Why, Madam, the ladies of Italy with geniuses as fine as that clackick climate ever produced, are immersed in the pleasures of sense: singing, dancing, and conversation-gallantry, take up their whole time. One would imagine, that their husbands and fathers thought them only children of this world, and not heirs of a better hope, by the little care taken in improving their understanding: and were it not for the religion of the country, which we call superstition, half the Italian world of women, would be looked upon merely as temporary idols, for men to worship for temporary gratifications only. Yet in their conversation-assemblies, men see what they are capable of. But their country, it seems, is in the same uncultivated state as the minds of their women. The garden of the world, as Italy is called, is over-run with weeds: and, for want of cultivation, the very richest of it's soil becomes it's disease. But these reflections I draw rather by deduction from what Lady Clementina said, than from any direct confession of hers. She is fond of her country in it's present state: but sensible English travellers speak of it as I have written.

Sir Charles returned within his time. He is kind to be every-where! for he is the life of every company, and of every individual.

We passed a sweet evening together, and till near eleven o'clock. Were Lady Clementina happy, how happy should we all be?

Sir Charles waited on the ladies home. Lord L. was by that time returned from Lord G.'s; but was the first of the friendly company that withdrew. Lady G. it seems, was all alive in every part of the entertainment. My uncle Selby and she spared not each other. Her lord, I fancy, fared the better for the presence of the earl and Lady Gertrude, and for her having my uncle to shoot at.

God preserve my grandmamma, and all my dear friends in her neighbourhood, prays her ever dutiful

HARRIET GRANDISON!

LETTER XXXII.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

WEDN. MARCH 7.

OUR grief will be your joy, my dearest grandmamma! My uncle, my aunt, Lucy, Emily, Mr. Deane!—They are just gone: just left me.

What a parting!—But Emily! Dear creature, what was her grief, her noble struggle with herself, to conceal her anguish from her guardian!

She will now be yours, and my aunt Selby's; and, when once settled, will, must, be happy; for she is good, and you all love her, and will love her the more for this great instance of her nobleness of mind.

About half an hour before we parted, she begged to speak a few words to me in my closet. I led her thither. When we entered it, she shut the door, and dropt down on her knees. I would have raised her; but she would not be raised. I clasped my arms about her neck. 'I have revealed all my folly to you,' said she. 'Forgive the weakness of a poor girl. A thousand, thousand thanks to you, Madam, for your indulgent goodness to me. I longed to live with you and my guardian. I placed my whole happiness in the grant. You gave me an opportunity to try the experiment. What I little expected happened: I was more unhappy than before. I revere my grandmamma: she is a blessed lady! How good was she on your wedding-day, to wish me, poor *me*! to supply to her the loss

' loss of her Harriet! Her goodness, her condescension, that of all your family, overcame me: it would *not*, perhaps, had I not tried the other experiment. All that I have now to beg of you, is to pardon me for the trouble I must have given to your noble heart: it *is* a noble heart, or it could not have borne with me as it has done. But promise to write a letter to me once a fortnight—and permit me to write to you once a week; and I shall think myself a happy creature. Not a thought of my heart but I will reveal to you.'

' I do promise, my love, my Emily. The correspondence between us will delight me. Nobody shall see any of our letters but at your choice.'

' Lady L. Lady G. may, Madam: they love the poor Emily. Nobody else may, I believe; I shall write so poorly!—But I shall improve as I have more years, and more sense. But my present concern is more for Lady Clementina than for myself. Poor lady! Pray write something of her friends' behaviour to her, and hers to them, to *me* particularly, besides what you write to your grand-mamma: I shall take it for *such* a favour! And it will make me look so important! You don't know how proud it will make me; and it will induce your Lucy, and every body, to shew me every thing you write to them; and I shall have it in my power to read out of your letters to me something in return; which will look like an acquittal of obligation.'

All that she wished me to do, and still more, as occasions offered, I promised.

She arose from her knees; called me by many tender names; kissed one cheek, then the other; then one hand, then the other. I folded her to my fond heart: 'My sister, my friend, my Emily!' I called her. We wetted each other's bosom with our tears; and both went down with red eyes.

Extremely tender, but delicate, was the leave she took of her guardian. The brother, the affectionate friend, and father, I may say, appeared in his unreserved tenderness to her. She hurried into my uncle's coach, which stood ready, when she parted with him, that her emotion might not be too vi-

sible. I hastened in after her, lest she should be too much affected; while my aunt, Lucy, and my uncle, were taking their leaves in the Hall.

' My dearest Emily, I admire you!' said I.

' Do you, do you!—Best of wives, of women, of friends, of sisters, do you say so?—I behaved not amiss, then?'

' Amiss! No, my dear: charmingly, my love! You are great as ever a woman was.'

' How you comfort me!'

' Adieu: adieu! my best love!' said I.—' My best Lady Grandison!' said she; both in a breath, as from one heart, embracing, and quitting each other with regret; her arms folded about herself, when I left her; as if I were still within them.

I gave my hand to Sir Edward Beauchamp on stepping out of the coach; for he was ready to attend them; and hurrying into the Hall, threw myself into the arms of my aunt. 'My love,' said she, 'take care of yourself; Emily shall not need to be your concern: she will be our Harriet.'

' Indeed she shall,' said Lucy. 'Dear girl, she shall be mine: and, thank God, I now have two Harriet's instead of one.'

My uncle wept like a child at parting with me. He would have carried it off, smiling, in his tears. 'What, what,' sobbed he, 'shall I do for my girl! I shall miss, I shall miss, your sau-sau-sauciness, sometimes—Was I ever angry with you in my life?'

Mr. Deane comforted himself, that he should but settle his affairs at Peterborough, and then would make our residence his, wherever we should be.

All of them departed, blessing us, and we them; hoping for a speedy meeting in Northamptonshire. Every one expressed their solicitude for the happiness of Lady Clementina, as well for her own sake as for Sir Charles's and mine.

God give you, and my dearest, dearest friends, now on their journey to you, a happy meeting, with every felicity that on this earth can fall to the lot of persons so dear to the heart of your ever dutiful

HARRIET GRANDISON!

LETTER

LETTER XXXIII.

SIGNOR JERONYMO, TO SIR
CHARLES GRANDISON.DOVER, MONDAY NIGHT,
MARCH 12. O. S.

HERE we are, my Grandison; my father and mother so indifferent in their healths, that we shall have time to wait for your direction. My mother was so incommoded, that we put in at Antibes; and by slow journies, stopping a few days at Paris, proceeded to Calais, where we hired a vessel to bring us hither. My brother, and Father Marescotti, are indisposed. Camilla is not well. Mrs. Beaumont, to whom we owe infinite obligations, is the life of us all.

Have you heard of the dear fugitive, who has given us all so much disturbance, and at this season of the year, so much fatigue? God grant that she may be safe in your protection, and in her right mind! Had she been so at the time, she had never meditated such a wild, such a disgraceful flight. The heart of the Count of Belvedere is torn in pieces by his impatience. He will soon follow the man and horse whom we dispatch with this. Signor Sebastiano will accompany him. Juliano will stay with us. The fatigue has been rather too much for your Jeronymo: but he rejoices, that he has his foot on English ground; the country that gave birth to his Grandison; and in his hopes of seeing his kind and skilful Lowther. God grant us a happy meeting; and that no interruption may have been given to your nuptial happiness, by the extravagance of a young creature, which can only be accounted for in her, by the unhappy disorder of her mind! Adieu, adieu, my Grandison!

JERONYMO DELLA PORRETTA.

LETTER XXXIV.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS.
SHIRLEY.TUESDAY MORNING, ELEVEN,
MARCH 13.

ABOUT two hours ago, Sir Charles received a letter from Signor Jeronymo. The man had rode all night. They are all at Dover.

Sir Charles is already set out; gone, with four coaches and six, of our own and friends, for them, and their attendants; Mr. Lowther with him. Saunders is left to attend the Count of Belvedere to the lodgings taken for him.

The house in Grosvenor Square is ready for the reception of the rest.

As soon as I can get quieter spirits, I will attend Lady Clementina, in order to re-assure her, if I find she has presence of mind enough to hear the news. Sir Charles has already induced her to wish the crisis over. It is a crisis. I am almost as much affected for her, as she can be for herself. Yet she has not cruel friends to meet. May the dear lady keep in her right mind!

In what a hurry of spirits I write. You will not wonder. I have not my grandmamma's steadiness of mind. Never, never, shall I be like my grandmamma.

TUESDAY, TWO O'CLOCK.

[IN LADY L.'S CLOSET.] I have, as gently as I could, broken the news of their safe arrival at Dover, to Lady Clementina. She began the subject; and said, she had been praying for the safety of her friends. 'What will become of me,' said she, 'should mishap befall any one of them? Should the fatigue be too much for either my father or mother, their healths so precarious; or for my Jeronymo, so lately ill!'

After proper prefacings, I hoped, I said, her cares on that subject, would soon be over. Sir Charles had some intimation of the likelihood of their arrival at a particular port; and was actually set out with coaches, in hopes of accommodating them, when they *did* arrive, and to bring them to the house which had been (as she knew before) got ready for their reception.

She looked by turns on me, and on Lady L. in speechless terror: at last, 'Then I am sure,' said she, 'you know they are come. Tell me, tell me, are they indeed arrived? And are they all well?'

I owned they were, and at Dover; and waited there to refresh themselves, and to be informed of her health and safety, before they would proceed farther.

She wept even to sobbing; inveighed against herself: her tears were tears of

of duty and tenderness. She comforted herself, that Sir Charles would be able to soften their resentments against her; and she was sure he would make the best conditions for her, that could be obtained.

Lord L. is all goodness, all compassion, to her. He greatly admires her. But we observe, that there are some little traces of wildness now and then in her talk, which carries her into high language and exclamation. May her mind be quieted! May her intellects be preserved entire, in the affecting scenes before her!—I am sent for home in haste.

TUESDAY NIGHT.

METHINKS I am half-afraid of telling even *you*, my grandmamma, at this distance, to whom I was sent for. It was to the Count of Belvedere. Signor Sebastiano was with him. Lord G. happened to call in at St. James's Square, when they arrived; and sending for me, entertained them till I came.

I asked Lord G. half out of breath with fear, at my *first alighting*, if he had said any thing of the lady? 'Not a syllable,' said he: 'I avoided answering questions. The gentlemen were full of impatience to know something about her; and this made me send for you: for, though cautioned, I was afraid of blundering.' Honest, modest, worthy Lord G.—I prevailed on them to stay supper with me. Lord G. was so obliging, as to send home to excuse himself to his lady, at my request.

They are both fine young gentlemen, extremely polite.

We have been told, that the count is a handsome man. Indeed he is. Any lady, with such a character as he has, if she were not prepossessed, might like him. He is certainly a gentle-dispositioned and good-natured man. He looks the man of quality. He seems not to be above five or six and twenty: has a foreign aspect, and a complexion a fallowish brown; yet has a healthy look. His eyes, however, as I knew his case, appeared to me to have a cast like those of a man whose mind is disturbed.

I behaved to them with the greatest frankness I could shew. I told them that Sir Charles set out in the morn-

ing, on the receipt of a letter from Dover, for that port, and with what equipages. They gave but a poor account of the health of the marchioness: but if she could but hear good tidings, he said, and stopt—

Sir Charles, I answered, would do his utmost to set their hearts at ease.

'May I not ask a question, Madam?' said the count. 'I find your ladyship knows every thing of us, and our affairs. We heard in Italy, that you were all goodness; and find you to be an angel. I make no compliment,' said he, laying his spread hand on his heart.

I answered in French, the language in which he spoke to me.—That I had the pleasure of informing him, that letters had passed between Lady Clementina and Sir Charles. 'The account she gives of herself,' said I, 'makes us not quite unhappy.'

'Makes us!' said the count to Signor Sebastiano, in Italian, his hands lifted up: 'Heavenly goodness!'

I imagined that he thought I understood not that tongue; and that I might not mislead them into undue compliments, I said, in my broken-accented Italian, 'We all here, Signors, are as much interested in the health and happiness of Lady Clementina, as any of her friends in Italy can be.'

They applauded all of us, who were, as they said, so generously interested in the happiness of one of the most excellent of women.

I told the count, that Sir Charles had, as desired, provided lodgings for him. I hoped he would find them convenient, though Sir Charles thought them not befitting his quality. He had, before he set out this morning, (hearing that their lordships were then probably on their journey from Dover to London) ordered his gentleman to attend him to them: 'You, Signor,' said I, 'are, if you please, with Signor Julian, to be Sir Charles's own guests. We have another house will be honoured with the residence of the marquis and marchioness, their sons, the good Father Marescotti, and their other friends.'

'Good Father Marescotti!' repeated the count—'Excellent Lady Grandison! But you say well: Father Marescotti is indeed a good man.'

'I have by heart, my lord,' said I, 'the

the characters of all my dear Sir Charles's Italian friends.

Again the two lords looked upon each other, as in admiration.

Pity, my dear grandmamma, that different nations of the world, though of different persuasions, did not, more than they do, consider themselves as the creatures of one God, the sovereign of a thousand worlds!

The count expressed great impatience to know some particulars of Lady Clementina. I took this opportunity to say, that as I had been informed of the transcendent piety of the lady, and of her great earnestness, from her earliest youth, to take the veil; I presumed it would forward the good understanding hoped for, if it were not at present known, that his lordship was arrived; and the rather, as several tender scenes might be expected to pass between her and her other friends, which perhaps her present (easily to be supposed) weak spirits, and turn of mind, might with difficulty enable her to support.

The count sighed: but, bowing, said, he came with a very small retinue, because he would be as private as possible. (He had been for many months determined to visit England: the family della Porretta, Signor Jeronymo, in particular, had promised to visit Sir Charles in it likewise; they should indeed have chosen a better season for it, had not their care and concern for one of the most excellent of women induced them to anticipate their intentions. He was entirely of my opinion, he said, that his arrival in England should not at present be known by Lady Clementina.

He then, in a very gallant, but modest manner, owned to my Lord G. and me, his passion for her; and said, that on the issue of this adventure of the dear lady hung his destiny.

I told him I had been the more free in giving my humble advice, as to the keeping secret his arrival, as, but for that reason, I could assure him Sir Charles would not have permitted his lordship, or any of his train, to go into lodgings: and I mentioned the high regard which I knew Sir Charles had for the Count of Belvedere.

I ordered supper to be got early, as I supposed the two lords would be glad to retire soon, after the fatigue of their

journey; for they had set out early in the morning. I sent a note, begging the favour of my cousins Reeves's company to supper; apologizing for the short notice. They were so kind as to come. They admire the two young noblemen; for Signor Sebastiano, as well as the count, is a sensible modest young man. Mr. Reeves and they entered into free conversation in French, which we all understood, on their country, voyage, and journey, by land. Both gentlemen spoke of Sir Charles, and his behaviour in Italy, in raptures.

My cousin Reeves was so good as to conduct the count to his lodgings, in his coach; Sir Charles having all our equipages with him.

You will soon have another letter, my dearest grandmamma, from your ever dutiful

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXV.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

WEDN. MORN. MARCH 14.

MR. and Mrs. Reeves were so kind as to breakfast, and intend to dine, with me.

They brought with them, as agreed upon over-night, the Count of Belvedere, who has assumed the name of Signor Marfigli. After breakfast, Mr. Reeves, dropping my cousin at Lady G.'s, carried the two noblemen through several of the great streets and squares of this vast town: to Westminster Hall; the houses of parliament, &c.

I went in my chair, mean time, to pay my sincerest compliments to Lady Clementina: I assured her, that she was, and should be, the subject of our choicest cares.

Poor lady! She is full of apprehensions. I owned to her the arrival of Signor Sebastiano, and his prayers for her safety and health; and told her what I had answered to his enquiries after her.

She was for removing to some distance from town, where she thought she could be more private. Lord and Lady L. both assured her, it was impossible she could be any-where so private

vate as in this great town; nor so happily situated (should she think fit, on a reconciliation, to own where she had been) as in the protection, and at the house, of Sir Charles Grandison's brother and sister.

God be praised for the happy meeting you all have had. Lucy is very good to be so particular about my Emily! Dear girl! She is an example to all young ladies! Let Clementina be made easy, and who will be so happy as your Harriet?

THURSDAY, MARCH 15.

Sir Charles has been so good as to let me know that he and Mr. Lowther arrived yesterday morning at Dover. He found the marchioness, Signor Jeronymo, and the good Camilla, as he calls her, very much indisposed from the fatigues they had undergone, both in mind and body. The whole noble family received him with inexpressible joy. Jeronymo told him, that his arrival, and Mr. Lowther's with him, had given them all spirits; and health must follow to those who were indisposed.

Sir Charles supposes, that they will be obliged to continue at Dover all this day. To-morrow, if the marchioness is able to bear the journey, they propose to set out, and proceed as far on their way to London as her health will permit; and to get to town as early on Saturday as possible.

The dear man thought his Harriet would be uneasy, if he had not written to her, as he shall be two days longer out than he had hoped. To be sure she should. If he had not thought so justly of her, as she knows no other method of valuing herself than by his value of her, she must have been extremely sunk in her own opinion.

He bids me assure Lady Clementina, that she will find every one of her friends determined to do all in their power to make her happy. Repentment, he says, has no place in their bosoms: they breathe nothing but reconciliation and love.

I will not, my dear grandmamma, dispatch this letter to you, till I can inform you that this worthy family

are settled with us, and at Grosvenor Square.

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 17.

I HAVE just received the following billet from Sir Charles.

GROSVENOR SQUARE, SAT.

4 O'CLOCK.

MY dearest love will rejoice to know by this, that our friends are all arrived here in safety. The marchioness bore the journey better than we expected. My Jeronymo is in fine spirits. I thought it would give my Harriet as well as them less fatigue, if I put them into immediate possession of this house, than if I brought them to pay their compliments to her, as they were very desirous to do, at St. James's Square. Mrs. Beaumont has allotted to them their respective apartments. There is room enough, and they are pleased to say, handsome room. Signor Julian will attend you with me. What an amiable forecast in my dearest life! A repast so elegantly prepared (as your Murray informs me) by your personal direction, to attend their hour. She tells me you have borrowed a female servant of each of our sisters, and one of Mrs. Reeves, to join with two of your own in the service of this house. In every thing, on every occasion, you delight by your goodness and greatness of mind, your ever devoted

CH. GRANDISON.

I shall stay supper with them. But shall break away as soon as I can, to attend the joy of my heart.

Am I not a happy creature, my dear grandmamma? By what little offices, if done with tolerable grace, may one make a great and noble spirit think itself under obligation to one!—But had I known they would not have called first in St. James's Square, I would not have contented myself, as I did, with a visit to the other house in the middle of the day, to see every thing was in order, against they came: they should

* This letter of Miss Lucy Selby appears not.

have

have found me there to receive and welcome them.

Signor Sebastiano is flown to them. I should have told you, that the count, at my request, dined and supped with me and Signor Sebastiano, (they chusing to comply with our English customs) every day of this week from that of his arrival. They are really good young men. They improve upon me every hour: How do they admire Lady Clementina! The count yesterday complimented me, that for piety, reading, understanding, sweetness of manners, frankness of heart, she could only be equalled in England. Italy knew not, he said, nor had known of modern times, her mother excepted, such another woman. *If I knew* Lady Clementina, he added, I would not wonder at his perseverance, he having besides the honour of all her family's good opinion.

How I long to see every individual of this noble family!—I know how sincerely I love them all, by this one instance—I have not now, for near a week that my dearest friend has been absent from me, in their service, wished once for his company; though had he not written to me on Thursday, I should have been anxious for his health and theirs.

May they be indulgently, and not ungraciously, forgiving!—Then will I dearly love them.—Poor Lady Clementina! How full of apprehensions has she been all this week! She has not stirred out of her chamber since Wednesday morning, nor designs it for a week or two to come.

SUNDAY.

My Sir Charles left his noble friends for their sakes early last night, and he was pleased to tell me, for his own sake, longing to see, to thank, to applaud his Harriet. He brought with him the two young noblemen, who are our own immediate guests.

He gave me last night, and this morning, an account of what passed between the family and himself, from his arrival at Dover, to their coming to town last night.

They confessed the highest obligations to him for attending them in person; and for bringing Mr. Lowther with him. But when, on their eager

questions to him after their Clementina, he told them, that he had heard from her, and that she had owned herself to be in honourable and tender hands; the marquis lifted up his eyes in thankful rapture; the marchioness, with clasped hands, seemed to praise God; but her lips only moved: all the rest expressed their joy in words dictated by truly affectionate hearts.

Sir Charles found them all most cordially disposed to forgive the dear fugitive, as the bishop called her: 'But depend upon it,' added the prelate, 'nothing will secure her head, but our yielding to her in her long wished-for hope of the convent, or our prevailing on her to marry—and if you, Grandison, join with us, I question not, but the latter may be effected.'

Sir Charles blamed them for having precipitated her as they had done.

'That,' said the bishop, 'was partly the fault of our well-meaning Giacomo, and partly her own; for more than once she gave us hope that she would comply with our wishes.'

I besought Sir Charles that he would not be prevailed upon to take part with them, if she continued averse to a change of condition.

'I waved the subject, my dearest life,' replied he, 'at the time. I have continued to do so ever since. I want only to see them settled, and Lady Clementina composed, and then I shall know what can be done. Till then, arguments on either side will rather strengthen than remove difficulties.'

The bishop, with great concern, told Sir Charles, that when the first news of Clementina's flight was brought to Bologna, her poor mother was for two days as unhappy in her mind, as ever her daughter had been; and when it was found likely that Clementina was gone to England, she insisted so vehemently on following her, that they had no other way to pacify her, but by promising that they would out of hand pay to Sir Charles the visit they intended, and some of them had engaged to make him. Nor would she, when she grew better on their promise, acquit them of it. This determined them to this winter excursion, solely against the will of some of them: and it was in compassion to this unhappy state of the poor mother's mind, that Mrs. Beaumont consented to accompany her.

Sir Charles is gone to attend Lady Clementina. He then proposes to welcome the Count of Belvedere into England; and afterwards to wait on the noble family, and know when I shall be permitted to pay my devoirs to them.

SUNDAY, TWO O'CLOCK.

SIR Charles has found it very difficult to quiet the apprehensions of Lady Clementina. He is grieved for her. God grant, he prays, that she keep in her right mind. Lady L. thinks the poor lady is already disturbed.

Sir Charles was joyfully received by *Signor Marfigli*. He hinted to that lord, that he knew where to send letters to Lady Clementina. He is to introduce me by and by to his guests at Grosvenor Square.

SUNDAY NIGHT.

SIR Charles presented me to this expecting family. I admire them all.

The marquis and marchioness are a fine couple. There is dignity in their aspects and behaviour. A fixed kind of melancholy sits upon the features of each. The bishop has the man of quality in his appearance; but he has something more solemn in his countenance than even Father Marescotti; who, at a glance, is not unlike our Dr. Bartlett: the more like, as goodness and humility both shine in his countenance.

But Signor Jeronimo is an amiable young man: I could almost at first sight (and his winning grace confirmed me) have called him brother. With signal kindness did my Sir Charles present me to this his dear friend; and with equal kindness did Signor Jeronimo receive me, and congratulate Sir Charles. They all joined in the congratulation.

The amiable Mrs. Beaumont!—She embraced me! She felicitated me with such a grace, as made her manner surpass even her words.

The good Camilla was presented to me. She has the look of a gentlewoman. How many scenes did the sight of this good woman revive in my memory! Some of them painful ones!

Signor Marfigli, as he is called, and the two young lords, dined with them. This being a first visit on my part, we made it a short one. We went from

them to Lady G.'s, and drank tea with her and her lord. Sir Charles could not bear, he said, to go immediately from the sighing parents to the sorrowing daughter; they not knowing, nor being at present to know, she was so near them.

Lady G. was so petulant, so whimsical, when her brother's back was turned, that I could not forbear blaming her; but I let her go on her own way: she stopt my mouth—'So you think you shall behave more patiently, more *thankfully*, in the same circumstance! —Look to it, Harriet!'

Here, my dearest grandmamma, I will conclude this letter. Pray for the poor Clementina; for a happy reconciliation; and that the result may be tranquillity of mind restored to this whole noble family; so necessary to that of your dear Sir Charles, and *his and your*

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXVI.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

THURSDAY, MARCH 22.

NOTHING decisive yet, my dear grandmamma. There have been some generous contentions between the family and Sir Charles. He has besought them to make their hearts easy, and he will comply with all their reasonable desires.

They think not of dining with, or visiting us, till they can hear some tidings of their beloved daughter.

Lord G. Lord L. and Lady L. as also Mrs. Eleanor Grandison, have been introduced to them.

Sir Charles has begun to enter into treaty, as I may call it, with the lady on one part, her family on the second, and the Count of Belvedere on the third. Lady Clementina, it seems, insists upon being allowed to take the veil; and that in a manner that sometimes carries wildness with it. The bishop, Sir Charles thinks, seems less fervent in his opposition to it, than formerly. Father Marescotti, in his heart, he believes, favours her wishes. But the marquis and marchioness, and Signor Jeronimo, plead their own inclinations, the son their general's unabated

bated fervour, in behalf the marriage, were it but to secure the performance of the grandfather's will, and to be an effectual disappointment of the interested hopes of Lady Sforza and her daughter Laurana. The Count of Belvedere's passion for the lady (notwithstanding her unhappy malady past, and apprehended) makes a great merit with him with the family: and the two young lords think so highly of him for his perseverance, that they are attached to his interest; and declare that the Count della Porretta their father, is as strongly on the same side as the general himself.

In the mean time, the fond mother is so impatient to see her daughter, that they are afraid of the consequences, as to health both of mind and body, if a speedy determination be not come to: on the other hand, the young lady grieves to find herself, as she says, in such a situation, as to be obliged to insist on conditions with her parents, before she can throw herself at their feet; which she longs to do, though she dreads to see them. Sometimes (and they are when she is calmest) she blames herself for the step she has taken; at others, she endeavours to find excuses for it.

SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 25.

SIR Charles has drawn up a paper at the request of all parties. He last night gave a copy of it to the lady; another to the count; a third to the bishop, for each to consider of the contents; and he will attend them to-morrow for their answer. He has given me also a copy of it; which is as follows—

- I. That Lady Clementina, in obedience to the will of her two deceased grandfathers, in duty to her parents and uncle, and in compliance with the earnest supplications of the most affectionate of brothers, shall engage her honour to give up all thoughts of withdrawing from the world, not only for the present, but for all future time, so long as she shall remain in her maiden state.
- II. She shall be at liberty to chuse her way of life; and shall be allowed, at her own pleasure, to visit her brother and his lady at Naples; her uncle at Urbino;

Mrs. Beaumont at Florence; and be put into the immediate possession of the profits of the estate bequeathed to her, if she chuses it: that she may be enabled to do that extensive good with the produce, that she could not do, were she to renounce the world; in which case, that estate would devolve upon one, who, it is too probable, would make a very different use of it.

III. She shall have the liberty of nominating her own attendants; in the case of death, or removal by promotion, of Father Marefcotti, (whose merits must at last render him conspicuous) to chuse her own confessor; but that her father and mother shall have their negative preserved to them, in either case, while she continues in their place: nor will the dear lady think this a hardship; for she wishes not to be independent on parents, of whose indulgent goodness to her she is most dutifully sensible; and it is reasonable that they should be judges of the conduct of every one who is to be a domestick in their family.

IV. As Lady Clementina, from some late unhappy circumstances, thinks she cannot marry any man; and as a late extraordinary step taken by her, has shewn, that there is at present too much reason to attend to the weight of her plea; it is hoped that the Count of Belvedere, for his own sake, for the sake of the composure of the mind of the lady so dear to all who have the honour of knowing her; will resolve to discontinue his addresses to her, and engage never to think of resuming them, unless some hopes should arise, in course of time, of his succeeding in her favour by her own consent.

V. Her ever-honoured parents, for themselves, and for their absent brother, the Count of Porretta; her right reverend brother for himself, and as far as he may, for his elder brother; Signor Jeronymo for himself; will be so good as to promise, that they will never

‘ never with earnestness endeavour to persuade, much less compel, Lady Clementina to marry any man whatever; nor encourage her Camilla, or any other friend or confidant, to endeavour to prevail upon her to change her condition: her parents, however, reserving to themselves the right of proposing, as they shall think fit, but not of urging; because the young lady, who is by nature sweet-tempered, gentle, obliging, dutiful, thinks herself (however determined by inclination) less able to withstand the persuasions of indulgent friends, than she should be to resist the most despotick commands.

‘ VI. These terms conceded to, on all sides, it is humbly proposed, that the young lady shall throw herself (as she is impatient to do) at the feet of her indulgent parents; and that all acts of disobligation shall be buried in everlasting oblivion.’

‘ The proposer of the above six articles takes the liberty to add, on the presumption that they may be carried into effect, a request that his noble guests will allow him to rejoice with them on their mutual happiness restored, for months to come, in his native country.

‘ He hopes that they will accept of his endeavours to make England as agreeable to them, as they heretofore made Italy to him.

‘ He begs that they will consider their family and his as one family, ever to be united by the indissoluble ties of true friendly love.

‘ He hopes for their company at his country-seat.

‘ He will seek for opportunities to oblige and accommodate them in every article, whether devotional or domestick.

‘ And when they will be no longer prevailed upon to stay in England, he will (no accidents, no events, preventing, of which

‘ themselves shall be judges) attend them to Italy; and if his beloved wife and sisters, and their lords, shall have made to themselves, as he hopes they will, an interest in their affections, he questions not to prevail on them to be of the party.

‘ CH. GRANDISON.’

MONDAY MORNING, TEN O’CLOCK.

SIR Charles is gone to attend the count at his lodgings, in pursuance of his request signified by a note last night.

TWO O’CLOCK.

THE following billet is just now brought to me.

‘ MY dearest Harriet will have the goodness to excuse my dining with her this day. *Signor Marfigli*, and I, are hastening to Grosvenor Square; where we shall dine. This worthy nobleman deserves pity. Adieu, my dearest life!

‘ CH. GRANDISON.’

I am all impatience for the issue of these conferences: but I will not dine by myself, when I can sit down at table with Lady L. Lady Clementina, and Lord L. so much my brother and friend. Here therefore will I close this letter. Forgive, my ever-honoured grand-mamma, the abruptness of your *ever dutiful*

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXVII.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

MONDAY, MARCH 26.

LADY L. when I was set down at her house, told me, that Lady Clementina had been in great agitations on the contents of the proposals left with her. She kept her chamber all day yesterday, and this morning. Lady L. had but then just left her. I sent up my compliments to her. She desired me to walk up. She met me on the stair-head in tears; and led me into

into her dressing-room—'Have you seen the chevalier's proposals, Madam?'—I owned I had.

'Give up for ever,' said she, 'my scheme, my darling scheme, for the sake of which, I—' There she stopt.

It was easy to guess what the poor lady was going to say. The subject was too delicate for me to help her out.

'Dearest Lady Clementina,' said I, 'be pleased to consider the good it will be in your power to do hundreds, according to the second article, if you *can* comply. How much has our dear friend consulted your beneficent spirit! All my fear is, that your parents will not subscribe to their part of it. If they *will*, what a favourite scheme of their own will they give up!'

She paused—Then breaking silence—'And is it your opinion, Lady Grandison?—Your opinion, joined to the chevalier's—Let me consider—'

She took two or three turns about the room: then thinking of Sir Charles's intimation of a tour to Italy—'With what soothing, what consoling hope,' said she, 'does the next to divine man almost conciliate my mind to his measures!—And could you, would you, Madam, think of going with us to Italy! O how flattering are these hints!'

'I should rejoice in such a tour,' replied I: 'love me but in your Italy, if I should be allowed to go, as I do you in our England, and I shall be happy in so fine a country, as I am told it is. But, dearest lady, what shall we do to obtain your friends compliance with these articles? Shall I cast myself on my knees before your father and mother to beg theirs? You in *my* hand, I in *yours*?'

'Ever good, ever noble Lady Grandison!—But how first shall I pacify my own heart on yielding to my part of them?'

'Let it not stick there, Madam. Will not Lady Clementina meet them one *fourth* of the way? It is not more.'

'Well, I will consider of it. I shall hear what *they* will do. Your advice, my dear Lady Grandison, shall have all the weight with me, that a sister's ought.'

I attended the summons to dinner.

She excused herself. I took leave of her for the day, declaring my intention of going home as soon as I had dined.

MONDAY NIGHT.

SIR Charles returned with a benevolent joy brightening his countenance. He hopes to bring this affair to an issue not unhappy.

He was first with the Count of Belvedere, who received him with great emotion. 'I apprehended,' said he, 'that I was to be the sacrifice. O Grandison, did you but know the hopes, the assurances, given me by the general, by every body!'

Sir Charles expatiated on every argument that could compose his mind.

'Will the promise, will the engage, that if ever she marry, it will be the man before you, chevalier? Why did you not make that a stipulation in my favour?'

'I think such a stipulation would be of disadvantage to your lordship: you would be kept by it in suspense, whatever had offered, whether in Italy or Spain; in both which countries you have considerable connections. If Lady Clementina can be brought to give up the veil, it may not be impracticable to induce her in time (but time *must* be given her) to favour with her hand a man of your lordship's merit and consequence. If otherwise, your lordship (unfettered either by hope or obligation) will be free to make another choice.'

"Another choice," Sir! This to a man, who has so long adored her; and, through the various turns of her unhappy malady, still preserved for her a love that never any other woman shared in!—But, if you please, we will hear what her father, her mother, and other friends, say to the articles you have drawn up.'

They went to them. After dinner the important subject had a full and solemn consideration.

Signor Jeronimo and Mrs. Beaumont only at first espoused the proposed plan in *all* its articles; but every body came into it at last. God be praised! Now surely the dear lady must be happy. But the poor Count of Belvedere! He has not, in giving up his inclination, such a noble triumph of self-conquering duty, as she had to support her

her in the same arduous trial. But then he cherishes a hope, that there remains a possibility; the lady still unmarried.

Noblest of women! Is Harriet a bar!—No! She is what you generously wished her to be.

THURSDAY, MARCH 27.

SIR Charles excused himself to Lady Clementina, by a few lines last night, for not waiting on her yesterday; and just as he was setting out to attend her this morning, the following note was brought him from Signor Jeronymo; the contents designed to strengthen his endeavours to prevail on the lady to accept his plan.

TUESDAY MORN.

MY DEAREST GRANDISON,

YOU will make us all happy, if you can prevail upon our beloved Clementina to accept, and subscribe to, your generous plan, as we all most cheerfully are ready to do.—Restore yourself, my dearest sister, this day, or to-morrow at farthest, to the arms of the most indulgent of parents, and to those of the most affectionate of brothers, two of us, who will answer for our third. How impatiently shall we number the hours, till the happy one arrives, that we all shall receive from the hand of the dearest of friends, and best of men, a sister so much beloved!—Ever, ever, my dear Grandison, *your grateful*

JERONYMO.

O my dearest Lady Clementina! let your sister Harriet prevail upon you not to refuse the offered olive-branch!

TUESDAY, TWO O'CLOCK.

SIR Charles has just now acquainted me, that he has prevailed with Lady Clementina. To-morrow afternoon she will throw herself at the feet of her father and mother. Rejoice with me, my dear grandmamma! All my friends rejoice with me! congratulate me!—Is it not I myself that am going to be restored to the most indulgent of parents, brothers, friends!

Let me gratefully add, from the information of his aunt Grandison, whom he brought home with him, that he was so good as to resist an intreaty to

dine at Lord L.'s. And why? Because, as he was pleased to give the reason, (and was generously commended for it, by Lady Clementina) that I was alone. Lord L. proposed to send to request my company: he was sure his sister Grandison would oblige them. 'And I, my lord,' said Sir Charles, 'am sure she would too: but the time is so short, that it is not giving one of the most obliging women in the world an option.—Tenderest of husbands! Kindest and most considerate of men!—He will not subject a woman to the danger of being a refusing Vasshti; nor yet will give her reason to tremble with a too-meansly apprehensive Esther.

TUESDAY EVENING.

As Sir Charles and I were sitting at supper, sweetly alone; the whole world, as it seemed, to each other, (for Mrs. Grandison chuses to be at present at Lord L.'s, and was gone thither;) the following billet was brought me, written in Italian; which thus I English—

TO-morrow, my dearest Lady Grandison, as the chevalier has no doubt told you, the poor fugitive is to be introduced to her parents. Pray for her. But if I am to have the honour of being looked upon as *indeed* your sister, you must do more than pray for me. Was you in earnest yesterday, when you offered your comforting hand to sustain me, if I consented to cast myself at the feet of my father and mother? Lady L. is so good as to consent in person to acknowledge the protection she has given me. Will you, my sister, *be* my sister on this awful occasion?—Will you lend me your supporting hand?—If you, as well as Lady L. credit the runaway penitent with your appearance in her favour, then will she, with more courage than can otherwise fall to her share, look up to those parents, and to those brothers, whose indulgent bosoms she has filled with so much anguish. Till to-morrow is over, she dare not sign the respectable addition to the name of

CLEMENTINA.

TUESDAY EVENING.

Will

Will I! repeated I, as soon as I had read it: *was I in earnest yesterday!*—Indeed I was: indeed I will.

—Read it, my dearest Sir, and give me leave to answer it's contents, as my amiable sister wishes.

He had looked benignly at his servants, and at the door; and they withdrew, as soon as the billet was brought, on my saying, *'From the lady!'*

Scenes that may be expected to be tender, said he, will not, I hope, affect too much the spirits of my angel—But it is a request as kindly made by Clementina, as generously complied with by you. I will tell you, my dear, how, if the lady please, we will order it. After dinner you shall call upon your worthily adopted sister, and take her and Lady L. to Grosvenor Square. I will be there to receive her, and present her to her friends, though I doubt not but she will meet with a joyful welcome. I will acquaint her with this to-morrow morning.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 28.

LADY Clementina approves of my calling upon her and Lady L. and of Sir Charles being at Grosvenor Square, ready to receive her. I am to attend her about five in the afternoon. She is, it seems, full of apprehensions,

WEDNESDAY NIGHT, TEN O'CLOCK.

WE are just returned from Grosvenor Square—*'Dear Sir, I obey you.'* Sir Charles, in tenderness to me, insists upon my deferring writing till to-morrow.

The first command he has laid upon me.

LETTER XXXVIII.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 29.

NOW for particulars of what passed yesterday. Sir Charles is gone to Grosvenor Square, to enquire after the health and composure of the family there.

When I called upon Lady Clementina yesterday, five o'clock, I found her greatly distressed with her own apprehensions. *'I must,'* said she to

me, *'be a guiltier creature than I had allowed myself to think I was: why else am I so ashamed, so afraid, to see parents whom I ever honoured, brothers and friends whom I ever loved?—O Lady Grandison! What a dispiriting thing is the consciousness of having done amiss! And to a proud heart too!'*

Then looking upon the written plan, *'Let me see,'* said she, *'what I am to sign.'* These were the remarks she made upon them, as she read—

(1.) *'Hard, hard article, the first!'*

—But your Grandison, Madam, my fourth brother, my friend, my protector, tells me, that I shall discharge all the obligations he ever laid upon me, if I will sign it. I submit.

(2.) *'How flattering to my pride: to my hopes of doing good to the indigent and unhappy!'*

(3.) *'Nominating my attendants—my confessor—Kind, considerate Grandison! If I give up the first wish of my heart, I shall not insist upon these stipulations in my favour. My parents shall have, in these cases, affirmative and negative too. Indeed I desire not in any article to be independent of them.'*

(4.) *'A grateful article! I acknowledge, chevalier, your protection with gratitude, in this stipulation.'*

(5.) *'If my friends promise, they will perform. Ours is a family of untainted honour. I hope my brother Giacomo will be answered for by his brothers in these articles: but he will hate me, I fear.'*

'Generous Grandison! what tempting proposals do you conclude with!'

—And you, Lady Grandison, are so good as to say, that my happiness is wanting to compleat yours—That is a motive, I assure you. Lead me, Madam—and do you, my dear Lady L. (my hospitable other protectress) oblige me with your countenance too.

A woman of your honour and goodness, sister of the Chevalier Grandison, acknowledging me your guest, and answering for my behaviour, will credit the abject Clementina in the eyes of her forgiving relations—Sir Charles Grandison there before me, to prepare them to receive graciously the fugitive!—Lead me on, while I can be led: I will attend you.

She looked wild and disordered; and, giving each of us a hand, we led her to the coach. But, at stepping in, she trembled, faltered, and seemed greatly disturbed.

We consoled her all we could; and the coach drove to Grosvenor Square. When it stopt, she threw her arms about Lady L. and, hiding her face in her bosom, called upon the Blessed Virgin to support her.—‘How, how,’ said she, ‘can I look my father, my mother, in the face!’

Sir Charles, on the coach stopping, appeared. He saw her emotion. ‘It is kind, my Harriet—it is kind,’ Lady L.—to accompany Lady Clementina.—Your goodness will be rewarded in being eye-witnesses of the most gracious reception that ever indulgent parents gave to a long absent daughter.’

‘Ah, chevalier!’ was all she could say.

‘Let me conduct you, dearest Lady Clementina, into a drawing-room, where you will see no other person but whom you now see, till your recovered spirits shall rejoice the dearest of friends.’

I was afraid she was too much discomposed to attend to this considerate expedient. I repeated, therefore, what Sir Charles last said. She was visibly encouraged by it. She gave him her trembling hand; and he led her into the prepared drawing-room. Lady L. and I followed. Our offered salts, and soothing, with difficulty kept her from fainting.

When she was a little revived—‘Hush!’ said she, with her finger held up, and wildness in her looks, casting her eyes to the doors and windows in turns: ‘they will hear us!’—Forthwith recovering herself—‘O chevalier!’ said she, ‘what shall I say? How shall I look? What shall I do?—And am I, am I, indeed, in the same house with my father, mother, Jeronymo? Who else? Who else?’ with quickness.

‘It is so ordered, my dearest Clementina,’ said Sir Charles, ‘in love and tenderness to you, that you shall only see your mother first; then your father—At your own pleasure, your brothers, Mrs. Beaumont, Father Marescotti.’

Sir Charles was sent for out—‘Don’t,

don’t leave me, Sir.’ Then looking to Lady L. and then to me—‘You are all goodness, ladies—Don’t leave me.’

Sir Charles instantly returned: ‘Your mamma, Madam, all indulgence, is impatient to fold you to her heart. What joy will you give her?’

He offered his hand. She gave him hers; motioning for our attendance. Sir Charles led her; we following, into the room where was her expecting mother.

The moment each saw the other, they ran with open arms to each other. ‘O my mamma!’—‘My Clementina!’—was all that either could say. They sunk down on the floor, the mother’s arms about the daughter’s neck; the daughter’s about the mother’s waist.

Sir Charles lifted them up, and seated them close to each other—‘Pardon! Pardon!’ said the dear lady, hands and eyes lifted up, sliding out of her mother’s arms on her knees—But at that moment could say no more.

The marquis, not being able longer to contain himself, rushed in—‘My daughter! My child! My Clementina! Once more do I see my child!’

Sir Charles had half-lifted her up, when her father entered. She sunk down again, prostrate on the floor, her arms extended: ‘O my father! forgive me!—Forgive me, O my father!’

He raised her up, by Sir Charles’s assistance; and, seating her between himself and his lady, both again wrapt their arms about her. She repeated prayers for forgiveness in broken accents: blessings, in accents as broken, flowed from their hearts to their lips.

After the first emotions, when they could speak, and she now and then could look up, which she did by snatches, as it were, her eyes presently falling under theirs, ‘Behold, Madam—Behold, my lord,’—said she, ‘the hospitable lady to whom—’ looking at Lady L.—‘Behold, looking at me, a more than woman, an angel—’ More she would have said; but seemed at a loss for words.

‘We have before seen and admired,’ said the marquis, ‘in Lady Grandison, the noblest of all women.’

He arose to approach us: Sir Charles led us both to them.

Lady

Lady Clementina snatched first my hand, and eagerly pressed it with her lips; then Lady L.'s: her heart was full; she seemed to want to speak; but could not; and Lady L. and I, with overflowing eyes, congratulated the father, mother, daughter; and were blessed in speech by the two former; by hands and eyes lifted up by Lady Clementina.

Sir Charles then withdrawing, returned with the bishop, and Signor Jeronymo. It is hard to say whether these two lords shewed more joy, than Clementina did shame and confusion. She offered at begging pardon; but the bishop said, 'Not one word of past afflictions! Nobody is in fault. We are all happy once more; and happy on the conditions prescribed to both by this friend of mankind in general, and of our family in particular.'

'My ever noble, my venerable brother,' said Jeronymo, (who had clasped his sister to his fond heart, his eyes running over) 'how I love you for this uncalled-for assurance to the dear Clementina! Every article of my Grandison's plan shall be carried into execution. We will rejoice with the chevalier in his England—And he, and all who are dear to him, shall accompany us to Italy: We will be all one family.'

Sir Charles then introduced to the lady his greatly and justly esteemed Mrs. Beaumont. Clementina threw herself into her arms. 'Forgive me; my dear Mr. Beaumont! If you forgive me, *virtue* will. Pardon the poor creature, who never, never; would have so much disgraced your lessons, and her mamma's example; as she has done, had not a heavy cloud darkened her unhappy mind. Say you forgive me, as the best and most indulgent of parents, and the kindest of brothers, have done.'

'It was not your fault, my dear Lady Clementina, but your misfortune. You never was so much to be blamed as pitied. All here are of one sentiment. We came over to heal your wounded mind: be it healed, and every one will be happy; yes, more happy, perhaps, (for now we all understand one another) than if you had not left us to mourn your absence.'

'Blessed be my comforter, my

friend, my beloved Mrs. Beaumont! You always knew how to blunt the keen edge of calamity: what a superior woman are you!

Father Marescotti was introduced by the marquis himself, with a respect worthy of his piety and goodness. 'Submit, father,' said Lady Clementina, before he could speak, 'to any penance you shall inflict.'

His voice would not befriend him: his action, however, shewed him to be all joy and congratulation.

'I have been wicked, very wicked,' continued she—'But Mrs. Beaumont says, and she says justly, that I merit pity, rather than blame. Yet if you think not so, you, who are the keeper of my conscience, spare me not.'

'Who, who,' said the good man, 'shall condemn, when father, mother, and brothers, so zealous for the honour of their family, acquit! God forgive you, my dearest lady! And God forgive us all!'

'My dearest Chevalier Grandison,' said Jeronymo, 'what gratitude, what obligations do we owe to you, and your admirable lady and sisters! Again I acknowledge the obligation for a whole family, from this hour a happy one, I hope.'

It had been agreed between the family and Sir Charles, that not a word should be mentioned to Lady Clementina of the Count of Belvedere. They requested Sir Charles to take upon himself the breaking to her, that he was in England, in his own manner, as opportunity should offer.

Every one having been greatly affected, Sir Charles proposed to take leave; and that Lady Clementina should return to Lady L.'s for that night, as preparation might not have been made for her stay in Grosvenor Square; but all the family, with one voice, declared they could not part with the restored daughter and sister of their hopes; and she herself cheerfully consented to stay; gratefully, however, thanking Lady L. for her sisterly treatment.

'Who, in the general joy,' said Sir Charles, 'has remembered the good Camilla? Let Camilla congratulate her lady, and all of us, on this happy occasion.'

Every one called out for Camilla. In ran the worthy creature. On her

knees she embraced her young lady's, and wept for joy. 'Ah! my Camilla, my friend Camilla!' said Clementina, clasping her arms about her neck, 'I have been cruel to you; but it was not I—Alas! alas! I was not always myself—I will endeavour to repair your wrongs.'

'Thank God that I once more clasp my dear young lady to my heart!—I have no wrongs to complain of.'

'Yes, yes, you have, kind Camilla: I wanted to elude your watchful duty, and was too cunning to be just to my Camilla.'

Sir Charles forgot not to commend Laura to forgiveness and favour:—

'Laura,' said Lady Clementina, 'is blameless. She obeyed me with reluctance. If I am myself forgiven, forgive Laura.'

'My dearest love,' said the marchioness, 'we have agreed, that you shall chuse your own servants. The chevalier, we have no doubt, had Laura in his thoughts, when he made that stipulation; the English youth too. You, my Clementina, must have it in your power to do with these as you please.'

'May I be permitted, my lord,' said Sir Charles, 'to make one request for myself to Lady Clementina; a request which shall be consistent with the articles you will all sign.'

'I will agree to a request of yours, chevalier,' said the lady, 'be it almost what it will.'

'I will not, Madam, make it to-day, nor to-morrow. After the hurry of spirits we have all sustained, let to-morrow be a day of composure. Permit me to expect you all at dinner with me on Friday. The articles then may be signed: and then, but not before, I will mention my request, and hope it will be granted.'

Sir Charles's invitation was politely accepted; and to-morrow—

Lady Clementina and Mrs. Beaumont below!—Agreeable surprize!

Sir Charles had been out, and was just come in when the two ladies alighted. I was overjoyed to see them, and to see Lady Clementina serene, and seemingly not unhappy. 'We are come,' said Mrs. Beaumont, 'to make our earliest acknowledgments for the

happiness restored to a whole family. Lady Clementina could not be easy till she had paid her personal thanks to Lady Grandison, for the support her presence gave her yesterday.'

'Gratitude,' said the lady, 'fills my heart—but how, chevalier, shall I express it? I beseech you, let me know your request.—Tell me, dear Lady Grandison, wherein I can oblige my fourth brother?'

'My dearest Lady Clementina,' said Sir Charles, 'fortify your heart against a gentle (hope it will then be but a gentle) surprize. You have not yet signed, your relations have not, I presume, the articles to which you have mutually agreed.'

'Sir! chevalier! Sir!'

'Let me not alarm you, Madam!'

He put one of her hands in mine; and took the other, in a very tender manner, in his.

'You intend to sign them?—They do, I am sure. To-morrow, when we are all together, they will be signed on both sides.'

'I hope so—They will not, chevalier, be receded from?'

'They will not, Madam: and hence you will be assured, that the Count of Belvedere will never be proposed to you with any degree of urgency.'

'I hope not! I hope not!' said she with quickness.

'Should you, Madam, on your return to Italy, be unwilling to see the count as a friend to your family, as a respecter of your great qualities, as a countryman?'

'I shall always regard the Count of Belvedere, as a man of honour, as a friend of my brother Giacomo, of all our family—But I cannot place him in any other light. What means the Chevalier Grandison? Keep not my mind in suspense.'

'I will not. Your father, your mother, your brothers, came over, in hopes that you might be prevailed upon in the count's favour. They have given up that hope—'

'They have, Sir!'

'And will absolutely leave you to your own will, to your own wishes, on the condition to which you have agreed to sign—But shall I ask you—Were the count to be in France, would you allow him to come over, and

‘and take leave of your family and you, before he sets out for the court of Madrid?’

‘What, Sir! as a man who had hopes from me of *more* than my good wishes?’

‘No, Madam; only as a friend to the whole family—not requesting any other favour, now he sees you so determined, than your good wishes, your prayers, for him, as you will ever have his for you.’

‘I can consent in that view: but were any other favour to be hoped from me; were my generosity to be expected to be prevailed upon—O chevalier!—Lady Grandison!—Mrs. Beaumont!—Let me not be attempted in this way: the articles would be broken. This would be *persuasion*, and *that* compulsion.’

‘Nothing, Madam, of this kind is intended. The articles will be inviolably observed on the part of your relations. But here Mrs. Beaumont, who never intended to set her foot on the English shore, to oblige and comfort your mother, is come to England: and in the general grief that was occasioned by your absenting yourself, if the man, who was always deservedly esteemed by your family, *had* accompanied, had attended, your father, your brothers—’

Sir Charles stopt, and looked at the apprehensive lady with *such* a sweet benignity, and, on her eye meeting his, with *such* tender and downcast modesty, (all the graces of gentle persuasion are his!)

‘O chevalier! your request! your request! Tell me in what I can oblige the most obliging of friends, of men!’

‘I will tell you, Madam,’ bowing on the hand he held—‘Consent, if it be not with too much pain to yourself, to see the Count of Belvedere.’

‘See him, Sir!—How?—When?—Where?—As what?’

‘As a friend to your family—a well-wisher to your glory, and happiness; and as a man ready and desirous to promote the latter at the expence of his own. He wishes but, while he stays here—’

“Stays here,” Sir!

‘To be allowed to visit your family, and to see you once, twice, thrice, as you please—but entirely under the

conditions of the articles to be signed to-morrow.’

‘And is then the count in England?’

‘He is, Madam. He attended his and your friends over. He has not once desired to appear in your presence: he keeps himself close in private lodgings. Hence judge of his resolution not to disturb or offend you. He will depart the kingdom without an interview, if you will have it so: but I could not bear, that so good a man should be obliged to depart *disgracefully*, as I may say, and as if he were undeserving of pity, though he could not obtain favour.’

‘O chevalier!’

‘Secured, Madam, by the articles, though *his* emotion may be apprehended to be great, *yours* cannot—There is not the same reason for the one as for the other: I make it my request, that the Count of Belvedere may be allowed, as one of the chosen friends of your house, but as no more, (*more* the articles forbid) a place at my table to-morrow.’

‘To-morrow, Sir! and I present!’

He bowed affirmatively.

O how the penetrating man looked into the heart of the lady at her eyes!—As sure as you are alive, Madam, he thought of guessing by her then emotion, whether any hopes could distantly lie for the count, by the consequence his presence or absence would give him with her.

She paused—At last—‘And is *this*, chevalier, the request you had to make me?’

‘It is, Madam; and if my Harriet had not had the honour of this visit, I should have made the same request for his admission in the evening to-morrow—as now I do to dinner.’

‘Well, Sir; I can suspect no double-dealing from Sir Charles Grandison.’

‘I ask for no favour for the count more than I have mentioned, Madam: I am bound by the articles I have drawn, as if I were a party to them.’

‘Well, Sir, I consent to see the count. He will be prudent, I hope I shall

'shall be so. In Italy, more than once, after you had left it, I saw him: and I always wished him happy.'

'Now, my dearest sister,' said Sir Charles, 'my ever to be respected friend, I am easy in my mind. I could not bear in my thoughts, that any thing I knew, which it concerned you to know, should be concealed from you.'

Tears stood in her eyes. 'O Madam,' said she to me, 'God and you only can reward this excellent man for his goodness to me, and all the world that know him.—You see your influence, chevalier. In every way do I wish to shew my gratitude. But never, never ask me to give him my hand in marriage.'

'Ah! my dear lady,' thought I, a fear stealing involuntarily down my cheek; 'the less the less, I doubt, must you be asked, for having before you a man, who having no equal, you cannot think of any other.'

LETTER XXXIX.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

THURSDAY EVENING, MARCH 29.

LADY G. has sent to me in all haste. She is taken ill. God give her a happy hour.

O my grandmamma! there are solemn, there are awful, circumstances in the happiest marriages.

She begs to see her brother as well as me.

I wait for him. The Count of Belvedere is with him—

They have parted—I am gone.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

Just returned. All happily over! A fine girl!—Yet, though a fine one, how are the earl and Lady Gertrude disappointed!—Poor mortals! how hard to be pleased!

The brave are always humane. Sir Charles's tender and polite behaviour on this occasion—How does every occurrence endear him to every body.

How dearly does Lord G. love his Charlotte! Till all was over, he was in agonies for her safety. His prayers then, his thankfulness now, how ought they to endear him to his Charlotte!

And so they must, when she is told of his anxiety, and of his honest joy, or I will not own her for my sister. But in her heart, I am sure she loves him. Her past idle behaviour to him was but play. She will be matronized now. The mother must make her a wife. She will doubly disgrace herself, if she loves her child, and can make a jest of her husband.

I have just now asked Sir Charles, whether, if he could prevail on Lady Clementina, while they were all with us, to give her hand to the Count of Belvedere, he would? 'By no means,' said he, 'and that for both their sakes. Lady Clementina has, on many occasions, shewn that she may be prevailed upon by generous and patient treatment: let the count have patience. If she recover her mind, a train of cheerful ideas may take place of those melancholy ones, which make her desirous of quitting society. She will find herself by the articles agreed to, in a situation to do more good, than it is possible she could do, were her inclination to take the veil to be gratified. The good she will do will open and enlarge a mind which is naturally noble; and she will be grateful for the indulgence given her, which will be the means of so happy a change: but if the poor lady's mind be not curable, (which God forbid) who will pity the count for not being able to obtain her hand?—I think, my dear, I have made him, though not happy, easy; and I hope he will be able to see her without violent emotions.'

FRIDAY MORNING.

SIGNORS Sebastiano and Juliano are come back, rejoicing that they have been introduced to, and kindly received by, Lady Clementina.

Sir Edward Beauchamp has just left me. How happy does the account he gives of my Emily's cheerfulness make me! I *know* you would all love her.

Sincerely do I rejoice in the news which my Nancy confirms, that Lucy has absolutely rejected the addresses of Mr. Greville. She startled me once, I can tell her! A naughty girl! what could she mean by it?

Won't she give me the particulars under her own hand? I shall be afraid of her till she does; so much was I impressed

impressed by her warmth in the argument she once held with me, in *his* favour, as I thought. Yet I cordially wish Mr. Greyville well; but my Lucy better. Pray, Madam, let me privately know, if the proposals for the young Irish peer*, whom Nancy praises so much for his sobriety, modesty, learning, and other good qualities, were made *before* or *after* the rejecting of Mr. Greyville? I half mistrust the girls who have been disappointed of a first love. Yet Lucy's victory over herself was a noble one. She is in the way, I hope, to be rewarded for it. God grant it!—Think you, my dear grandmamma, I can be solicitous (as I am from the bottom of my heart) for the happiness of a new adopted sister, and not be inexpressibly anxious for that of my Lucy, the faithful, the affectionate friend of my earlier years?

Our guests are entering.—May the same gracious Providence, which has more than answered every wish of your Harriet's heart in her own situation, shower down its blessings on Lucy, on you, and all the revered, the beloved circle! prays, my dear grandmamma, *your and their ever dutiful and affectionate*

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XL.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS.
SHIRLEY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 31.

NOW, my dear grandmamma, let me give you some account of what passed yesterday.

The articles signed and witnessed, were put into Lady Clementina's hand, and a pen given her, that she might write her name, in the presence of all her surrounding friends here.

Never woman appeared with more dignity in her air and manner. She was charmingly dressed, and became her dress. A truly lovely woman! But every one by looks seemed concerned at her solemnity. She signed her name; but tore off, deliberately, their names; and, kissing the torn bit, put it in her bosom: then, throwing herself on her knees to her father and mother who stood together, and presenting the pa-

per to the former; 'Never let it be said, that your child, your Clementina, has presumed to article in form with the dearest of parents. My name stands. It will be a witness against me, if I break the articles which I have signed.—But in your forgiveness, my lord—in yours, Madam—and in a thousand acts of indulgence, I have too much experienced your past, to doubt your future goodness, to me. Your intercession, my ever-honoured parents, is your act. I pray to God to enable your Clementina to be all you wish her to be. In the single life only indulge me. Your word is all the assurance I wish for. I will have no other.'

They embraced her. They tenderly raised her between them; and again embraced her.

'I would not, methinks, Sir,' said she, turning to Sir Charles, 'for the first time see the Count of Belvedere before all this company, though I revere every one in it. Is the count in the house?'

'He is in my study, Madam.'

'Will my mamma,' said she, turning to her, 'honour me with her presence?'

She gave her hand to Sir Charles, and took mine.—Jeronymo followed her; and Sir Charles led her into the next room. 'Too great solemnity, in all this!' whispered the marquis to Father Marefcotti. She curtsied, invitingly, to Mrs. Beaumont. She also followed her.

Sir Charles, seating her and the marchioness, by the young lady's silent permission, went into his study; and, having prepared the count to expect a solemn and uncommon reception, introduced him. He approached her, profoundly bowing; a sweet blush overspread her cheeks: 'You, my Lord of Belvedere,' said she, 'are one of those my friends, to whom I am, in some measure, accountable for the rash step which brought me into this kingdom; because it has induced you to accompany my brothers, whom you have always honoured with your friendship.—Forgive me for any inconveniences you have suffered on this occasion.'

'What honour does Lady Clemen-

* Lord Rersby, mentioned Vol. VI. p. 880.

‘tina do me to rank me in the number of the friends to whom she thinks herself accountable!—Believe me, Madam—’

‘My lord,’ interrupted she, ‘I shall always regard you as the friend of my family, and as my friend. I shall wish your happiness, I do wish your happiness, as my own; and I cannot give you a stronger proof that I do, than by withholding from you the hand which you have sought to obtain, with an unshaken, and, my friends think, an obliging perseverance, quite through an unhappy malady, which ought to have deterred you, for many sakes, and most for your own.’

‘My dear mamma,’ throwing herself at her feet, ‘forgive me for my perseverance. It is not altogether owing (I hope it is not at all owing) to perverseness, and to a wilful resistance of the wills and wishes of all my friends, that I have withstood you. Two reasons influenced me, when I declined another hand: religion and country, a double reason, was one; the unhappy malady which had seized me, was another. Two reasons, rising with dignity, and turning from her weeping mother, ‘also influence me with regard to the Count of Belvedere; though neither of them are the important articles of religion and country. I own to you, before these my dearest friends, and let it be told to every one whom it concerns to know it, that justice to the Count of Belvedere is one—What a wretch should I be, if I gave my hand to a man who had not the preference in my heart, which is a husband’s due!—And should I, who had an unhappy reason to refuse one worthy man for his own sake, perhaps for the sakes of the unborn, (I will speak out on this important occasion) not be determined to do as much justice to another?—In one word, I refused to punish the Chevalier Grandison—[Madam, to me, you know my story:] what has the Count of Belvedere done, that I should make no scruple to punish him?—My good lord, be satisfied with my wishes for your happiness. I find myself, at times, very, very wrong. I have given proofs but too convincing to all my friends, that I am not right.—While I so

think, conscience, honour, justice, (as I told you once before, my good chevalier) compel me to embrace the single life.—I have, in duty to my nearest friends, given up the way I should have chosen to lead it in.—Let me try to recover myself in their way.—My dearest, dearest mamma,’ (again dropping on her knees to her) ‘I will endeavour to make all my friends happy in the way they have agreed to make me so.—Pray for me, all my friends!’ looking round her, tears in big drops trickling down her cheeks.—Then rising, ‘Pray for me, my Lord of Belvedere: I will for you; and that you may do justice to the merit of some worthier woman who can do justice to yours.’

She hurried from us, in a way which shewed she was too much elevated for her bodily powers. Sir Charles besought Mrs. Beaumont to follow her, Mrs. Beaumont took my hand.

We found the lady in the study: she was on her knees, and in tears. She arose at our entrance. Each of us hastening to give her a hand, ‘O my dear Lady Grandison,’ said she, ‘forgive me—Am I, am I wrong, my dear Mrs. Beaumont?—Tell me, have I behaved amiss?’

We both applauded her. Well we might. If her greatness be owing to a raised imagination, who shall call it a malady? Who, but for the dear lady’s own sake, would regret the next to divine impulse, by which, on several occasions, she has shewn herself actuated?

She suffered herself to be led to her mother, who embracing her, (Clementina again kneeling to her) ‘My dearest child, my blessed daughter, we all of us, while such are your apprehensions, must acquiesce with your reasons. Be happy, my love, in your own magnanimity. I glory in my child.’

‘And I in my sister,’ said the noble Jeronymo—‘Saint! Angel!’ kneeling to her on one knee, notwithstanding his lameness, ‘I next to adore my sister.’

She called him her brother, her true brother. Then, taking my hand: ‘And will you, Lady Grandison,’ said she, ‘be my sister; shall Sir Charles Grandison be my brother? Will you return with us into Italy? Shall we cultivate on both sides a family friendship to the end of our lives?’

I threw my arms about her neck, tears

tears mingling on the cheeks of both :

' It will be my ambition, my *great* ambition, to deserve the distinction you give me.—My sister, my friend, the sister of my *best* friend, love him as he honours you; and me for his sake, as I will you for your own, 'as well as for his, to the end of my life.'

Sir Charles clasped his arms about us both. His eyes spoke his admiration of her, and his delight in each. Angels he called us. Then seating us, he took the count's hand; and, leading him to her, 'Let me, Madam, present to you the Count of Belvedere, as a man equally to be pitied and esteemed. He yields to your magnanimity with a greatness of mind like your own. Receive then, acknowledge, the friend in him. He will endeavour to forego a dearer hope.'

'Then will I receive him as my friend.—I thank you, my lord, for the honour you have so long done me. May you be happy with a woman who *can* deserve you!—See that happy pair before you!—May you be as happy as Sir Charles Grandison!—What greater felicity can I wish you?'

He took her hand; on one knee he lifted it to his lips: 'I will tear from you, Madam, a tormentor. I must ask nothing of you; but, for myself, I can only promise, in the words of the Chevalier Grandison, to *endeavour* to forego, a dearer, the *dearest* hope.'

The count arose, bowing to her with profound respect; his eyes full; as his heart seemed to be. Signor Jeronymo motioned to return to the company. Lady Clementina wished to retire with me, till what had passed was related to the rest. I led her to my closet. There did we renew our vows of everlasting friendship.

Sir Charles, thinking the relation would be painful to the count, withdrew with him into his study. Mrs. Beaumont and Signor Jeronymo, told those who were not present at the affecting scenes, what had passed.

When we were summoned to dinner, every one received Lady Clementina as an angel. They applauded her for her noble behaviour to the count, and blessed themselves for having taken the resolution of coming to England; and, most of all, they blessed my dear Sir

Charles; to whom they ascribed all their opening happy prospects; and promised themselves that his family and theirs would be as much one, as if the alliance, once so near taking place, had actually done so.

Sir Charles, at and after dinner, urged the carrying into execution the latter part of his beneficent plan. He offered to attend them to the drawing-room, to the play, to the oratorios, (and took that opportunity to give the praises which every body allows to be due to Mr. Handel;) and to every place of publick entertainment which was worthy the notice of foreigners; and left it to their choice, whether they would go first to Grandison Hall, or satisfy their curiosity in and about town.

The marquis said, that as Sir Charles and I were brought out of the country by the arrival of their Clementina, and our expectation of them, he doubted not but it would be most agreeable to us to return to our own seat; adding, politely, that the highest entertainment they could have, would be the company and conversation of us, and our friends; and that rather at our own seats, than any where else. The publick diversions, he was pleased to say, might take their attention afterwards. Now they were here, they would not be in haste to return, provided Sir Charles and his friends would answer the hope he had given of accompanying them back to Italy.

There is no repeating the polite and agreeable things, that were said on all sides.

Well, then, my dear grandmamma, to cut short, thus it was last agreed upon—

The Count of Belvedere, who, all the afternoon and evening, received the highest marks of civility and politeness from the admirable Clementina, (which, by the way, I am afraid will not promote his cure) proposes, with Signors Sebastiano and Julianio, to pass a month or six weeks in seeing every thing which they shall think worthy of their notice in and about this great city; and then, after one farewell-visit to us, they intend to set out together for the court of Madrid; where the count intends to stay some months.

We shall all set out, on Monday next, for Grandison Hall.

Lord and Lady L. will follow us in a week or fortnight.

'How will the poor dear Charlotte mutter!' whispered Lady L. to me: but she and her lord will join us as soon as possible.

Mrs. Eleanor Grandison loves not the Hall, because of the hardships she received from the late owner of it, Sir Thomas; and thinks herself bound by a rash vow, which she made the last time she was there, never again to enter it's gates.

Lady Clementina whispered to me more than once, how happy she should think herself in these excursions; and hoped all their healths would be established by them. She said the sweetest, the most affectionate things to me. Once she said, bidding me call her nothing but my Clementina, that she should be happy if she were sure I loved her as much as she loved me. I assured her, and that from my very heart, that I dearly loved her.

Surely it was a happy incident, my dear grandmamma, that Lady Clementina took a step, which, though at first it had a rash appearance, has been productive of so much joy to all round, (the poor Count of Belvedere excepted) and in particular, to *your ever dutiful, ever grateful,*

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XLI.

LADY GRANDISON, TO LADY G.

GRANDISON HALL, MONDAY,
APRIL 9.

HOW happy, my dear Lady G. are we all of us here, in one another! How happy is your Harriet?—And yet when *you* can come, and partake of my felicity, it will be still enlarged.

I have just now received a letter from Lucy. The contents, as you will see, (for I shall inclose it) are a conversation that passed a few days ago at Shirley Manor, upon a subject of which you are a better judge than your Harriet. In short, it is a call upon you, as I interpret it, to support your own doctrines; by which, in former letters, you have made some of the honest girls in England half-ashamed to

own a first passion. You know how much I am at present engaged. I would not have the dear girls neglected. Answer the letter therefore for me, and for yourself; yet, remember, that I do not engage to abide implicitly by your determination. Ever, ever, my Charlotte, *your most affectionate*

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XLII.

MISS LUCY SELBY, TO LADY GRANDISON.

[INCLOSED IN THE PRECEDING.]

THURSDAY, APRIL 3.

EVERY hour in the day some circumstance or other makes me with my dear Lady Grandison in Northamptonshire. Emily charms us all.—But still every object reminds us of our Harriet. Not that Harriet *alone* would content us now. Nor could Sir Charles and Lady Grandison be at this time spared by their noble guests. After all, therefore, every thing is best as it is. But indeed we all wished for you yesterday evening, most particularly, at Shirley Manor. The conversation was an interesting one to all us girls; and Emily, Nancy, and our cousins Holles's, have brought me to give you an account of it, and to appeal to you upon it; and through you to Lady G. And yet we are all of us more than half afraid of a lady, who has already treated but lightly a subject that young women think of high importance.

The conversation began with my cousin Kitty's greatly pitying Lady Clementina; describing, in her pathetic way, the struggles she had had between her first duties and her inclination; the noble preference she had given to the former; and the persecution, as she called it, of all her friends to induce her to marry when she chuses to live single all her life. Every one of us young folks joined with my cousin Kitty.

But your grandmamma Shirley could not, she said, perfectly agree with us in the hardship of Lady Clementina's situation; who having from noble motives spontaneously rejected the man of her choice, was, from reason

reasons of family convenience, and even of personal happiness, urged to marry a nobleman, who, by all accounts, is highly deserving and agreeable; and every way suitable to her: a man, in short, to whom she pretended not an aversion; nor hoped not wished to be the wife of any other man; proposing to herself only the single life, and having given up all thoughts of taking the veil.

"*Personal happiness!*" cried out Miss Kitty Holles: "Can the woman be happy in a second choice, whose first was Sir Charles Grandison?"

"And whom, for noble motives, she refused," said my aunt Selby; "remember *that*, Kitty; and whom she wished to be, and who actually is, the husband of another woman."

The girls looked at one another: but Mrs. Shirley speaking, they were all silent.

"The happiness of human life, my dears," replied your grandmamma, "is at best but comparative. The utmost we should hope for here, is such a situation, as, with a self-approving mind, will carry us best through this present scene of trial: such a situation, as, all circumstances considered, is, upon the whole, most eligible for us, though some of its circumstances may be disagreeable."

"Young people set out with false notions of happiness; gay, fairy-land imaginations; and when these schemes prove unattainable, sit down in disappointment and dejection. Tell me now, Kitty Holles, and speak freely, my love," [She would not address herself to some of us for a reason I, your Lucy, for one, need not give] "we are all friends; the gravest of us *have been* young; tell us, Kitty, your ideas of happiness for a young woman just setting out in life."

Poor Emily answered only with a sudden blush, and a half-stifled sigh: but all the rest, as with one voice, cried out, "Harriet, our Harriet, is *the* happy woman—To be married to the man of her choice: the man chosen by her friends, and applauded by all the world."

"And so," said Mrs. Selby, "as there is but *one* Sir Charles Grandi-

son in the world, were his scheme of protestant nunneries put into execution, all the rest of womankind, who had seen him with distinction, might retire into cloisters."

"Were men to form themselves by *his* example," said Entily; [No unfavourable hint for Sir Edward]—There she stopt.

"Besides," said I, (my own case in view) "when our eye has led our choice, imagination can easily add all good qualities to the plausible appearance. But to give our hand where we cannot give a preference, is surely, Madam, acting against conscience in the most important article of life."

"A preference we ought to give, my Lucy: but need this be the preference of giddy inclination? No aversion pre-supposed, will not reason and duty give this preference in a securer and nobler way to the man who, upon the whole, is most suitable to us? It is well known, that I was always for discouraging our Harriet's declarations, that she never would be the wife of any other man than him she is now so happy as to call hers. If (as we all at one time apprehended) our hopes had been absolutely impracticable, the noble Countess of D. who gave such convincing reasons on her side of the question, would have had my good wishes for the Earl of D. So, before him, had not ill health been an objection, would Mr. Orme, you all know, that I wished but to live to see my Harriet the wife of some worthy man. A single woman is too generally an undefended, unsupported creature. Her early connexions, year by year, drop off; no new ones arise; and she remains solitary and unheeded, in a busy bustling world; perhaps soured to it by her unconnected state. Is not some gratitude due to a worthy man, who early offers himself for her guide and protector through life? Gratitude was the motive even of Harriet's inclination at first."

Nancy smiled. "Why smiles my Nancy?" asked your smiling grandmamma, "I am sure you think, child, there is weight in what I said."

‘ Indeed, Madam, there is—Great weight—But just as you gave us an idea of the dreary unconnected life of a single woman in years, I thought of poor Mrs. Penelope Arby. You all know her. I saw her in imagination, surrounded with parrots and lap-dogs!—So spring-like at past fifty, with her pale pink lustring, and back-head—Yet so peevish at girls!’

‘ And she,’ resumed Mrs. Shirley, ‘ refused some good offers in her youth, out of dread of the tyranny of a husband, and the troublesomeness of a parcel of brats!—Yet now she is absolutely governed by a favourite maid, and as full of the bon-mots of her parrots, as I used to be of yours, my loves, when you were prattlers.’

‘ Yet let us not,’ said Mrs. Selby, ‘ with the insolence of matrons or brides-expectant, be too severe upon old maids. Lady G. surely is faulty in this particular. Many worthy and many happy persons in that class have I known: many amiable and useful in society, even to their latest age—You, Madam,’ to Mrs. Shirley, ‘ had a friend—Mrs. Eggleton.’

‘ I had, my dear Mrs. Selby—Never has any length of time, any variety of scene, at all effaced the dear idea, though she died many years ago. She never married; but that was not her own fault. She was addressed, when near twenty, by a young gentleman of unexceptionable character. She received his addresses, on condition that both their friends approved of them. She was a visitor in town. The relations of both lived in the country. The young couple loved each other: but neither of their family, when consulted, approving the match, to the great regret of both, it was broken off. The gentleman married, and was not unhappy. In three or four years another worthy man made his addresses to Mrs. Eggleton. All her friends approved. She found him deserving of her affection, and agreed to reward his merit. He was to make one voyage to the Indies, on prospects too great to be neglected; and on his return they were to be married. His voyage was prosperous to the extent

of all his wishes. He landed in his native country; flew to his beloved mistress. She received his visit with grateful joy. It was his last visit. He was taken ill of a violent fever; died in a few days, delirious, but blessing her.

‘ She and I have talked over the subject we are upon a hundred times. In those days I was young, and had my romantick notions.’

‘ Indeed, Madam!’ said Patty Holles. ‘ —Indeed, Madam!’ said Emily—‘ Dear, dear Madam,’ said Kitty Holles—‘ if it be not too bold a request, let us hear what they were.’

‘ The reading in fashion, when I was young, was romances. You, my children, have, in that respect, fallen into happier days. The present age is greatly obliged to the authors of the Spectators. But till I became acquainted with my dear Mrs. Eggleton, which was about my sixteenth year, I was over-run with the absurdities of that unnatural kind of writing.’

‘ And how long, Madam, did they hold?’

‘ Not till I was quite twenty. That good lady cured me of so false a taste: but till she did, I had very high ideas of first impressions; of eternal constancy; of love raised to a pitch of idolatry. In these dispositions, not more than nineteen, was my dear Mr. Shirley proposed to me, as a person whose character was faultless; his offers advantageous. I had seen him in company two or three times, and looked upon him merely as a good sort of a man, a sensible man—But what was a good sort of a man to an Oroondates? He had paid no addresses to me: he applied to my friends on a foot of propriety and prudence. They laid no constraint upon me. I consulted my own heart—But, my dear girls, what a temptation have you thrown in the way of narrative old age!’

All of us most eagerly besought her to go on.

‘ The excellent Mrs. Eggleton knew my heart better than I did myself. “Even now,” said she, “you dislike not this worthy man. You can make no reasonable objection to his offer. You are one of many sisters.”

[‘ We

"We were then a numerous family—
 "Alas! how many dear friends have I
 "out-lived!] "A match so advan-
 "tageous for you, will be of real be-
 "nefit to your whole family. Esteem,
 "heightened by gratitude, and en-
 "forced by duty," continued she,
 "will soon ripen into love: the only
 "sort of love that suits this imperfect
 "state; a *tender*, a *faithful* affection.
 "There is a superior ardour due only
 "to supreme perfection, and only to
 "be exercised by us mortal creatures
 "in humble devotion. My dear Hen-
 "rietta," concluded she, "*condescend*
 "to be happy in such a way as suits
 "this mortal state."

"I replied to her, with a distress of
 "mind, proceeded Mrs. Shirley, "that
 "I could not depend on my own sen-
 "timents. I had seen little of the
 "world. "Suppose, after I had vowed
 "love to a man quite indifferent to me,
 "I should meet with the very one, the
 "kindred soul, who must irresistibly
 "claim my whole heart? I will not
 "suspect myself of any possibility of
 "misconduct, where the duty and the
 "crime would be so glaring; but must
 "I not, in such a case, be for ever
 "miserable?"

"The mild Mrs. Eggleton did not
 "chide: she only argued with me.
 "Often afterwards did I, with delight,
 "repeat this conversation to the best of
 "men, my dear Mr. Shirley, when a
 "length of happy years had verified all
 "she said."

"Dear Madam," cried Kitty, "tell
 "us how she argued, or we shall all
 "remain on your side of the question."

"O my children!" said the venerable
 "parent, "in what talkativeness do you
 "engage me!"

"I fear, Henrietta," said Mrs. Eg-
 "gleton, "that though you are a good
 "christian, your opinions in this
 "point are a little heathenish. You
 "look upon love as a blind irresistible
 "deity, whose darts fly at random,
 "and admit neither defence or cure.
 "Consider the matter, my dear, in a
 "more reasonable light. The passions
 "are intended for our servants, not
 "our masters, and we have, within
 "us, a power of controuling them,
 "which it is the duty and the business
 "of our lives to exert. You will
 "allow this readily in the case of any
 "passion that poets and romance wri-

ters have not set off with their false
 "colourings. To instance in *anger*;
 "will my Henrietta own, that she
 "thinks it probable, *anger* should
 "ever transport her beyond the bounds
 "of duty?"

"I pleaded, that I was not naturally
 "of an angry temper; and was asked,
 "with a smile, whether I meant, by
 "that distinction, to own myself of a
 "*loving* one."

"I could not be angry with my good
 "Mrs. Eggleton; yet I remember I
 "was vexed to the heart."

"But why then," rejoined she,
 "should you think yourself more like-
 "ly to fall in love *after* you are mar-
 "ried, than *before*?"

"At least," said I, a little perversh-
 "ly, "let me stay till I *am* in love, as
 "you are pleased to call it, before I
 "marry."

"I would not by any means," re-
 "plied she, "have you marry a man
 "for whom you have not a preferable
 "inclination; but why may you not
 "find on admitting Mr. Shirley's ad-
 "dresses, young, agreeable, worthy,
 "and every way suitable to you, as
 "he is, that he is that man whom
 "your inclination can approve?"

"I never saw him yet," said I,
 "with the least emotion. I have no
 "aversion to him; I might esteem
 "him: but what is that to the love
 "one is so solemnly to vow a husband?
 "And should I, after that vow, be-
 "hold an object whom I could indeed
 "have loved—"

"A Duke de Nemours!" said she,
 "taking up the *Princess of Cleves*, that
 "unluckily lay on my table—"Ah, my
 "Henrietta, have I found you out!—
 "That princess, my dear, was a silly
 "woman. Her story is written with
 "dangerous elegance; but the whole
 "foundation of her distresses, was an
 "idle one. To fancy herself in love
 "with a mere stranger, because he
 "appeared agreeable at a ball, when
 "she lived happily with a worthy hus-
 "band, was mistaking mere *liking*
 "for love, and combating all her life
 "after with a chimera of her own
 "creating. I do not tell you it as
 "impossible for you to meet hereafter
 "with persons in some external ac-
 "complishments superior to the de-
 "serving man whose wish is to make
 "you happy: but will you suffer your

"eye

"eye to lead you into misery *then*, when
 "an additional tie of duty forbids it's
 "wandering? If so, I must suppose, it
 "would equally mislead you *now*.—
 "Tell me, Henrietta, what think you
 "of those girls, who blast all the hopes
 "of their fond parents, by eloping
 "with a well-dressed captain, a spruce
 "dancing-master, or a handsome
 "player?"

"She struck me dumb with shame.

"You see then, my dear, the filial
 "duty, the duty of a reasonable and
 "modest woman, were she even with-
 "out parents or friends, forbids fancy
 "to be her guide, as much as the sac-
 "red engagement of marriage for-
 "bids it to be her tormentor."

"But have there not been instances,"
 "said I, "do not you and I know one"
 " [we did] "in this neighbourhood;
 "where a truly good woman was made
 "miserable for years, by having her
 "heart and hand differently engaged?"

"Mrs. Eggleton reminded me, that
 "there were, in that case, such ex-
 "tremely particular circumstances, as
 "made it absurd to form from thence
 "a general judgment. "In almost
 "every thing," said she, "we act but
 "upon probabilities; and one excep-
 "tion out of a thousand ought never
 "to determine us. Even this excep-
 "tion, in the case you hint at, is ow-
 "ing, in some measure, to a pitiable
 "misguided imagination. Let us take
 "our rules, my dear, from plain com-
 "mon sense, and not from poetical
 "refinements."

"Say, my children," said the con-
 "descending parent, "did my friend
 "argue well?"

"I think, Madam," answered Kitty,
 "she argued poor love out of doors.
 "She did not seem to allow the possi-
 "bility of any persons being in love at
 "all."

"I told her so," replied my grand-
 "mamma.

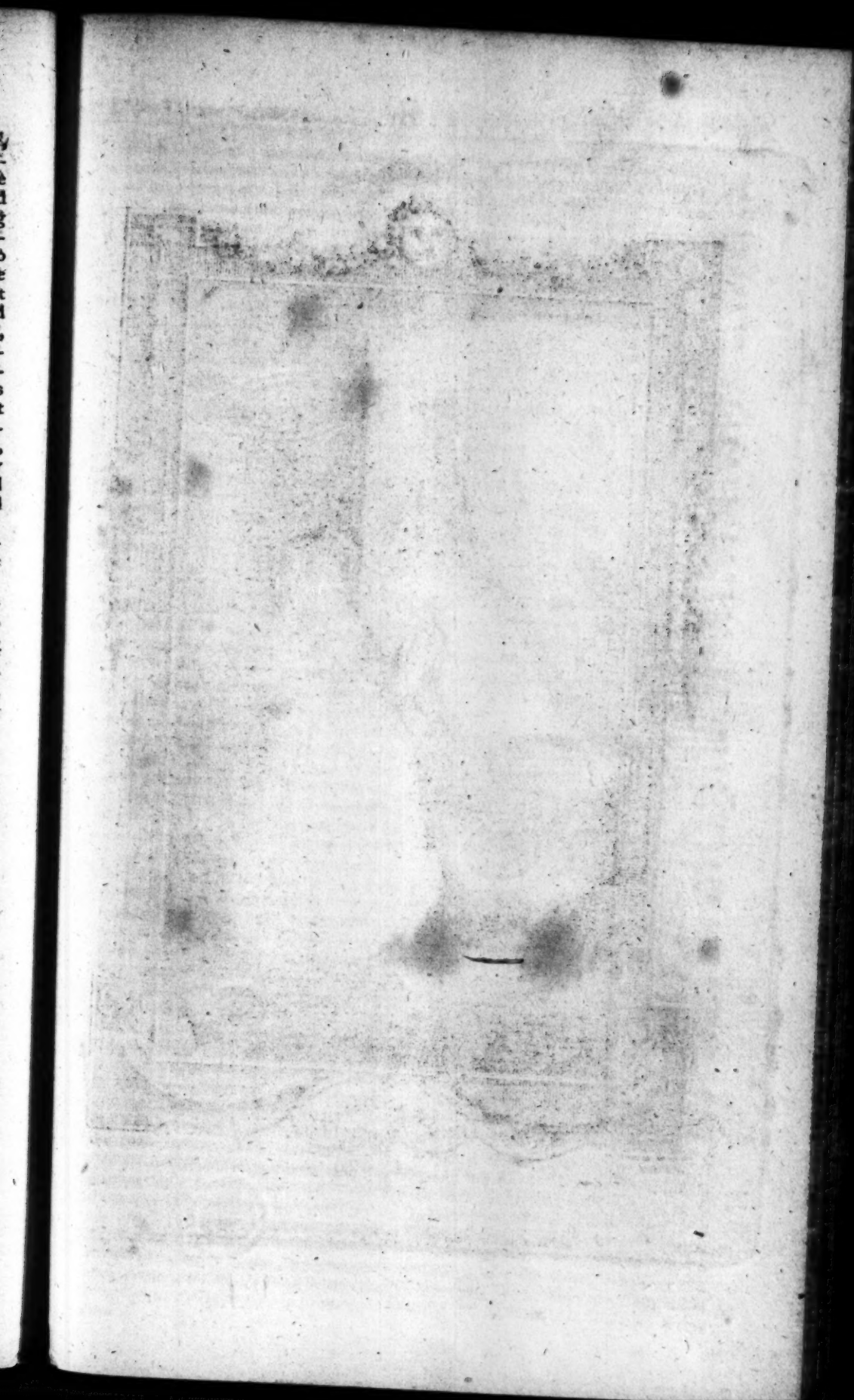
"So far from it," said she, with a
 "sigh, and a look expressive of the softest
 "tenderness, "that my own affections,
 "as you know, were deeply engaged.
 "The amiable youth, to whom I was
 "to be united by marriage, died. His
 "memory will ever be dear to my
 "heart. Love authorized by reason-
 "able prospects; love guided and
 "heightened by duty, is every thing
 "excellent that poets have said of it:
 "yet even *this* love must submit to the

"awful dispensations of Providence,
 "whether of death or other disappoint-
 "ment: and such trials ought to be
 "met with chearful resignation, and
 "not to be the means of embittering
 "our lives, or of rendering them use-
 "less: and every thing we ought to
 "do, be assured, my dear, we shall be
 "enabled to do, if we set about it
 "rightly, and with equal humility and
 "trust. As for that kind of love,
 "which in it's very beginning is con-
 "trary to duty, to suppose *that* un-
 "conquerable, is making ourselves
 "wretched indeed: and for first-light
 "impressions, and *beginning* inclina-
 "tions, though always dangerous,
 "and often guilty to indulge, they
 "are absolutely trifles to overcome and
 "suppress, to a person of prudence and
 "virtue."

How we dwelt upon every sweet docu-
 "ment that fell from the lips of the
 "dear Mrs. Shirley.

But now, Harriet, for the appeals.
 After all, were you, or were you *not*,
 a romantick girl, when you declared,
 that you never would be the wife of
 any man living, if you were not Sir
 Charles Grandison's; even at the time
 when neither you nor we thought there
 could be any hopes of such a happy
 event?

But had we not, however, better ap-
 "peal to Lady G. than to you? You
 "were always *so* wise!—Yet you could
 "not be contented with the worthy Orme.
 "You knew instinctively, as I may say,
 "that your kindred mind dwelt in St.
 "James's Square. And Lady G. forty
 "years hence, will be looking back, I
 "suppose, with wonder, on the time when
 "she gave her then fair hand of swan-
 "skin, changed to buff, [Her own flighty
 "idea!] with reluctance to her deserving
 "lord. So, perhaps, we had best make
 "no appeals at all. If we did, neither
 "you nor she are at leisure now to answer
 "them. Yet we have one appeal more to
 "make; but it must be to our Harriet;
 "not to Lady G.—Was not even our
 "venerable parent a little too severe up-
 "on old maids? That wicked Nancy fell
 "a laughing—Does she know what may
 "be her own case? Here is a great parcel
 "of girls of us—Have not I, her elder,
 "been crossed in love already? But if no
 "*proper* match ever offers, must we take
 "an *improper* one, to avoid the ridicule
 "of a mere name? An *unsupported* state
 "is better than an *oppressed* and *miserable*
 "one,





pa: 999

one, however: and how many rashly-chosen husbands, and repentant wives, could I set against Nancy's Mrs. Arby?—But the post is just going out; so that, far from entering on so copious a subject, I have barely time to add, that I am, with the truest affection, my dearest creature, *your faithful*

LUCY.

LETTER XLIII.

LADY G. TO LADY GRANDISON.

THURSDAY, APRIL 12.

I Am very well—What's the matter with the women!—I *will* write! Fifteen days controul and caudle—Why surely!

They are impertinent, my dear, and would take my pen and ink from me!—

You do well, Harriet, to throw upon me your self-condemning task.

How conscious you are, when you tell me, before you know my opinion of the contents of Lucy's letter, that you will not subscribe implicitly to my determination!—But I will not spare you. In my condemnation of *them*, read *your own*. I have written my answer, and shall inclose it; and no more at present trouble myself about them.

But here, I, Charlotte G. who married with indifference the poor Lord G. who made the honest man, whenever I pleased, foam, fume, fret, and execrate the hour that he first beheld my face, now stand forth, an example of true conjugal felicity, and an encouragement for girls who venture into the marriage state, without that prodigious quantity of violent passion, which some hare-brained creatures think an essential of love.

You, my dear, left us *tolerably* happy. But now we are almost *in-tolerably* so. I had begun to recover my spirits, depressed as they had been, for near a month before, on finding myself, like any common woman, confined to my chamber, while every other mouth sang 'O be joyful!' and one was preparing, another had set out, and half a score more were actually got to dear Grandison Hall. I bit my lip, and raved at the wretch to whom I attributed my duration: when, yesterday, (after a *series* indeed of the most obliging and

most grateful behaviour, that a man ever expressed for a present made him, which he holds invaluable) he entered my chamber; and surprized me, as I did him; (for I intended that he should know nothing of the matter, nor that I would ever be so condescending) surprized me, as how? Ah, Harriet! In an act that confessed the mother, the *whole* mother!—Little Harriet at my breast; or, at my neck, I believe I should say—should I not?

The nurse, the nursery-maids, knowing that I would not for the world have been so caught by my nimble lord, (for he is in twenty places in a minute) were more affrighted than Diana's nymphs, when the goddess was surprized by Acteon; and each, instead of surrounding me in order to hide my blushes, was for running a different way; not so much as attempting to relieve me from the brat.

I was ready to let the little leech drop from my arms. 'O wretch!' screamed I—'Be gone—be gone!—Whence the boldness of this intrusion?'

Never was man in greater rapture. For Lady Gertrude had taught him to wish that a mother would *be* a mother: he threw himself at my feet, clasping me and the little varlet together in his arms. 'Brute!' said I, 'will you smother my Harriet.' I was half-ashamed of my tenderness—'Dear-est, dear-est, dear-est Lady G.—' shaking his head, between every *dear* and *est*, every muscle of his face working—'how you transport me! Never, never, never saw I so delightful a sight! Let me, let me, let me,' (every emphatick word repeated three times at least) 'behold again the dear sight. Let me see you clasp the precious gift, our Harriet's Harriet too, to that lovely bosom.'—The wretch (trembling, however) pulled aside my handkerchief. I tried to scold; but was forced to press the little thing to me, to supply the place of the handkerchief—Do you think I could not have killed him?—To be sure I was not half angry enough. I knew not what I did, you may well think—for I bowed my face on the smiling infant, who crowded to the pressure of my lip.

'Be gone, Lord G.' said I—'See! see! How shall I hold the little mouse, if you devour first one of my hands, then the other?'

He arose, took the little thing from me,

me, kissed it's forehead, it's cheek, it's lips, it's little pudley hands, first one, then the other; gave it again to my arms; took it again; and again resigned it to me.

'Take away the pug,' said I, to the attendants—'Take it away, while any of it is left.' They rescued the still smiling babe, and ran away with it.

My lord then again threw himself at my feet—'Pardon, pardon me, dearest creature,' said he, 'that I took amiss any thing you ever said or did—You that could make me such rich amends.—O let not those charming, charming spirits ever subside, which for a fortnight together, till yesterday, I missed. I loved you too well,' proceeded he, 'to take any usage that was not quite what I wished it, lightly. But for some time past I have seen that it was all owing to a vivacity, that now, in every instance of it, delights my soul. You never, never, had malice or ill-nature in what I called your petulance. You bore with mine. You smiled at me: henceforth, every thing you say, every thing you do, I will take for a favour. O my Charlotte! Never, never more shall it be in your power to make me so far forget myself, as to be angry.'

My dear Lord G.! I had like to have said—I believe I *did* say—'Then will you ruin, absolutely ruin me?—What shall I do—for my roguery?—Never, never part with what you call so!—'

'Impossible, my lord, to retain it, if it lose it's wonted power over you. I shall have a new lesson to learn. O my lord! why began you not this course before Harriet and Caroline set out for Grandison Hall? I might, by a closer observation of their behaviour, have made myself mistress of lessons that would have far more delightfully supplied the old ones, than can be done without their examples. But, my lord, the time will soon come, when we shall be allowed to fly to that benefit at Grandison Hall. Our little Harriet shall go with us: the infant is the cement between us; and we will for the future be every day more worthy of that, and of each other.'

My lord hurried from me in speechless rapture; his handkerchief at his eyes—'Nurse,' said I, 'bring me

again our precious charge. I will be all the mother.' I clasped it in my bosom. 'What shall I do, my little Harriet! Thy father, sweet one! has ran away with my roguery.'

What a scene is here!—I will not read it over. If it requires a blush, do you, my dear, blush for me: I am hardened—And shall not perhaps, were I to re-peruse it, my *maternity* so kindly acknowledged, so generously accepted, by my Lord G. be able to blush for myself.

But, that I may seem only to have changed the *object*, not only to have parted with my levity, read the inclosed here, in answer to the appeal of the young people; directed thus—

'LADY G. TO MISS LUCY SELBY,

'AND THE REST OF THE GIRLS AT
'SELBY HOUSE,

'GREETING.

YOU appeal to Harriet, and revoke your appeal: you appeal to me, and withdraw it in the same letter.—A parcel of chits! You know not what you would have; what you would be; and hardly what you are: you can have the sauciness in more places than one, to reflect upon me your judge. But are you not convinced by the solid arguments of Mrs. Shirley! and her Mrs. Eggleton? If you are not, what strange creatures are girls from sixteen to twenty-two! Don't boys read romances as well as girls? Yet, in these latter days, do the glaring absurdities influence them so much in love matters, or last so long? Foolish things! would you give a preference against yourselves to the other sex?

'Harriet, I think, was a *romantick* girl, when she made her declarations of *one* man only, or no one, for a husband. I did let her know my mind at the time by hints: but had my brother actually married Clementina, not only I, but her grandmother Shirley, and aunt Selby, and uncle too, (odd soul as he is in some things) would have spoken out in favour of the young Earl of D. And had it not been with success, after a proper time had passed, I, for my part, would have set her down as a very silly

' silly girl; inferior, in this respect, to you, Lucy, and to twenty more I could name: for how few of us are there, who have their first loves? And indeed how few first loves are fit to be encouraged? You know my thoughts, Lucy, of a beginning love, in a young bosom*. — A very, very silly and childish affair, believe me.

' Let me enumerate a few chances that may render a first love impracticable.

' A young woman may fix her affections on a man, who may prove perfidious—On a man, who may be engaged to another woman; as had like to have been my brother's case—On a man who may be superior to her in degree or fortune; or who may be greatly inferior to her in both.—If love be not a voluntary passion, why not upon a hostler, a groom, a coachman, a footman—A grenadier, a trooper, a foot-soldier?—She may be in Mrs. Eggleton's case: her lover may be taken from her by death. In either, or any, of these cases, what is to be done? Must a woman sit down, cry herself blind, and become useless to the principal end of her being, as to this life, and to all family connections, when, probably, she has not lived one third of her time?—Silly creatures!—to maintain these nonsenses at their own expence, in favour of a passion that is generally confined to the days of girlhood; and which they themselves would laugh at in a woman after she was arrived at honest thirty; or at years of discretion—Thus narrowing their own use and consequence—I, for my part, am, and ever will be, a friend of my sex.

' But, hark ye, girls—Let me ask you—Do you find many of these *constant* nymphs, when they have had their foolish way given them, and they have *buried* the honest man of whom they were once so doatingly fond, refuse to marry again?—Do they wish, like the wives of some Pagan wretches, to be thrown into the funeral pile, with the dead bodies of their lords?—No! They have had their *whimsy* out. Their *fit of constancy* is over; and, quite good souls as they are by that time become, they go on without *rantipoling*, in the or-

' dinary course of reasonable creatures.

' Not but Harriet was in earnest: I am sure she was. She believed, she certainly believed, *HERSELF*. And were it given to us women *always* to be in *one* mind, she would have made all her friends, the good Mrs. Shirley at the head of us, despair of succeeding with her in our endeavours to induce her to change it. But Harriet, with all her wisdom, could not know what *time* would have done for her. Time is the pacifier of every woe, the qualifier of every disappointment—Pity for the man, [the Earl of D. suppose—He would have thought it worth his while to feign dying for her;] the entreaty of her friends—You see what arguments her excellent grandmamma could have produced—Pho, pho, never fear but Harriet would have married before my brother and Clementina had seen the face of their second boy—No girls shall she have, for fear they should be romancers.

' And, do you think, that Clementina and the Count of Belvedere, a year or two hence—I have no fear of the matter; if they do not tease, torment, oppose her. If they *do*—Why then, I will not be answerable for their success. For, with excellences that none but she and Harriet among women ever boasted, there is a glorious perverseness, which they miscall *constancy* and *perseverance*, in the mind of that noble lady, [and indeed in the minds of *most* of us] that will probably, as it has already done, carry her through all opposition—In short, no more teasing, tormenting from friends, no more heroicks from girls—Is not opposition, is not resistance, the very soul and essence of all sorts of heroism?—My life therefore for Clementina's, admirable creature as she undoubtedly is—Leave her sea-room, leave her land-room, and let her have time to consider; and she will be a bride.

' Did I ever mention to you a trick that an honest guardian put upon his ward? Many a one have you heard of from *disbonest* ones. This briefly was it.

' The girl was of an heroick stamp; as good a girl as an heroick girl could

well be. A match was proposed for her, much more considerable than she could have expected, as to fortune; and as to the man's person, and qualities of mind, absolutely unexceptionable—Young, handsome, gallant, and most ardently in love with her: but, impolitic! he had let her know as much, before he had made himself sure of the shadow of a return, or acceptance. Her guardian, from pure love of his ward, and a sense of the advantageousness of the offer, heartily espoused the interests of the young gentleman. This was *another* unhappiness to him. She gave him an absolute denial: nor vouchsafed she to assign a reason for it; having, indeed, no other man either in her head or heart.

Her guardian was a man who knew the world, and a little of the sex: he saw that Miss was in the very meridian of her heroicks; and that the grievance most probably was, that there was no likelihood of difficulty or opposition. He took another course. He acquainted the young lady, that he had altered his mind: that he had objections to the address of Sir Arthur Poinings, (the young gentleman's name) and declared, that he never would give his consent. He desired that she would by no means see him, or receive letters from him; and he talked of carrying her down to his country-seat in a full town-season; [the girl had a taste for pleasure—what girl has not?] not doubting, he said, that the young baronet would persecute her with his addresses while she remained in London. He then actually forbid Sir Arthur his house; and, more than once, read Miss a lecture on the *authority* of a guardian, and the *duty* of a ward. Words that naturally incite young girls to rebellion.

Sir Arthur found means to write to the minx, as if unknown to her guardian. Darts, flames, and distresses, were suggested in his letter. The girl began to relent; the guardian to suspect: he renewed his prohibition; cunning creature! The affair now wore a face of difficulty. She answered the young gentleman's letters. It became a regular love-affair of the heroick kind. And, at last!—What at last!—Why, the

young lady, attended only by her faithful DELIA, who had been assistant to the lovers in their correspondence, ran away from an *inexorable* guardian, to Sir Arthur; married him; and, in a few days, writing an humble letter for her cloaths, acknowledged rashness, which she laid at the door of LOVE, and so-forth. The guardian desired a meeting with the love-yers; now no more *love-yers*, but *man* and *wife*. They met, with trembling on her side, with pretended apprehension on Sir Arthur's, for having disobliged so good a guardian. The guardian was in high good-humour. He forgave them both, at the first word, and surrendered up his trust with pleasure. The girl was surprized at his unexpected goodness; and had she not been actually nailed down by the solemnity, would very probably have again resumed her heroicks.

Well; but I am charmed with Mrs. Shirley's Eggleton, as well as with her account of herself in her heroick days. Little did I think that she ever was *girl* enough to be infected: but, as she says, romances were the fashionable reading of her youthful years.

Tell aunt Selby that I am not an enemy to old maids; but only to those ill qualities which I should equally dislike in old or in young *any-bodies*. I love Lady Gertrude, and even aunt Eleanor, for those qualities that are *love-able* in them. But you see that your Nancy, the mild, good-natured Nancy, could not forbear laughing at the idea of the young-old Penelope Arby: yet knows she not, says the malicious Lucy, what may be her own case. But I have appealed for you; and to whom? To Lady Gertrude. I was writing to her on a particular occasion, when your packet was brought me; and, in order to enliven my subject, transcribed three lines of Lucy's query upon defending the single state. She was but at Enfield, and returned me the following by the same messenger; the other part of my letter requiring an immediate answer.

“YOUR question, my dearest niece, is whimsically asked: you tell me that a whole room-full of young
“country

country ladies wait only the success of an appeal you have referred to me, to know whether they shall out of hand dispose of themselves to recruiting officers, mountebanks, and fox-hunters; or venture to live on with the melancholy title of old maids, in an unsupported, undefended state.

"One or two queries to be put," proceeds the sage, "are, whether the worthy matches you have mentioned, or any unfuitable matches whatsoever, would be a support and defence? Whether the woman who makes a rash and improper choice, does not throw herself out of that protection and defence which every one may depend upon in the state of life marked out to them by Providence! And whether the single state is not thus marked out to the woman who never has it *fitly* in her choice to change it?"

"I, my dear, who am an old maid, must not write partially on that side of the question. In general, I will fairly own, that I think a woman is most likely to find her proper happiness in the married state. May you, my dear niece, experience it every day more and more!—But there are surely many exceptions: women of large and independent fortunes, who have the hearts and understanding to use them as they ought, are often more beneficial to the world, than they would have been had they bestowed them on such men as look for fortune *only*. Women who have by their numerous relations many connections in the world, need not seek out of their own alliances for protection and defence. Ill health, peculiarity of temper or sentiments, unhappiness of situation, of person, afford often such reasons, as make it a virtue to refuse what it would otherwise be right to accept.

"But why do I write seriously to such a lively creature? Only, my dear—"

"But, girls, I will give you no more of Lady Gertrude. I have not done with you myself yet.

"Much to the same purpose, I remember, as Mrs. Shirley's, were the expostulations of Lady D. in one of her letters to Harriet; who only

answered her, (I also remember) like a girl. What *could* she say!

"You, my Harriet," (wrote that lady) "are pious, dutiful, benevolent—Cannot you, if you are unable to entertain, for the man who now with so much ardour addresses you, were you married to him, the passion called *love*, regard him as *gratitude* would oblige you to prefer any other man who is assiduous to do you service or pleasure? Cannot you then him as much goodwill, as you could any other man, whom it was in your power to make happy: would you esteem him *less* than a person absolutely a stranger to you? The exertion of your native benevolence, of your natural obligingness, of your common gratitude, of your *pity*, is all that is asked of you. You have no expectation of the *only* man, who is dearer to you than he. This exertion will make my lord happy; and if you retain that delight, which you have hitherto taken, in promoting the happiness of others who are not undeserving, yourself not unhappy."

"You have now before you, girls, the opinion of Mrs. Shirley, and the Countess of D. on the case you put. They both sit enthroned on the serene hill of wisdom, which hardly one in fifty of their sex attains. From thence they look down with pity, and with beckoning finger, to the crowds below them, who with aching eyes, and despairing hearts, emulate their starry heights; but in too faintly attempting to gain the ascent, tumbled down, some (shameful!) head over heels, immersed in the miry puddles of sense; and others taking a supposed more easy, though visibly round-about way, are misled by mazy paths into dreary deserts, till they lose even the distant sight of the sacred hill.

"There, chits, I end romantically, figuratively at least, in compliment to your fanciful tastes. And thus much as to you, girls, young lady-expectants, whimsicals, and so-forth, from your

CHARLOTTE G.

FRIDAY, SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 14

My women are so impertinent, and my marmoset is so voracious, that I have been forced to take two days for what once I could have performed in little more than two hours.

LETTER XLIV.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS.
SHIRLEY.

GRANDISON HALL, MONDAY,
APRIL 16.

AND must I, my dear grandmamma, be *more* particular in relation to ourselves, our guests, our amusements, diversions, conversations—Why then does not Lucy write as usual, every tender, every engaging, every lively occurrence that happens at Selby House, and Shirley Manor? Is she so much taken up with her agreeable peer, that she must leave the obliging task wholly to Nancy and Emily? I don't care. *They* shall be my best girls; and I will put down my Lucy as a woman of mere quality before she has the title. Yet let me tell her, that could honest Mr. Fowler have courted for *himself*, have suffered his heart to rise to his lips, I should have wished, by her means, to have been related to him and Sir Rowland. But that matter, it seems, is as good as over; and I will proceed to do my duty, whether she does *her*; or not.

I have told you, Madam, how much our guests are pleased with us and the place. How much we are charmed with *them*, I need not tell you. Every praise you have heard of them, is confirmed and heightened, on a more intimate knowledge of them.

Lord and Lady L. are with us. Lord and Lady G. will come as soon as they can. Lady L. has her sweet infant with her. And I hope Lady G. will not come without my god-child.

Sir Edward Beauchamp is at present our guest. The good doctor, you know, is at home here; and how beloved, how revered, by every one!

Sir Charles! The soul of us all! O Madam! never, surely, was one spot blessed with so many persons of one mind, as are now rejoicing together at Grandison Hall.

And pray, my dear grandmamma, let me ask; would it not be affectation rather than modesty, were I to leave myself unnamed in this noble circle? I will *not*. Every body, for Sir Charles's sake, looks on me with the kindest partiality, and my heart tells me, that being his as much as my own, it deserves that partiality.

Except at certain devotional hours of retirement, we know not, but that we are all of one faith. Nothing of religious subjects is ever mentioned among us, but in those points in which all good Christians are agreed. You, Madam, who have a true catholic charity for the worthy of all persuasions, would be delighted to see the affectionate behaviour of the *two* fathers (I will call them) to each other. When they are not in the general company, they are always together, walking, riding out; or in the apartment of each other, reading, conversing. The dear Clementina cannot but see, that charitable and great minds, however differing even in some essential articles of religion, might mingle hearts, and love each other; and from Sir Charles's catholicism, that she might have been happy with him, and kept her own faith!—But, no! it would in her notion, now I recollect, have been a dangerous trial. She could not trust *her own heart*—Great and noble lady! how much is she to be revered!

The gentlemen ride out almost every day.—Our conversations! It would be endless to give you an account of the conversations that yet, I flatter myself, would delight you all. The least interesting ones of those we hold, would have made a great figure in my former letters. Such the company, you may suppose we know not what trifling subjects are.

Every one avoids mentioning the name of the poor Count of Belvedere in the presence of Lady Clementina; yet we all pity him. We have reason to do so, from the account Signor Jeronymo receives of his distress of mind, while he endeavours to overcome his hopeless passion.

Allow me, Madam, to conclude this letter here. We are to have a little concert this evening, and our company is beginning to assemble in the mulick-room.—I must go and attend the marchioness and Lady Clementina;

who

who herself will be a performer. She is an admirable one. I can only stay to add, that I am *your ever dutiful*

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XLV.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

GRANDISON HALL, SATURDAY,
APRIL 28.

MY dearest grandmamma will not complain that my three last letters * were not filled with particulars of our engagements and conversations here. What a scene of happiness! what have I to pray for but the continuance of it? except that the admirable Lady Clementina were somehow settled to her own liking, and that her indulgent relations could be satisfied with it? Something seems to be wanting for *her*, and therefore for *them*. Yet can a lover of her, of her fame, of her family, say what that something should be? I, for my part, ought to be the last who should decide for her; I, who never, I think, (say Lady G. what she pleases of my romancings) could have been happy with any man in the world, but Sir Charles Grandison, after I had known him, and once was led to hope for so great a blessing; and who have not that notion that she has, or seems to have, of the dreariness, and disadvantages of a single state; on the contrary, who think the married life attended with so many cares and troubles, that it is rather (as it is a duty to enter into it, when it can be done with prudence) a kind of faulty *indulgence* and selfishness, in order to avoid these cares and troubles, to live single. But to leave this subject to the decision of Lady G. and Lady Gertrude, the latter of whom has given some unanswerable hints on her side of the question, I will proceed with my narrative.

And here let me observe, that had not Lady Clementina made her rejection of the best of men her sole and deliberate act, it is my humble opinion that her loss of him would have been unsupportable to *her*. That consideration, and her noble motive for it, enable her to behave gloriously under

the self-deprivation, as I may call it. Yet, I can see, at times, by her studiously avoiding his company, and frequently excusing herself from making one in little parties, of Sir Charles's proposing, and by her chusing, at all times, *my* company, that the noble lady thinks self-denial *necessary* for her peace.

She was once for putting Jeronymo on proposing to leave England sooner than they had intended; and take my promise to *follow* them. I was present. She had tears in her eyes when she proposed it. We had been talking of Sir Charles in raptures, on some of his noble charities which had but lately come to our knowledge, and it was pretty evident to me, that she, at the time, was of opinion, that distance from him would be a means to quiet her heart.—The dear Emily finds it so, thank God!

Lady Clementina has been, however, tolerably chearful since, amusing herself with drawing up plans for her future life. Very pretty ones, some of them: but a little too *ideal*, if I may so express myself; and she changes them too often to shew that steadiness, which I want to see in her mind. Poor lady! How I pity her as I contemplate her, in her contrivances and proposals! I am often forced to turn away my face, that she may not see the starting tear.

TUESDAY, MAY 1.

THE Count of Belvedere being returned to London from a country excursion, and not very well, the marquis was desirous of making a visit to him, and at the same time to pass a few days in London, to see the curiosities of the place, and to be present at some of the publick entertainments, the gentlemen at the first motion made a party to attend him, and Sir Charles, you may suppose, would not, in complaisance, be excused. Dr. Bartlett and Father Marescotti, who are inseparable, had formed a scheme of their own; and the ladies declared, that not one of them would leave *me*.

The gentlemen accordingly set out yesterday morning. In the afternoon arrived here, one of the most obliging of wives, tenderest of mothers, and amiable of nurses—Who do you think, Madam?—No other than Lady G.

* These three letters do not appear.

and her lord. Ungovernable Charlotte! Her month but just up! We have all blamed her. We blamed her lord too for suffering her to come.—“But what could I do?” said he, innocently.—But they are both so much improved as husband and wife?—Upon my word, I am charmed with her in every one of the above characters. My lord appears, even in her company, now that his wife has given him his due consequence, a manly, sensible man. If he ever had any levities of behaviour, they are all vanished and gone. She is all vivacity, as heretofore, but no flippancy. Her liveliness, in the main, is that of a sensible, not a *very* fancy wife, entirely satisfied with herself, her situation and prospects. Upon my word, I am brought over to her opinion, that if the *second* man be worthy, a woman *may* be happy, who has not been indulged in her first fancy: and I am the rather induced to hope so for my Emily’s sake.

TUESDAY EVENING.

Mrs. Beaumont has received a letter from the ladies her friends at Florence, expressing their fear that the love of her country, now she is in it, has taken place in her heart, and weakened her affection for them. They beg of her to convince them of the contrary by hastening to them.

This letter, it seems, mentions some severe reflections cast upon Lady Clementina by the unhappy Olivia. Camilla, who is very fond of me, has hinted this to me, and at the same time acquainted me with her young lady’s earnestness to see it; Mrs. Beaumont having expressed to her her indignation against Olivia on the occasion. Unworthy Olivia! What reflections can you cast on the admirable Clementina!—Yet I wish Mrs. Beaumont would let me see them.—But dear Mrs. Beaumont, impart not to Clementina any thing that may affect her delicate and too scrupulous mind!

This over-lively Lady G. has been acquainting Lady Clementina with Emily’s story, yet intending to set forth nothing by it, she says, but the fortitude of so young a creature.

She owns, that Lady Clementina often reddened as she proceeded in it; yet that she went on—How *could* she?—I chide her for poor Emily’s sake—

for her own sake, for Lady Clementina’s, for Sir Edward Beauchamp’s sake—How *could* she be so indelicate? ‘Is there a necessity, dear Lady G.’ (thought I, as she repeated what passed on the occasion) ‘now you are so right in the great articles of your duty, that you must be wrong in *something*?’

Lady Clementina highly applauded Emily, however. A charming young creature she called her. ‘Absence,’ added she, ‘is certainly a right measure. Were the man a common man, it would not signify: presence, in that case, might help her, as he probably would every day expose his faults to her observation. But absence from such a man as Sir Charles Grandison, is certainly right.’ Lady G. says, it is easy to see, that Lady Clementina made some self-applications upon it.

WEDN. MORN. MAY 2.

LADY G. has been communicating to me a conference which she says, she could not *but* overhear between Lady Clementina and Mrs. Beaumont, held in the closet of the latter, which joins to a closet in Lady G.’s dressing-room, separated only by a thin partition. The rooms were once one—‘A little of your usual *curiosity*, I doubt, my dear Lady G.’ thought I. ‘You were not *confined* to that closet. You might have retired when their conversation began.’ But, no; curiosity is a nail, that will fasten to the ground the foot of an inquisitive person, however painful what she hears may sometimes make her situation.

Mrs. Beaumont had acquainted Lady Clementina with the contents of the letter she had received from her friends at Florence. The poor lady was in tears upon it. She called Olivia cruel, unjust, wicked. ‘The very *surmise*,’ said she, ‘is of such a nature, that I cannot bear to look either Lady Grandison, or any of her friends, in the face: for Heaven’s sake, let it not be hinted to any one in the family, nor even to my own relations, that Olivia *herself* could be capable of making such a reflection upon me.’

‘My dearest Lady Clementina,’ said Mrs. Beaumont, ‘I wish—’

‘What wisheth my dear Mrs. Beaumont—’

‘That you would change your system.’

‘ARTICLES,

'ARTICLES, Mrs. Beaumont!
'ARTICLES!—If they are broken
'with me, I resume my solicitude to
'be allowed to take the veil. That
'allowance, and that only, can set all
'right. My heart is distressed by
'what you have let me see Olivia has
'dared to throw out against me.'

'Allow me one observation only,
'my dear Clementina. What Olivia
'has hinted, the *world* will hint. It
'behoves you to consider, that the
'husband of Lady Grandison ought
'not to be so much the object of any
'woman's attention, as to be an ob-
'stacle to the address of another man
'really worthy.'

'Cruel, cruel, Olivia! There is no
'bearing the *thought* of her vile sug-
'gestion. None but Olivia—Say not
'the *world*. Olivia only, Mrs. Beau-
'mont, was capable of such a sug-
'gestion.'

'For my own part,' interrupted
Mrs. Beaumont, 'I am confident that
'it is a base suggestion; and that if
'Sir Charles Grandison had not been
'married, you never would have been
'his. You could not have receded
'from your former objections. You
'see what a determined protestant he
'is; a protestant upon principle. You
'are equally steady in your faith: yet,
'as matters stand; so amiable as he
'is; and the more his private life and
'manners are seen, the more to be ad-
'mired; must not your *best friends* lay
'it at the door of a first love, that you
'cannot give way to the address of a
'man, against whom no one other ob-
'jection can lie?'

'ARTICLES, Mrs. Beaumont!
'ARTICLES!—'

'One word more only, my dear
'Lady Clementina, as the subject was
'begun by yourself—May it not be
'expected, now that no opposition is
'given you, you will begin to feel,
'that your happiness, and peace, and
'strength of mind, will flow from
'turning your thoughts on principles
'of *duty*, (so the world will call them)
'to other objects; and that the dwel-
'ling on those it will *suppose* you to
'dwell upon, till your situation is vi-
'sibly altered, will serve only to dis-
'turb your mind, and fill your friends,
'on every instance that may affect it,
'with apprehensions for you?'

'You have said a great deal, Mrs.

Beaumont. But is not the veil the
'only possible expedient to make us
'all easy?'

'ARTICLES! ARTICLES! my dear
'Clementina. I have been drawn in
'by yourself insensibly to speak my
'mind on this subject. But I have
'no view, no design. Your parents;
'your brothers, you see, inviolably
'adhere to the articles. But, con-
'sider, my dear, were you even al-
'lowed to assume the veil, that all
'such recollections of your former in-
'clination as would be faulty in a
'married state, would have been
'equally contrary to your religious
'vows. Would then the assuming of
'the veil make you happy?'

'Don't you hint, Olivia-like, Mrs.
'Beaumont, at *culpable* inclinations?
'Do you impute to me *culpable* in-
'clinations?'

'I do not, neither do I think you
'are absolutely as yet an angel. Would
'you, my dear, refuse your vows to
'the Count of Belvedere, or any other
'man, for a *certain* reason, yet think
'yourself free enough to give them to
'your God?'

'Will this argument hold, Mrs.
'Beaumont, in the present case?'

'You will call upon ARTICLES,
'my dear, if I proceed. Your silence,
'however, is encouraging. What
'were just now your observations,
'upon the story of Miss Emily Jer-
'vois? Is there not a resemblance be-
'tween her case and yours?'

'Surely, Madam, I am not such a
'girl!—O Mrs. Beaumont, how am
'I sunk in your opinion!'

'You are *not*, my dear Clementina,
'you cannot in any body's. Miss
'Jervois is under obligations to her
'guardian, that you are not.'

'Is that, Mrs. Beaumont, all the
'difference?—That makes none. I
'am under greater. What are pecu-
'niary obligations to the preservation
'of a brother's life? To a hundred
'other instances, of goodness—That
'girl *my* pattern! Poor, poor Cle-
'mentina! How art thou fallen! Let
'me fly this country.—Now I see, in
'the strongest light, what a rashness I
'was guilty of, when I fled to it.
'How must the Chevalier Grandison
'himself despise me!—But I tell you,
'Mrs. Beaumont, that I am incapable
'of a wish, of a thought, contrary to
'those

those that determined me when I declined the hand of the best of men. O that I were in my own Italy!—What must young creatures suffer from the love of an improper object, in the opinion of their friends, if, after the sacrifices I have made, I must lie under disgraceful imputations from my gratitude and esteem for the most worthy of human minds?—O how I disdain myself!

It is a generous disdain, my dear Lady Clementina. I end as I began—I wish you would think of changing your system. But I leave the whole upon your own consideration. Your parents are passive. God direct you. I wish you happy. At present you will not yourself say you are so. Yet nobody controuls you, nor wishes to controul you. Every body loves you. Your happiness is the subject of all our prayers.

Lady G. believes the conversation ended here.

LADY L. in Mrs. Beaumont's presence, has been just making me a compliment on my *generous* love, as she calls it, of Lady Clementina, and my security in Sir Charles's affection. 'Dear Madam,' said I, 'where is the merit? A man of such established principles, and a woman of such delicate honour! They both of them move my pity, and engage my love. With regard to Lady Clementina, this is my consolation, that I stood not in her way: that your brother never made his addresses to me, till she, on the noblest motives, left him free to chuse the *next* eligible, as I have reason to think he allowed me to be.—And let me tell you, my dear Mrs. Beaumont, that in his address to me, he did her justice; and dealt so nobly with me, that had I not before preferred him to all other men, I should have done it then.'

THURSDAY, MAY 3.

I HAVE received a letter from Sir Charles. Lady Clementina and I were together when it was brought. She seeing whom it came from, and that I meditated the seal with impatience, begged me to read it then, or she would withdraw. I opened it. There were

in it, I told her, the politest remembrances of her, and the other ladies; and read what he wrote of that nature. She looked with so desiring an eye at it, that I said, 'Were you to read it, Madam, you would find him the kindest of men. Sir Charles and I have not a secret between us. But there are in it a passage or two, relating to a certain gentleman, that, were you to read it, might affect you.' [By the way she reads English extremely well.]—'And is that, Lady Grandison, your only objection? I should be glad to see, were it not improper, how the politest of men writes to the best of wives.'

I gave her the letter.

She had greatness of mind to be delighted with his affectionate style—'Tender delicacy!' said she, as she read.—'Happy, happy Lady Grandison!' Tears in her eyes, and clasping her arms about me, 'let me thus congratulate you. I acted right in declining his address. I must have thought well of the religion of the man, who could speak, who could write, who could act, who could live, as he does.'

I bowed my face on her shoulder. To have expressed but half the admiration I had in my heart of her nobleness of mind, would have been to hint to her the delicate situation she *had* been in, and to wonder how she could overcome herself.

'What follows,' said she, sitting down, 'I presume I may read: for my eye has caught the name of a man my heart can pity.'

She read to herself the passage, which is to the following effect—'The *person* of the poor Count of Belvedere' (Sir Charles writes, in the count's words) 'is loitering in town, endeavouring to divert itself there; while his *soul* is at Grandison Hall. He cannot think of quitting England, till he has taken leave of Lady Clementina; yet, dreading the pangs he shall feel on that occasion, he cannot bring himself to undergo them.'

The marquis, the bishop, Signor Jeronymo, all joined, Sir Charles writes, to console him; yet wished him to pursue his better fortune at Madrid; and the count thinks of prevailing on himself to accompany them

dowh,

down, in order to take this dreaded farewell. Sir Charles expresses his pity for him; but applauds the whole family for their inviolable adherence to their agreement.

When she read to that place, tears stole down her cheeks—'Agreement!' said she—'Ah, Lady Grandison! It is true, they *speak* not: but I can read their *wishes* in their eyes.'

She read on to Sir Charles's praises of the count for his beneficent spirit. 'The count,' said she, 'is certainly a good man—But is not his a strange perseverance?' Then, giving me the letter, 'How few of us know,' said she, 'what is best for ourselves! There is a lady in Spain of great honour and merit, who would make him a much happier man, than *she* can do, on whom he has cast a partial eye. And besides, there is the poor Laura—'

She stopt. I suffered the subject to end there.

Sir Charles supposes it will be the latter end of next week before they return. If the marquis holds his purpose of being present at a ball to which he is invited by the Venetian ambassador—Near a fortnight's absence on the whole!—O dear! O dear!



THE following by Lady G.

'And "O dear! O dear!" say I! This is Saturday, and not a word more written. So taken up with her walks and walking-mate!—Selfish creatures both. It was with difficulty I procured a sight of this letter. No wonder. You see how freely she has treated me in it. I told her, it never would be finished, if I did not finish it for her. Her excuse is, Sir Charles's absence, and that you, Madam, charged me *not* to write by every post, lest an accidental omission should make you uneasy.—Ungrateful for indulgence given! She must therefore let *several* posts pass—But get thee gone, paper, now. And carry with thee all manner of compliments from Charlotte G. as well

'as from ["Here sign it, my sweet sister."]

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XLVI.

LADY G. TO MISS SELBY.

GRANDISON HALL, SATURDAY,
MAY 5.

YOUR complaining letter* reached me here, Lucy, but this day. I arrived here on Monday afternoon. Ungracious Harriet! She chid me for coming. But I went to church first. What would they have?

My lord and I are one now: if therefore I say, I arrived, it is the same as saying, *he* did; my little Harriet with us, you may be sure.

But what does the girl complain for? Maiden creatures should send us married women two letters for one. Establish for me this expectation: you will soon yourself be the better for the doctrine.

You tell me, that hardly any of your girls are satisfied with my imperial decision on the appeal laid before me, though supported by the opinions of Mrs. Shirley, Lady D. and every wise woman. I don't care whether you are or not. Sorry chits! you decide among yourselves, and then ask for the opinions of others? What for? In hopes they will confirm your own; if not, to be saucy, and reject them.

You want me to tell you a hundred thousand things, of what's doing, what's done, what's said, here? Not I. Harriet is writing a long, long letter to her grandmamma, she tells me; and journal-wife†: let that, when you have it, content you. She says I must not see it. But I *will*. Something saucy about me in it, I suppose.

My brother, and his principal men-guests, are in town. They went on Monday morning. So I have not seen them.—Will not come back till Friday next week. Harriet is impatient for his return. O girls! girls! That a church-ceremony can so soon make such a difference in the same person!—

* This letter does not appear.

† Meaning the preceding letter.

But he is so generously tender of her, that the wonder, in her case, is the less.

Lady Clementina is a noble creature. We are obliged to call both her and Harriet to order; or they would never be asunder. The garden and park are the places in which they most delight to walk. Make Harriet give you the particulars of their conversations.—Then I shall have them. I have demanded them; but she only acquaints me in general, that she is delighted with Lady Clementina's part in them. The other expresses no less admiration of Harriet's. But, besides that they rob us of their company too often, which is ruder in the mistress of the house than in the guest; Harriet does not enough consider her own circumstances. Their walks are too long. She comes in, and throws herself sometimes into a chair—'So tired!'—Yet, chidden for her long walks, 'Such engaging conversations!' she cries out.—*Heroines* both, I suppose; and they are mirrors to each other; each admiring herself in the other. No wonder they are engaged insensibly by a vanity, which carries with it, to each, so generous an appearance; for, all the while, Harriet thinks she is only admiring Clementina; Clementina, that she is applauding Harriet.

Well, Lucy—But I find you will not be Lucy long—Your day it seems, will soon be fixed: the day, happy may it be! which will set a coronet on your head. A foolish kind of bauble, after all; but it looks not amiss on the outside of one's coach—if the inside contain not—Did I say a monkey, Lucy? but that will not be your case. My lord knows *your* lord, and esteems him. Lord G.'s *esteem*, (china and shells out of the question) is not contemptible, I can tell you. His love for his flippant Charlotte made him play monkey tricks, which lessened him in my eyes: but now I see he is capable of forgetting his butterflies, and *esteeming* me, I remember my promise, and honour him: *obedience* will come—when it can.

Well, but, Lucy, Dr. Bartlett knew your Lord Reresby abroad, and speaks well of him. He has wished for this match ever since it was first mentioned; nay *before* it was mentioned—Ever since he was a bridegroom on my bro-

ther's happy day: and you are a good girl, that you have not paraded, as Harriet *did*, and Clementina *does*.

Have I any more to say? I think not. I will endeavour to get a sight of what Harriet has written. Let her deny me, if she dare. If that suggests to me a subject which she has not touched upon, well and good: if not, take it for a conclusion, chits, that I wish you all well; and to our venerable Mrs. Shirley, and respectable aunt Selby, and her honest man, health, happiness, and so-forth.

CH. G.

LETTER XLVII.

LADY G. TO MISS SELBY.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 9.

I Am afraid your brother James will terrify you all. Surprising!—I am very angry with him; for, however slight he might make of what I have to tell you, I know, that none of you besides will; I therefore dispatch this by a man and horse, on purpose to set your hearts at ease.—The wretch left her in a fainting fit. Had the dear creature ever any of these fits before? But why do I ask? This is easily accounted for: she was over-fatigued with a walk. Against warning, against threatenings, she and Lady Clementina had taken a longer walk than ever they did before, quite to the end of the park, to view some alterations which Sir Charles was making there. They had forgotten that they had the same length to walk back again. Half-way on their return, tired, and each accusing herself, and apologizing to the other, they were surprised by a sudden shower of rain; a violent one; a thunder shower: no shelter; they were forced to run for it towards a distant tree; which, when they approached, they found wet through; as they both were. So they made the best of their way to the house; were seen at a little distance, making the appearance of frightened hares. The servants ran to them with cloaks, which, thrown over their wet cloaths, helped to load them. As Harriet entered the hall-door, which leads into the garden, she was surprized with the sight of Sir Charles, entering at the other. She expected him not till Friday or Saturday,

day. Her complexion changed; she sighed, sobbed; her cheeks, her lips turned pale: down she was sinking. My brother was terrified; but he caught her in his arms, and saved her fall.

Lady L. and I were together, indulging ourselves with our little nursery, who were crowing at each other: I singing to both, [By the way they are surprizing infants] when word was brought, that my brother was come, and Lady Grandison was dying. How were we both terrified! We, in our fright, each popt her pug into the arms of the other, by way of ridding our hands of our own; and the women being not at hand, threw the smiling brats into one cradle; and down hurried we to our Harriet.

In the midst of all this bustle, the wise brother of yours, Lucy, slipped away, without taking leave of us. What though his hour was fixed, and his post-chaise waiting, could he not have staid one half hour? O these inconsiderate, hair-brain'd—Don't be angry, Lucy, he has vexed us for you. I should otherwise have left to herself the account of her indisposition and recovery. She has got cold; so has her sister-excellence, as my brother justly calls her. Is it to be wondered at?—She was feverish all day yesterday; but made slight of it; and would have come down to dinner; but we would not permit her to leave her chamber.

How was Lady Clementina affected; she laid all at her own door: and last night, Harriet being still more feverish, we all talked ourselves into a thousand panicks. Lady Clementina was not to be pacified.

To-day, she is, in a manner, quite well; and we are all joy upon it. But she shall never again do the honours of the park to Lady Clementina. Trust me for that, grandmamma Shirley; and expect a letter from the dear creature herself by the post. Adieu, adieu, Lucy, every-body, in a violent hurry subscribes *your*

CHARLOTTE G.

P. S. My hurry is owing only to the demands of my marmoset upon me. To nothing else, upon my honour! For we are all safe, serene, and so-forth.

LETTER XLVIII.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

GRANDISON HALL, FRIDAY,
MAY 11.

I Am sorry, my dearest grandmamma, you have all been so much alarmed by an indisposition which is already gone off. My cousin James, foolish youth! I wish he had not called upon us on his return from Portsmouth, or that he had staid at Grandison Hall till now. Lady G. has given you, in her lively way, an account of the girlish inconsideration, which might have been attended with a fever, had not Mr. Lowther been at hand; who thought it adviseable that I should lose blood. But it was the joy on seeing Sir Charles after an absence of eight days, and several days sooner than I had expected that pleasure, which overcame me.

Never, never *was* there so tender, so affectionate, so indulgent a husband!—Lady G. has told you that I fainted away—When recovered, I found myself in his arms; all our friends assembled round me; every one expressing *such* a tender concern.

Harriet, be grateful! But canst thou be enough so? How art thou beloved of hearts the most worthy!—And what new proofs hast thou received of that love of all other the dearest! Every hour do I experience some new instance of his tender goodness: he stirred not from my chamber for half an hour together, for two whole days and nights. All the rest he took was in a chair by my bed-side; and very little was his rest: yet, blessed be God! his health suffered not. Every cordial, every medicine, did he administer to me with his own hands. He regarded not any body but his Harriet. The world, he told me, was nothing to him without his Harriet. So amiably has he appeared in this new light, nor in my fond eyes only, but in those of all here; who are continually congratulating me upon it; and every one telling me little circumstances of his kind attention, and anxious fondness, as some happened to observe one, some another, that though I wanted not proofs before of his affection for me, I cannot account my indisposition an unhappiness; especially

as it has gone off without the consequences, of which you were so very apprehensive.—‘Dear Sir, I obey you: but indeed, indeed, writing to my grandmamma does me good. But I obey. Only let thus far as I have written, be dispatched to my Northamptonshire friends,’ *from their ever dutiful,*

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XLIX.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

I Have a constant attendant in Lady Clementina. She was not to be consoled when I was at worst.—Wringing her hands. O that she had never come to England! was her frequent exclamation: and they apprehended, that her mind would be again disturbed. She has not yet recovered her former sedateness. She gets by herself, when she is not with me. She is often in tears, and wishes herself in Italy. Sir Charles is concerned for her. She has something upon her mind, he says; and asked me if she had not disclosed it to me? He wondered she had not; expressing himself with pleasure on the confidence each has in the other.

SUNDAY, MAY 13.

SIGNOR Jeronymo has been pitying to me the Count of Belvedere. The poor man could not prevail upon himself to accompany Sir Charles and his noble friends down. He owned to Jeronymo, that he had twice set out for Grandison Hall; but both times, being unable to pursue his intention, turned back.

Jeronymo told me, that the Count had made his will, and left all that he could leave, and his whole personal estate, to their family, in case he should die unmarried. He would not leave it to Lady Clementina, lest, if his bequests were to come to her knowledge, she should think he was so mean, as to expect that favour from his riches, of which he had no hope from her esteem.

‘The generous Belvedere declares,’ said Jeronymo, ‘that should her ma-

lady be renewed by means of our interesting ourselves in his favour, he should be the most miserable of men. ‘My dear Jeronymo,’ said he, at parting in town, ‘tell that angel of a woman, that I never will solicit her favour, while I shall have reason to apprehend she has aversion to me. ‘May Clementina be happy, and Belvedere must have some consolation from knowing her to be so, however wretched he may be on the whole! ‘But assure yourself, Jeronymo, that I will never be the husband of any other woman, while she is unmarried.’

I joined with Signor Jeronymo in pitying the count: yet, I must own, that my compassion is still more deeply engaged for Clementina. But I was affected not a little, however, when Jeronymo read a passage from a letter of the count, which, at my request, he left with me; and which I English as follows.—‘After his supplications put up to Heaven for her happiness, whatever became of him—‘But can she be happy,’ says he, ‘in her present situation? May there not be always a struggle between her exalted notion of duty, and her passion, (though the noblest that ever warmed a human breast), which may renew the disorders of her mind?—Were she mine—(Let me indulge for one moment, the rapturous supposition)—I could hope to conduct, to guide, to compose, that noble mind. We would admire, with an equal affection, that best of men, whose goodness is not more the object of her love, than of my veneration. Jealous as I am of her honour, I would satisfy the charmer of my soul, that I approved of her sisterly love of a man so excellent. She would not then be left to the silent distress of her own heart.’

What say my grandmamma, my aunt, my Lucy? Shall I wish the noble Clementina may be prevailed upon in favour of this really worthy man? Should I, do you think, be prevailed upon in her situation?—A better question still—*Ought I?*

MONDAY, MAY 14.

My cousin James has seen me, and I have chid him too, for having been so hasty to carry bad news to Northamptonshire,

amptonsire, without staying a day or two, when he might have carried better. 'Tis true, they will not permit me to quit my chamber yet: but that is rather for precautionary than necessary reasons; and they have given over chiding me for writing—Their indulgence to me of my pen will convince you, that I am quite well.

Lady Clementina most sincerely rejoices in my recovery. Yet she is every day more and more thoughtful and solemn. She is grieved, she tells her mother, (who is troubled at her solemnity) for her brother Jeronymo, who indeed is not well. Mr. Lowther tells us, that he must not expect to be exempt from temporary pains and disorder: but I am sure the worthy man would be easier in his own mind, were his sister to give her hand to the Count of Belvedere.

I talked to Sir Charles on this subject an hour ago. 'Lady Clementina, my dear Sir,' said I, 'is not happy. I question whether she ever will, unless she is allowed her own way, the veil.'

'And that,' returned he, 'has been so long a family-objection, that the compliance with her wishes, would break the heart of her mother, at least; and greatly afflict all the rest. It must not, for *their* sakes, be thought of.'

'What then, Sir, can be done?'

'We must have patience, my dearest life. Her malady has unsettled her noble mind. She must try her own schemes; and if she find not happiness in any of them, she will think of new ones, till at last she fixes. Nor, I hope, is the time far off.'

'Do you think so, Sir?'

'Don't you see, my love, that the poor lady is more and more uneasy with herself? Something is working in her mind. I have desired her mother to leave that disturbed mind to its own generous workings. Her vehemence, raised by the opposition she met with, which she considered as a persecution, has for some time subsided; and she will probably fall upon reflections which she had not time to attend to before.'

'Jeronymo thinks,' proceeded he, 'that I might successfully plead in the count's favour—But did I not draw the articles? Did I not propose the terms? Lady Clementina shall not

be prevaricated with. She shuns me of late—In apprehension, perhaps, that I will try my influence over her. She never seems so easy, as when she is with my Harriet. You must preserve that consequence with her, which delicate minds will ever be of to one another. Some little appearances of her malady will perhaps, now and then, shew themselves, and unsettle her: but I have no doubt, if it please God to preserve her reason, that her present uneasinesses will be productive of some great change in her schemes, which may end in a tranquillity of mind, that will make us all who love her, happy. Mean time, my dear, let this be our rule, if you please: let her lead; let us only follow—Persuasion against a vowed inclination, you and I, my Harriet, have always condemned as a degree of compulsion. Had the admirable lady been *intreated* to take the noble measure she fell upon, when she rejected me, however great the motives, she would not have been so happy, as she was, when she found herself absolute mistress of the question, and could astonish and surprize us all by her magnanimity.'

Who could resist this reasoning? How well does he seem to know this excellent woman, when he considers her unhappy unfixeness, occasioned by a malady, which will now and then (till she can be settled in some quiet and agreeable way) shew itself in her conduct, when she has any great part before her to act!

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 15.

LADY Clementina, soon after dinner, sent up to me her Camilla, (for I was not at table) to desire a quarter of an hour's discourse with me in my chamber. I gave direction, that nobody should come to me till I rang. She entered; made me sit; took her seat by me; and immediately, with a noble frankness in her manner, thus began—

'I could not, my dear Lady Grandison, ask the favour of your ear on the subject I wanted to open my heart upon to you, till I saw you were perfectly recovered. God be praised, that you are! What anxieties did your late indisposition give me! I accused myself as the cause of it.—I had engaged you, thoughtlessly, in too

' too long a walk. You know how
 ' Lady G. how Lady L. were terrified.
 ' I overheard them once that evening
 ' talking over their fears to one another.
 ' Lady G. I thought, looked with un-
 ' kindness upon me. My aid ineffec-
 ' tual, my person in the way, I hur-
 ' ried to my chamber—"Good God!"
 ' said I, (every object looking strange
 ' about me) "Where am I? What
 ' am I? Can I be the same Clemen-
 ' tina della Porretta that I was a few
 ' months ago? Can I have brought
 ' misery to the family which was my
 ' only refuge? To the man who—"
 ' [She paused: then lifting up her
 ' eyes; "Blessed virgin!" said she,
 ' "And is Clementina in the house of
 ' the man whom she has been known
 ' to regard above all men; and whom
 ' she still *does* regard; but not as
 ' Olivia supposes?"]—"And then on
 ' my knees I offered up fervent prayers
 ' for your health and happiness; and
 ' that it would please God to return
 ' me, with reputation, to my native
 ' country. My eyes are now opened
 ' to the impropriety I have been guilty
 ' of in taking refuge in England; and
 ' in remaining in it, and in your house,
 ' and with a man whom I am known
 ' to value. The world has begun to
 ' talk: cruel Olivia! She will lead and
 ' point and talk, as she would have it
 ' believed. I am under obligation to
 ' your goodness, and to that of all
 ' your friends, that they and you think
 ' kindly of me, situated as I once was.
 ' I am obliged (mortifying considera-
 ' tion to a spirit like mine!) to Sir
 ' Charles Grandison's generosity and
 ' compassion, that he does not despise
 ' me. A *girl* (forgive me for mention-
 ' ing it; it is to *you* only) has been, by
 ' my dear Mrs. Beaumont, proposed,
 ' indirectly at least, for a pattern to me.
 ' How am I sunk! My pride cannot
 ' bear it. Had I been allowed to take
 ' the veil, all these improprieties in my
 ' conduct had been prevented; all these
 ' mortifications would have been spared
 ' the unhappy Clementina—Tell me,
 ' advise me—May I not renew my en-
 ' treaties to be allowed to take the veil?
 ' Give me, as to your sister, (no sister
 ' ever loved her sister better than I love
 ' you) your advice: counsel me what
 ' to do, what course to steer, to recover
 ' myself in my own eyes. At present
 ' I hate, I despise, myself.'

' With how little reason, my dearest
 ' sister, my excellent friend: all my
 ' family revere you; Sir Charles, his
 ' sisters, and I, love you; Lady G.
 ' particularly admires you; she could
 ' not possibly look unkindly upon you.
 ' What has Olivia dared to report?
 ' But did she ever forbear her rash cen-
 ' sures?—What can I advise you? I
 ' see your delicate distress. But sup-
 ' pose you open your mind to the mar-
 ' chioness? To Mrs. Beaumont, sup-
 ' pose? She is the most prudent of
 ' women.'

' I know *their* minds already.
 ' Their judgments are not with me.
 ' Mrs. Beaumont (indeed without in-
 ' tending it) has terrified me. My
 ' mamma thinks herself bound by the
 ' articles, and will not speak.'

' Suppose, my dearest lady, you ad-
 ' vise with Sir Charles? You know he
 ' is the most delicate-minded of men.'

' I shall ever honour him: but your
 ' indisposition has made me look upon
 ' him with more reverence than fami-
 ' liarity. I have avoided him. An
 ' exquisite pain has seized my heart,
 ' on being brought to meditate the im-
 ' propriety of my situation: a pain I
 ' cannot describe. *Here* it used to be,
 ' (putting her hand to her forehead;) *but here* now it is, (removing it to
 ' her heart;) 'and at times I cannot
 ' bear it.'

' Let me beg of Lady Clementina
 ' to lay that noble heart open to Sir
 ' Charles. You know his disinterest-
 ' ed affection for you. You know his
 ' regard for your glory. You know
 ' that your own mother, your own
 ' Mrs. Beaumont, are not more deli-
 ' cate than he is. You may unbosom
 ' yourself to him. But such is his
 ' fear of offending you, that you must
 ' begin. A small opening will do.
 ' His nice regard for your honour,
 ' for the honour of our sex, will, on
 ' a slight encouragement, spare you all
 ' that would be irksome to you. He
 ' has no prejudices in favour or dis-
 ' favour of any body. He loves, it is
 ' true, he reveres your *whole family*;
 ' but *you* more than all the rest. Shall
 ' I say that he made his court to me
 ' in your name, and by your interest;
 ' yet acknowledged himself refused by
 ' an angel?'

' Excellent man!—I *will* consult
 ' him, and in your presence.'

‘As to my presence, Madam—’
 ‘It must be so,’ interrupted she:
 ‘I shall want your support. Do you
 be my advocate with him; and if he
 will be an advocate for me, I may
 yet be happy. At present I see but
 one way to extricate myself with
 honour. I dare not propose it. He
 may. The world and Olivia will
 not let me be, in that world, a single
 woman, and happy.—Why should
 I not be allowed to quit it by a di-
 vine dedication?’

I embraced her; soothed her; but
 thought of Sir Charles’s advice, not
 to *lead*, but *follow* as she led: not one
 word, as I told her, would I say to
 him of what had passed between us,
 that she might have his own unpreju-
 diced advice.

I rang, by her permission. Sally
 came up. I made my request, by her,
 to her master. He found us together.
 ‘Sir Charles,’ said I, before he could
 speak, ‘Lady Clementina has some-
 thing on her mind: I have besought
 her to consult you.’

‘I must consult you *both*,’ said she.
 ‘—To-morrow morning, Sir, as early
 as will suit Lady Grandison, we will
 meet for that purpose.’

May the issue of to-morrow’s confe-
 rence be tranquillity of mind to this ex-
 cellent lady!

LETTER L.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTI-
NUATION.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 16.

THE conference was held in Ita-
 lian. It was but just turned of
 seven in the morning, when we met in
 my drawing-room.

I had told Lady Clementina that she
 must lead the subject; but Sir Charles
 seeing her in some confusion, relieved
 her—‘You do me, Madam,’ said he,
 ‘great honour; and it is worthy of
 our brotherly and sisterly friendship
 in proposing to ask my opinion on
 any subject in which you are interest-
 ed. Our dear Harriet’s recovery
 (God be praised for it!) has left no
 wish in my heart so ardent as for
 your happiness. Permit me to say,

my dear Lady Clementina, it is *ne-
 cessary* for that of us both.’

Indeed, Madam, it *is*,’ said I,
 taking her hand. ‘Tenderness, love,
 respect, I am sure, were in my coun-
 tenance, if it spoke my heart. She
 condescendingly bowed upon mine;
 tears were in her eyes: ‘You pain me,
 chevalier—you pain me, Madam—
 by your goodness—How many of my
 friends have I made unhappy!’

‘For some days past,’ said Sir
 Charles, ‘I have observed, that you
 have seemed more uneasy than usual.
 Would to Heaven it were in my
 power to remove the cause!’

‘Perhaps it *may*. Ah, chevalier!
 I thought when I came into the con-
 promise, that I might have made
 myself happier in it, than I now find
 I can be.’

‘Dear Lady Clementina!’ said Sir
 Charles; and stooped.

‘Be not displeased with me, cheva-
 lier. I must hold myself bound by
 it, if it be insisted on. But though
 my condescending friends urge me
 not by entreaties, by persuasions,
 see you not that their *wishing eyes*,
 and *sighing hearts*, break every hour
 the articles agreed to?’

‘Dear Madam!’

‘I knew you would not be angry
 with me.’

‘I am not. It would be equally
 unfriendly and insolent if I were.
 But, my dear Clementina, what an
 affecting picture have you drawn of
 the resignation of parents to the will
 of their child, in an article which
 their hearts were fixed upon.’

‘Add not weight, Sir, to my uneasy
 reflections. I can hardly bear to see
 in them the generous suppression of
 their own wishes.’

She then addressed herself to me.—
 ‘Bear with me, dear Lady Grandison,
 if I cast an eye back to former situa-
 tions. You know my whole story.
 For a few moments bear with me.
 —I never, God is my witness, en-
 vied you. On the contrary, I re-
 joiced to find those merits, which I
 had not power to reward, so *amply*
 rewarded by you; and that the che-
 valier was so great a gainer by my
 declining his vows.’—She stooped.

‘Proceed, dearest Lady Clemen-
 tina,’ said I—‘Are we not sisters?’

‘And

'And do I not know, that yours is the noblest of female minds?'

'I rejoice, Sir, from my heart, that I was enabled to act as I did.'

Again she stopt. Sir Charles bowed in silence.

'But still I hoped, that one day my parents would have been overcome in favour of the divine dedication. That was always my wish, till you, Sir, induced me to come into a compromise. And then I was resolved to make myself, if possible, happy, in the single life allowed me. But what *can* I do? My former wishes recur. I cannot help it: and it seems evident to me, that there is but one measure, and that is the convent, which can make me happy.'

'Dear Lady Clementina!' said Sir Charles, 'will you be pleased to allow me—'

'Olivia, Sir,' interrupted she ('you don't, perhaps, know that) reflects upon me. It was indeed a rash step, which I took, when I fled to England: how has it countenanced the excursion *she* made hither? Though, God knows, our motives were widely different: hers was to obtain what mine was intended to avoid.—But your sudden indisposition, Madam, pointed the sting, and carried it into my heart. That flashed full upon me, the impropriety of my situation.—Can there be, say, chevalier, can there be, any expedient which will free me from reflection, from slander, except that of the veil?'

'You *lead* the question, Madam,' replied Sir Charles: 'I but *follow* you. Surely there *can*.'

'You are not angry with me, chevalier? You do not upbraid me with breach of articles?'

'I do *not*, Madam, while we only *reason*, not *resolve*. Assure yourself that *your* tranquillity of mind is one of the principal objects of my daily vows. Say, Lady Clementina, all that is in your heart to say. Your friend, your brother, hears his sister with all the tenderness of fraternal love.'

'How soothing! How kind!—You say there *is* another expedient. What, excepting marriage, is it?'

'Were it *that*, and that *could* be an acceptable expedient—We are only *reasoning*, Madam; not *resolving*.'

'Do you, chevalier,' (with a look of impatience;) 'propose that to me?'

'I do *not*, Madam—I said we were *reasoning* only.—But surely you *may* be very happy in the *single* life. You *may* have thought of plans, which, on consideration, may not please you: but it is yet early. Lady Clementina has too much greatness of mind to permit any thing that may be said by malevolent people to affect her. She knows her heart; and has reason to be satisfied with it. Were your former wishes to take place, will not ill-will and slander follow you into the most sacred retirements? There are several tender points to be considered in your past situation. These are considered by your parents. They have no view but to your happiness. You and they indeed have different notions of the means. They think marriage with a worthy man of your own faith, would tend to establish it. You think assuming the veil the only expedient. This subject has been much canvassed. They are determined not to urge you: yet their judgments are not changed. Shall they not be allowed to *wish*? Especially when they *urge* not, *speak* not, their wishes? Your father was earnest with the Count of Belvedere, in my hearing, when last in town, to give up all expectations from you. God preserve their lives till they see you happy! You must be convinced, that your happiness is their *end*, by what *soever means* it may be obtained.'

'My father, my mother, are all goodness!—God preserve their precious lives!—Tears trickled down her cheeks.'

'I am sure, my dear Lady Clementina, you cannot be happy in *any* state of life, if your choice, pursued, would make your *parents* unhappy.—Could Lady Clementina, were she even *professed*, divest herself of *all* filial, of *all* family regards? Would not that very contemplative life, of which she is at present so fond, make her, when it was too late to retrieve the step, (and with the more regret, perhaps, because it *was* too late) carry her thoughts, her affections, with greater force, back to parents, if *living*, so deservedly dear, to brothers so disinterestedly kind to her; and

and who have *all* shared so largely in her distresses?

She sighed. She wept. 'O chevalier!' was all she said.

'You cannot, Madam, live only to yourself, for yourself: and you may live to your God in the world, perhaps, more efficaciously than in the convent, with regard to your soul's health, as you have such large ability to do good: for wants not the world, as I have heretofore pleaded, such an example as you can give it?—The heart, Madam, not the profession, is the truly acceptable. Your maternal grandfather, though a sound catholic, would have it, that there were many sighing hearts in convents: and on this supposition (confirmed to him by a singular instance which affected him) he inserted in his will the clauses which he thought would oblige you to marry. Your other grandfather joined in the enforcement of them.'

'And what, Sir, was the penalty? only the forfeiture of an estate, which I wish not for; which none of us want. We are all rich. It is a *purchased*, not a *paternal* estate.'

'And purchased with what view, Madam? And for whom?'

'I would have my family superior to such motives.'

'Must they not, my dear Clementina, be judges for themselves?'

'I do not *believe*,' proceeded she, 'that there *are* many sighing hearts in convents: but if there *were*, and my friends would be satisfied, (for that, I own, is an essential point with me) I should not, I am *sure*, add to the number of such. As to what you say of the world wanting such an example as I could set it, I have not vanity enough to be convinced by that argument. Whether my soul's peace could be *best* promoted in the world, or in the convent, must be left to *me* to judge; who know that in the turmoils and disturbances I have met with, both of mind and body, the retired, the sequestered life, is most likely to re-compose my shattered spirits.'

'Those turmoils, those disturbances, Madam, thank God! are over.'

'I pity, I can forgive, I *do* forgive, the poor Laurana. Ah, Sir! you know not, perhaps, that LOVE, a

passion which is often the cause of guilty meanness, as sometimes indeed of laudable greatness, was the secret cause of Laurana's cruelty to me. She hated me not, till that passion invaded her bosom. Shall I remember the evil of her behaviour, and not the good?'

'Admirable Clementina!' said Sir Charles; 'Admirable lady!' said his Harriet; both in a breath.

'She was the companion of my childhood,' proceeded the exalted lady. 'We had our education together. I was the *sufferer*; thank God! not the *aggressor*. She has made me great, by putting it into my power to *forgive* her. Let all my revenge be in her compunction from my forgiveness, and from my wishes to promote her welfare!'

'And a revenge indeed would that be,' said Sir Charles, 'were she, who had acted by an excellent creature, as she has done by you, capable of generous compunction. But, dear Madam, can it be expected, if *you* can forgive her, that your family should join, by giving up their reversionary expectance, to *reward* her for her cruelty to their child, who was entrusted to her kindest care and protection? Can you, Madam, treat lightly those instances of your parents and brothers love, which have made them resent her barbarity to you?—My dear Lady Clementina, you must not aim at being *above* nature. Remember that your grandfather never *designed* this estate for Laurana. It was only to be provisionally hers, in order to secure it the more effectually to you; and, on failure of descendants from you, to your elder brother, who, however, wishes not for it. His heart is in your marriage. He only wishes that it may not be, the cruel Laurana's. If you can defeat the design of your grandfathers, with regard to your *own* interest, ought you to do injustice to your brother's claim?'

'O chevalier!'

'Ought you to think of disposing of your brother's right? Has he not much better reason, to be considered by you for his affection, than Laurana has for her cruelty?—Abhorred be that sort of LOVE, which is pleaded in excuse of barbarity, or

of any extravagant, undutiful, or unnatural action!

She sighed. Tears again stole down her cheeks. After a short silence—
O spare me, chevalier?—Despise me not, Lady Grandison!—My enfeebled reason may lead me into error; but when I know it is error, I will not continue in it. I see that, with regard to my brother's interest in this estate, I reasoned wrong. I was guilty, my dear Lady Grandison, I doubt, in your eye, of a false piece of heroism. I was for doing *less* than justice to a brother, that I might do *more* than justice to an unnatural relation.

All that Laurana can hope from you, Madam, said Sir Charles, is, that you will intitle her to the receipt of the considerable legacy your grandfather bequeathed to her.

And how is that to be done, interrupted she, but by marriage?—Ah, chevalier!

Such, indeed, is the state of the case. Such was it *designed* to be. I, Madam, but state it. I advise nothing.

Still, Sir, the motive which may allowably have weight with my friends, ought not to have principal weight with me. Consider, Sir: is it not setting an earthly state against my immortal soul?

Far otherwise, Madam. Can you so far doubt of the divine grace, can you so far disparage your own virtues, as to suppose they want the security of a convent? Do justice, my dear Lady Clementina, to yourself. You have virtues which cannot be exerted in a convent; and you have *means* to display them for the good of hundreds. I argue not as a protestant, when I address myself to you. The most zealous catholic, if unprejudiced, *circumstanced as you are*, must allow of what I say.

Ah, chevalier, how you anticipate me! I was going to charge you with arguing like a protestant.

Did not your grandfathers, Madam, in *effect* argue as I argue, when they made their wills? Did not your father, mother, uncle, brothers, thus argue, when they wished you to relinquish all thoughts of the veil? And are not the one, were not the others, all zealous catholics? Does

not your brother the bishop, does not your truly pious confessor, acquiesce in their reasonings, and concur with (at least not *oppose*) the family reasons?

She looked down, sweetly conscious. Sir Charles proceeded.

Has not your mother, Madam, who gave you and your three brothers to the world, a *merit* both with God and man, one of you dedicated, as he is, to God, (you see, Madam, I address myself to you in the catholic stile) which the cloistered life could not have given her? Are not the conjugal and maternal duties (performed as she has performed them) of higher account, than any of those can be, which may be exerted in the sequestered life? Clementina could not wish to be a better woman *in the convent*, than her mother has always been *out of it*.

She hesitated, sighed, looked down: at last, 'What can I say?' said she. I have signed to the waving of my wishes after the veil; and must, I see, abide by my signing. It is, however, generous in you, Sir, not to plead against me *that* my act; and to hear me with patience want to be absolved from it. But I am not happy. She stooped and turned away her face to conceal her emotion.

Sir Charles was affected as well as I. She recovered her speech. I am, at times, said she, too sensible of running into flight and absurdity. My late unhappy malady has weakened my reasoning powers. You both *can*, I see you both *do*, pity me.—Let me say, chevalier, that when I came into your proposed compromise, (which after so grievous a fault committed, as the flying from my native country, and indulgent parents, I could the less refuse) I promised myself happiness in a situation, in which, I *now* see, it is not to be found.—Your friendship, your united friendship for me, happy pair! I thought (as I knew I deserved it) by my disinterested affection for you both) would contribute to it; I was therefore desirous to cultivate it. My wounded reason allowed me not to consider, that there were improprieties in my scheme, of which the world would think otherwise than I did: and when I heard of vile

and

and undeserved reflections cast upon me—but most when that sudden disposition seized you, my dear Lady Grandison, and seemed to my frightened imagination to threaten a life so precious—

She paused; then proceeded—‘I have told you, Madam, my reflections.—Before you, chevalier, I have said enough.—And now advise me what to do.—To say truth, I almost as much long to quit England, as I did to fly to it. I am unhappy. O my fluctuating heart! When, when, shall I be settled?’

‘What, Madam, can I say?’ answered Sir Charles: ‘what can I advise? You say you are not happy. You think your parents are not so. We all believe you can make them so. But God forbid it should be to your own unhappiness, who have already been so great a sufferer, though hardly a greater than every one of your friends has been from your sufferings. I plead not, Madam, the cause of any one man. I have told you, that your father himself advises a certain nobleman to give over all hopes of you: and that person himself says, that he will endeavour to do so; first, because he promised you, that he would; and next, because he is now too well assured, that you have an aversion to him.’

‘An aversion, chevalier! God forbid that I should have an aversion to any human creature! I thought my behaviour to that gentleman had been such—’ She stopt.

‘It was great; it was worthy of you. But this is his apprehension: and if it be just, God forbid that Lady Clementina should think of him!’

‘My dear Lady Grandison, do you advise me upon all that has passed upon this conference. You assured me at the beginning of it, that my peace of mind was necessary to your happiness.’

‘From my affection for you, my dear Lady Clementina, and from my affection only, it is necessary. You cannot have a distress, which will not, if I know it, be a distress to me. You know best what you can do. God give you happiness, and make yours the foundation of that of your indulgent parents; they are

of opinion, that a settled life with some worthy man of your own country and faith, will greatly contribute to it. Your mamma is firmly of opinion it will: so is Mrs. Beaumont. But you see that you cannot, in justice to your brother, and to his children yet unborn, as well as in duty to your deceased grandfathers, assume the veil: you see that the unnatural Laurana, whom you still are so great as to love, cannot enjoy a considerable legacy bequeathed on her, but on your marriage.—If you have a dislike to the nobleman who has so large a share in the affections of all your family, by no means think of him. Rejoice, Madam, in a single life, if you think you can be happy in it, till some man offer whom you can favour with your esteem. Let me be honoured meantime with the continuance of your love, as I shall be found to deserve it. We are already sisters. In presence, we will be one; in absence we will not be divided; for we will mingle souls and sentiments on paper.’

I was proceeding; but she wrapt her arms about my neck. She bathed my cheek with her tears.—O how generously did she extol me! how delighted, how affected, was the dearest of men! how delicate was his behaviour to both! The tender friend in her, the beloved wife, were, with the nicest propriety, distinguished by him.

The dear lady was too much disordered by her own grateful rapture, to recover a train of reasoning. She told me, however, that she would ponder, weigh, consider every thing that had passed.

God give her happiness! prays with her whole heart, *your*

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER LI.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

THURSDAY, MAY 17.

LADY Clementina is thoughtful, solemn, and thuns company. Not one word will any body say to her of the Count of Belvedere: but as he is expected here every day to take his

leave, Sir Charles thinks she ought not to be surprized by his coming at un-awares. She neither dined nor supped in company yesterday; nor breakfasted with us this morning. She loves, as you have heard, to walk in the garden. She diverts herself often with feeding the deer, which gather about her, as soon as she enters the park. Sir Charles just now passed her in the garden. He asked after her health.—

‘My mind is not well, chevalier!’—
‘God Almighty heal it!’ said he, taking her hand, and bowing upon it.
—‘Thank you, Sir! Continue your prayers for me. That *last* conversation, chevalier—But, adieu.’

She took a path that led to the park. He looked after her. She turned once to see if he did. He bowed, and motioned with his hand, as for leave to follow her. She understood his motion, and by hers forbid him.—Poor lady!

THURSDAY EVENING, SIX O'CLOCK.

MR. Lowther returned from London about an hour ago. He has always been of opinion with the physicians of Italy, that a disorder of mind not hereditary, but circumstanced as Lady Clementina's was, will be in no danger of returning, or of becoming hereditary, unless on some new distress like the former. He expressed his wonder more than once, at her relations acquiescence with her plea, as she made *that* the principal against marriage; though he allowed it to be a noble and generous one in her. And now, in order to justify his opinion, he has taken, of his own accord, the opinions of the most noted London physicians; who entirely agree with him.

SATURDAY, MAY 19.

LADY Clementina has been generously lamenting to me the unhappiness of the cruel Laurana. ‘What I hinted to Sir Charles,’ said she, ‘of her love for the Count of Belvedere, is but too true. I have been urged to have compassion, as it is called, on him. He should have shewed some for her. She was proposed to him. He rejected the proposal with haughtiness; but, I believe, knew not how much she loved him. I have faint remembrances of

her ravings, as I may call them; for him, to her mother and woman; sometimes vowing revenge for slighted love.—Poor Laurana was another Olivia in the violence of her passion. In the few lucid intervals I had when I was under her management, I always expected that these ravings would end in harder usage of me. Yet even then, when I had calmness enough to pity myself, I pitied her. O that the count would make her happy, and could make himself happy in her!’

She asked me if Sir Charles were not indeed inclined to favour the count?

‘He wishes you, Madam, to marry,’ answered I, ‘because he thinks (and the physicians of Italy and England, and Mr. Lowther, concur with your parents wishes) if there were a man in the world whom you could consent to make happy, the consequence would not only make your whole family so, but yourself. But the choice of the *man*, he thinks, should be entirely left to you; he thinks that the count, so often refused, ought not to be insisted on; and that time should be given you.’

‘Let me ask you, Lady Grandison, as one sister to another, could you, in my situation, have resolved to give your hand—’ She stopt, blushed, looked down. I snatched her hand, and lifted it to my lips—‘Speak your whole heart, my Clementina, to your Harriet.—But yet I will spare you, when I understand your meaning. Noblest of women, I am not Clementina. I could not, situated as you once were, all my friends consenting, and the man—such as you knew him to be, have refused him my hand as well as heart. But what may not be expected from a lady, who, from a regard to her superior duties, could make the most laudable passion of inferior force? You have already overcome the greatest difficulty; and when you can persuade yourself that it is your *duty* to enter into new measures I am sure, whatever they may be—’

‘Dear Lady Grandison, say no more—My duty—How delicate are your intimations!—What a subject have we slid into!—Believe me, I am incapable—’

‘Of any thought, of any imagination,

tion,' interrupted I, 'that an angel might not own: it would be an injury to your Harriet's emulative love of you, were you but to suppose any assurances of your greatness of mind necessary.'

'But I am at times pained, generous Lady Grandison, for what your friends may think, may wish—O that I were in my own country again!'

'They wish for nothing but your happiness. Lay down your own plan, dear lady: chalk out your future steps. Look about you one, two, three years, in the single life! Assured your indulgent parents—'

'Hush, hush, hush, hush, my dear Lady Grandison!' gently putting her hand on my mouth: 'I will, I must, leave you!—O my fluctuating heart!—But whatever I shall be enabled to do; whose-soever displeasure I may incur, do you continue to love me; still call me sister! and, through you, let me call Sir Charles Grandison my brother; and then shall I have a felicity that will counterbalance many infelicities.'

She hurried from me, not staying to hear the affectionate assurances of my admiring love, that were bursting my lips from a heart fervently desiring to comply with every wish of hers.

SUNDAY, MAY 20.

THE marquis is slightly indisposed. The marchioness is not well. Lady Clementina applying to Mrs. Beaumont for consolation on the occasion, owned, that were their indispositions to gather strength, she should be too ready, for her peace of mind, to charge them to her own account. Mrs. Beaumont generously consoled her, without urging one syllable in favour of the man, who has so large an interest in the hearts of all her family, her own excepted. She herself mentioned with approbation to Mrs. Beaumont, some particulars, of the count's munificence and greatness of mind, that had come to her knowledge; but wished he could think of her cousin Laurana. Her Camilla came in. She asked with anxious duty, after her mother's health; and withdrew in tears, to attend her.

MONDAY, MAY 21.

'WELL, but now, I Charlotte G. who have taken up Harriet's pen, say,

'these tears will soon be dried up. The marquis and his lady are both better. The count is arrived; Signors Julian and Sebastiano with him. Did you not see the count when he was in town, Lucy? A pretty man, upon my life, were he not quite so solemn: but that very solemnity will make for him with a fair romancer: is he not come, as Lee says, in his Theodosius,

—“To take eternal leave?”

“Not to vouchsafe to see him, would be scorn,
“Which the fair soul of gentle CLEMENTINA
“Could never harbour.”

'Accordingly, on his arrival, not un- sent to, but almost unexpected, down she came to tea; and with such a grace!—Indeed, my dear and venerable Mrs. Shirley, she will be a good girl. All will come right. She was a little solemn indeed in her serenity: but she plainly put herself forward to speak. She seemed to pity the count's confusion, (who, poor soul! knew not how to speak to her) and relieved it by enquiring after his health, as he had not been well. She addressed herself to him once or twice on indifferent subjects; and pleased every body by her behaviour to him. Nay, they talked together a good while at the window, he, and she, and Mrs. Beaumont, very freely about England and Italy, comparing in a few instances, these gardens with those of the marquis at Bologna. No very interesting conversation indeed; but the good count thought himself in paradise. Yet he fears he shall to-morrow be allowed to take a long, long leave of her. He goes to France and Italy; not to Spain. I like him for that; it would only be distressing himself farther, he says, were he to amuse a worthy family, who have invited him thither, with a view that can never be answered, while Clementina remains unmarried.

'My brother continues to insist upon it, that not one word shall be said in the count's favour. Sea-room, and land-room, Mrs. Shirley, as I said once before—Where did he learn so thoroughly to understand the perverseness of a female heart?’

BY LADY GRANDISON.] You see, my grandmamma, what Lady G. has written. Her sweetly playful pen may divert

divert you. Her heart feels not, as mine does, the perplexities of the dear Clementina: but I yield, with grateful pleasure, to a pen so much more lively, than that of *your*

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER LII.

LADY G. TO MISS SELBY.

TUESDAY, MAY 22.

AND so, Lucy, your day is fixed! May next Thursday be a happy one, and reward the heroick girl who so nobly conquered a first love, on the discovered unworthiness of the man! And you own that your heart is far from being indifferent to Lord Reresby. —Good girl! —Confirmation of all my doctrines. We women prate and prate of what we *can*, and what we *can-not*; what we *ought*, and what we *ought-not*, to do: but none of us stay-till-we-are-asked mortals know what we shall, or can do, till we are tried by the power of determining being put into our hands. Was it possible for me to have loved that sorry wretch Anderson, so well as I really loved my honest Lord G.? It was not. But though I name that creature myself, never do you presume to do it. I blush even to this hour at looking back to certain giddinesses that debased my character. —But let me quit a subject so disagreeable.

Lady Clementina has had a bad night, it seems. —Came not down to breakfast. The poor enamoretto was in despair. I tried to hearten him up a little: but my brother will not let any body flatter him with a hope that too probably may end in disappointment.

Yonder [I am writing at my window, you must know] is the fair inflexible musing in the garden. I have a good mind to call to her; for I see by her motions and downcast looks, that reverie is no favourable sign for the count. —No need of my calling to her; my brother has this minute joined her. As soon as he came in sight, she went to him. —Now, dear brother, put in a word for the poor man.

Well, but Lucy, this poor lord of yours must come among us. He shall not carry you to Ireland this year. Let all who would be good husbands and

good wives, come to Grandison Hall, and learn: and, pray, let them come while *I am here*. Yet I have something to say against our Harriet too. —She is so taken up with her heroick friendship, that Clementina is now almost the only subject of her pen. What godlike instances of my brother's goodness does she leave untold, though she admires him for them, as much as ever? Every rising, every setting sun, are witnesses of his divine philanthropy. I suppose she looks upon his praises now, to be her own. Well she may. Never were hearts so united, so formed, for one another. But Harriet used to praise herself formerly; did she not, uncle Selby?

Believe me, I will praise my honest man whenever he gives me cause. For instance; yesterday, I was well enough pleased with what he said to my brother. —'You, Sir Charles, ought not to give yourself up to a private life. Your country has a claim upon such a character as yours.'

'Without doubt,' said I. —'Shall we, my lord, make my brother an ambassador, or a justice of peace?' —Lord G. rubbed his forehead: but seeing me smile, his countenance brightened up. 'Don't you know, Charlotte,' said my brother, 'that nothing but the engagements our noble guests have given me, would have prevented me from acting in the usual character you have last named?'

'O that you had, brother! What admirable causes would then have been brought before US, *en dernier ressort*! How delightfully would your time have been taken up with the appeals of scolding wives, forsaken damsels, and witches presumptive!'

'Lady G. *must* be herself, what ever be the subject,' replied Sir Charles. —'You and I love her, my lord, for her charming vivacity. —But think you, my sister, that a day spent in doing good, be the objects of it ever so low, is not more pleasing to reflect upon, than a day of the most elegant indulgence? Would persons of sense and distinction (myself out of the question) more frequently than they do, undertake the task, it would be lighter to every one, and would keep the great power vested in this class of magistrates, and which is every year increasing, out

out of mean and mercenary hands. And surely men of consideration in the world owe it to their tenants, neighbours, and to those of their fellow-creatures, to whose industry they are obliged for their affluence, to employ in their service, those advantages of rank and education, which make it perhaps easy for them to clear up and adjust, in half an hour, matters that would be of endless perplexity and entanglement to the parties concerned.

Mind this, uncle Selby; for I think you are too fond of your own ways, and your own hours, to do your duty as an active justice, though of the quorum.

But I should have told you, Lucy, how this conversation began. I got the occasion for it out of Dr. Bartlett afterwards. You must know, that I visit him now and then as Harriet used to do, to learn some of my brother's good deeds, that otherwise would not come to our knowledge; by which I understand, that notwithstanding he gives his guests so much of his company, and appears so easy and free among us, yet, that every beneficent scheme is going on; not one improvement stands still: he knows not what it is to be one moment idle.

Dr. Bartlett tells me, that some gentlemen of prime consideration in the county, have been offering my brother their interest against the next election. He modestly acknowledged the grateful sense he had of the honour done him; but declined it for the present, as having been too little a while returned into his own country, after so long an absence, to be as yet fit for a trust so important. 'We young men,' said he, 'are apt to be warm: when we have not studied a point thoroughly, we act upon hasty conclusions, and sometimes support, sometimes oppose, on insufficient grounds. I would not be under engagements to any party; neither can I think of contributing to destroy the morals and health of all the country-people round me, to make myself what is called an *interest*. Forgive me, gentlemen: I mean not to slight your favours! But on such an occasion, I ought to be explicit.'

But, after the gentlemen were gone,

'There is a county, Dr. Bartlett,' said he, 'of which I should be ambitious to be one of the representatives, had I a *natural* interest in it; because of the reverence I bear to the good man, to whom in that case I should have the honour to call myself a colleague. When I can think myself more worthy than at present I am, of standing in such a civil relation to him, I shall consider him as another Gamaliel, at whose feet (so long absent as I have been from my native country) I shall be proud to be initiated into the service of the public.'

It is not difficult to guess, who my brother—But my marmouset is squalling for me; and I must fly to silence it.

Now, Lucy, that I have pacified my brat, do I wish you with me at my window. My brother and his Harriet only, are at this instant walking almost under it, engaged in earnest conversation; seemingly, how pleasing a one! admiration and tenderness mingled in *his* looks; in *her*, while he speaks, the most delighted attention; when she answers, love, assiance, modest diffidence, benevolence, compassion; an expression that no pen can describe—Knowing them both so well, and acquainted with their usual behaviour to each other, I can make it all out. She is pleading, I am sure, for Clementina. Charming pleader! Yet, my dear Mrs. Shirley, I fear her reasonings are romantick ones. Our Harriet, you know, was always a little tinctured with heroism: and she goes back in her mind to the time that she thought she could never be the wife of any other man than my brother, (though then hopeless that he could be hers;) and supposes Clementina in the same situation.

When I looked first, I dare say he was giving her an account of the conversation that passed an hour ago, between him and Clementina. He had his arm round her waist, sometimes pressing her to him as they walked; sometimes standing still; and, on her replies, raising her hand to his lips, with such *tender* passion—But here she comes.

'Harriet, if I am a witch, let Lucy know it. Here—read this last paragraph—Have I guessed right at your subject

* subject of discourse?—You will tell me,
* you say, in a letter by itself—Do so."

LETTER LIII.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MISS SELBY.

[IN CONTINUATION OF LADY G.'s
SUBJECT.]

YOU need not be told, my dear Lucy, that our charming Lady G. is mistress of penetration. Your happy Harriet has been engaged in the most pleasing conversation. The best of husbands conceals not from her one emotion of his excellent heart. He is greatly distressed for Clementina. It would be unworthy of his character, if he were not; yet he seems to think she may be happy with the Count of Belvedere: that is the point we have been debating. As Sir Charles would have been the man of her choice, but for an invincible obstacle, is it not owing, partly to his delicate modesty, that he thinks she may be so? What think you, Lucy?

Lady G. says, I make Clementina's case my own. Be it so; because *so* it ought to be. Could I have been happy with Lord D.?—Call it romantick, if you please, Lady G.? I think it impossible that I *could*, even though I could not form to myself that Sir Charles Grandison himself would make the tender, the indulgent husband he makes to the happiest of women.

Sir Charles gave me the particulars of the conversation that passed between him and Lady Clementina in the garden. He observed, that she is not a stranger to the count's resolution, never to marry while *she* remains unmarried; and that it is the intention of that nobleman to return to Italy, and not go to Spain at all. Perhaps she had her information either from Camilla or Laura; who both heard him declare as much. If she has condescended to hear *them* talk on a subject which every body else has studiously avoided, she may also have heard from them many other particulars greatly to the count's honour; for they are his admirers and well-wishers.

Sir Charles believes she will take a gracious leave of the count before he sets out.

The solemn, the parting interview, was to have been in my drawing-room this afternoon: but Lady Clementina has given the count an unexpected, and joyful reprieve.

She dined in company. We were all charmed with her free and easy deportment, as well to the count, as to every body else. *His* was not so easy. He, intending to bespeak the favour of half an hour's audience of her, in order to take leave of her, when she arose from table, was in visible agitations. How the poor man trembled! with what awe, with what reverence, as he sat, did he glance towards her! How did every body pity him, and by their eyes beseech her pity for him! yet, in the same moment, our eyes fell under hers, as she looked upon each person; we all seemingly unwilling to have her think we entreated for him by them. I thought I read in her lovely countenance, more than once, compassion for him; yet, the breath hard-fetched, as often shewed a sigh suppressed, that indicated, I imagined, a *wish* (also suppressed) after a life more eligible to her than the nuptial.

At last, when we women arose from table, he, as a man who must address her in taste, or be unable at all to do it, stepped towards her; retreated, when near her, as irresolute; and again advancing, profoundly bowing, 'Madam, Madam,' said he, hesitatingly—putting out his hand, as if he would have taken hers; but withdrawing it hastily, before he touched it—'I hope—I beg—allow me—I beseech you—one parting moment.'

She pitied his confusion. 'My lord,' said she, 'we see you to-morrow in the afternoon—[Allow me, Madam—to me.] She curtsied to him, and withdrew with some little precipitation; but with a dignity that never forsakes her.

Every man, it seems, congratulated the count—every woman (when withdrawn with her) Clementina. The marchioness folded her in her maternal bosom—'My daughter! My beloved daughter! My Clementina!' was all she said, tears trickling down her cheeks.—'O my mamma!—kneeling (affected by her mother's tears)—'O my mamma!—was all the daughter could say. And rising, took Mrs. Beaumont's

Beaumont's hand, and retired with her to her own apartment.

WE see her now in the garden with that excellent woman, arm in arm, in earnest talk, as we sit by the window.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

AND now, my grandmamma, a word or two of dear Northamptonshire.

I have a letter from Emily. I enclose it, with a copy of my answer. I hope it is not a breach of confidence to communicate them both to you, and through you, Madam, to my aunt Selby. At present, I wish the contents may be a secret to every body else.

Don't let Lucy repine at her distant residence, if it must be in Ireland. It is generally the privilege of husbands to draw their wives after them. Sir Charles says it is but a trip to that kingdom: and having an estate in it, which he is intent upon improving, he will be her visitor; and so will his Harriet, you need not question, if he make her the offer of accompanying him. To you, my grandmamma, I know every part of the British dominions, where your friends have a natural call, is Northamptonshire. Lucy's grandmother, however, will miss her: but has not she a Lucy in her Nancy? And has not her grandson James a chance (if Patty Holles will favour him) to carry to her another granddaughter? Besides, Lord Reresby, who is so good-natured a man, will not be in haste to quit the county where he has obtained so rich a prize. Sir Charles expects them both with him for a month at least, before they leave England.

Happy! happy! as the sixteenth of November to me, may be the twenty-fourth of May to Lucy, prays, *her ever affectionate*

HARRIET GRANDISON.

. LETTER LIV.

MISS EMILY JERVOIS, TO LADY GRANDISON.

SATURDAY, MAY 19.

I Have something to communicate to you, my dear Lady Grandison, and take your advice about; yet, so young a creature as I am, I am quite ashamed.

But you must keep my secret from every living soul, and from my guardian too, for the present, since in writing to you, I think I write to him, as you know all his heart, and are so prudent a lady. It is true, I was (or I might have been, I should rather say) a forward girl with regard to him: but then my whole heart was captivated by his perfections, by his greatness of *mind*; that was all. May not a creature, though ever so young, admire a good man's goodness? May she not have a deep sense of gratitude for kindness conferred? That gratitude may indeed, as she grows up, engage her too deeply; and I found myself in danger; but made my escape in time. Thank God!—and thank you who assisted me!—What an excellent lady are you, that one can speak to you of these tender matters! But you are the queen of our sex, and sit enthroned, holding out your scepter in pity to one poor girl, and raising another, and another; for it is glory enough for you to call a man yours, for whom so many hearts have sighed in secret.

But this was always my way—I never sat myself down to write to my guardian or to you, but my preambles were longer than my matter—To the point then—but *be sure* keep my secret—

Here every body is fond of Sir Edward Beauchamp. He is indeed a very agreeable man. Next to my guardian, I think him the most agreeable of men. He is always coming down to us. I cannot but see that he is particularly obliging to me. I really believe, young as I am, he loves me: but every body is so *silent* about him; yet they slide away and leave us together very often. It looks as if all favoured him; yet would not interfere. He has not made any declaration of love neither. I am so young a creature, you know; and to be sure he is a very prudent man.

My guardian dearly loves him—who does not? His address is *so* gentle; his words are so soothing: his voice—To be sure he is a very amiable man! Now tell me freely—Do you think my guardian (but pray only sound him—I am so young a creature, you know) would be displeased if matters were to come to something in time?—Three or four years hence, suppose, if Sir Edward would think it worth his while

to stay for so silly a creature?—I would not *think* of sooner.—If not, I would not allow myself to be so much in his company, you know.

He has a very good estate; and though he is ten or twelve years older than I, yet he never will be more than that; since every year that goes over his head, will go over mine likewise—So you will be pleased to give me your opinion.

And here all the world is for marrying, I think. Miss Selby is as good as gone, you know. Her brother courts Miss Patty Holles: Miss Kitty is not without her humble servant. Nay, Miss Nancy Selby, for that matter—But let these intelligences come from themselves.

You, my dear Lady Grandison, have led up this dance—So happy as you are—I think it is a right thing for young women to marry when young men are so desirous to copy Sir Charles Grandison.

Hasten to me your advice, if but in six lines. We expect Sir Edward down next week. I *must* like his company, because he is always telling us one charming thing or other of my guardian; and because he so sincerely rejoices in your happiness and his.

God continue it to you both. This is our prayer night and morning, for our own sakes, as well as yours, believe *your ever obliged, and affectionate*

EMILY JERVOIS.

LETTER LV.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MISS JERVOIS.

TUESDAY, MAY 22.

I Have a great opinion of your prudence, my love: and I have as high a one of Sir Edward Beauchamp's honour and discretion. His fortune, his merit, are unexceptionable. Your guardian loves him. If you could certainly love Sir Edward above all men, and he you above all women, I am of opinion your guardian will think no alliance can be happier than both, and for himself too; for you know, my dear, that your welfare is near his heart. Let me, my sweet Emily, refer you, as to your conduct on this oc-

casión, to my own almost-unerring counsellors, my grandmamma and aunt Selby. Don't be ashamed to open your heart to them: are you not under their wings? I will so manage, that they shall lead the way to your freedom with them. Your difficulties by this means will be lessened. Sir Charles will pay the greatest attention to their advice. But yet I must insist, that the reference to them, shall not deprive of my Emily's confidence, *her ever affectionate sister, and faithful friend and servant,*

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER LVI.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

THURSDAY, MAY 24.

I Begin this letter, as I ended my last to Lucy—May this day be a happy one to her, and then it will be so to us all—My dear aunt Selby will be so good as to favour me with a line to acquaint me with the actual celebration; that I may ground upon it my earliest felicitations.

I will proceed with an account of what so much engages the attention of every one here.

I told you in one of my former, that Lady G. had shewn to Mrs. Beaumont Lucy's account of the conversation held at Shirley Manor, on the subject of a first love, with Lady G.'s sprightly decision upon it, and upon the appeal made to me. I must now tell you, that Mrs. Beaumont prevailed upon Lady Clementina to desire me to read it to her. She made her request; and I obeyed. Mrs. Beaumont was present. Not a word by way of application did either she or I suggest, when I had done reading. Lady Clementina's complexion often changed as I read. She was not at all diverted with those lively parts of Lady G.'s decision, that I ventured to read; though she is an admirer of her sprightly vein. She looked down most of the time in solemn silence. And at last, when I had ended, she, sighing, started, as if from a reverie, arose, curtisied, and withdrew; not having once opened her lips on the subject.

THE

THE bishop, Signor Jeronymo, and the two young lords, just now joined to request Sir Charles to become avowedly an advocate for the count to Lady Clementina. They urged that she was balancing in his favour; and that Sir Charles's weight would turn the scale: but Sir Charles not only desired to be excused, but begged that she might not be solicited by any body on that subject—'May she not,' asked he, 'be reasoning with herself, and considering what she can do, with justice to the count and herself? Her *future* peace of mind is concerned that her determination *now*, shall be all her own. Leave her no room for after-regret, for having been persuaded against her mind. If persuasions only are wanting, will she not wrap herself up in reserve, to keep herself in countenance for not having been persuaded before?'

Pursuant to this advice, the marchioness in a conversation with her beloved daughter, that might have led to the subject on which their hearts are fixed, declined it; saying, 'Whatever my child shall determine upon, with regard to any plan for her future life, let her whole heart be in it; her choice shall be ours.'

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

LADY Clementina excused herself from breakfasting with us; but obliged us with her company at dinner. How does Sir Charles's countenance always shine, when he finds himself surrounded at table by his friends! The larger the circle, the more diffused is his cheerfulness. With what delight does his Jeronymo meditate him! He dwells upon what he says, and by his eyes cast with less complacency on an interrupter, seems to wish every one silent, when Sir Charles's lips begin to open.

After he had gone round his ample table, saying something obliging to all, (in a manner *calling* forth every one to say something in his or her own way) he addressed himself more particularly to the count, and led him into subjects both learned and familiar, in which he knew he *could* shine; and in which he *did*. It was doubly kind in Sir Charles to do so; for the poor man's reverence for the mistress of his fate, had taken all courage from his love, and he *want-*

ed to be drawn out. Never can bashful merit appear to so much advantage, as in Sir Charles's address to it.

How much soul did Lady Clementina shew in her eyes! She was very attentive to every one that spoke. She asked the count questions more than once on some of the subjects he was led to talk of. My eyes, as I could feel, glistened when she did, to see how those of her father and mother rejoiced, as I may say, on the notice she took of him. Lady Clementina could not but observe how delightfully her complaisance to the count was received by all her family—'Is it possible,' thought I, more than once, 'were I in the situation of this admirable lady, to avoid obliging such indulgent parents with the grant of all their wishes, that depended on myself; having given up voluntarily the man I preferred to all others?'

Signor Sebastiano dropt a hint once, of his own, and the count's, and Signor Juliano's intention of setting out; mentioning a care for their baggage, which by this time, he supposed, had reached Dover: but Clementina turning an attentive ear to what he said, Sir Charles was afraid she would take this hint as a design to hasten her resolution; and said, 'We will not sadden our hearts with the thoughts of parting with any of our friends.'

THURSDAY EVEN. EIGHT O'CLOCK.

A LETTER is this moment brought from town by an especial messenger, to Signor Jeronymo. The whole family, Lady Clementina excepted, are got together upon the contents.

TEN O'CLOCK.

THE marchioness, just now taking my hand, tears starting in her eyes, 'Ah, Madam,' said she, 'the poor wretch Laurana—' Just then the bishop and Father Marescotti entering, she put the letter into my hand. I shall inclose a translation of it.

TO SIGNOR JERONYMO DELLA PORRETTA.

MAY 6, N. S.

THE dear perverse Clementina may be now indulged, if she has not from principles of gratitude already yielded to give her hand to our Bel-

vedere. I hope she has. One of our motives for urging her, is at an end. Laurana is no more. Her mother kept from her, as long as she could, the news of the count's accompanying you all to England: but when she was told that he was actually in that kingdom; and that my sister was heard of; she doubted not but the consequence would be the defeating of all her hopes with regard to him. A deep melancholy first seized her; that was succeeded by raving fits: and it is suspected that the poor creature, eluding the care of her attendants, came to a miserable end. Lady Sforza is inconsolable. A malignant fever is given out—so let it pass—SHE, whom the wretched creature most cruelly used, will shed a tear for the companion of her childhood: but who else, besides her own mother, will?—Yet, if the manner of her quitting life were as shocking as it is whispered to me it was—But I will not enquire farther about it, for fear I should be induced to shew compassion for a wretch who had not any to shew to a near relation, entrusted to her care, and who had a right to her kindest treatment.

What a glorious creature, as you paint him, as fame, as Father Marefcotti, and you all report him, is your Grandison! Your sister-in-law must, I believe, be complied with. Ever since you all left Italy, she has been earnest to attend you in England. She even threatens to steal from her husband, if he consent not, and now Clementina has shewn her the way, procure a passage thither, to try my love in following her, as that naughty girl has all yours, in a season—But what is the inclemency of season, what are winds, mountains, seas, to a woman who has set her heart on an adventure? This I must allow in her favour, if she should fly from me, it will be to her father, mother, brothers, from whom her sister fled—Naughty, naughty Clementina! Can I forgive her? Yet if her parents do, what have I to say?

I do assure you, Jeronymo, that I unfeignedly join with you in your joy, that so deserving a man is not a loser by a disappointment, that we all know sat heavily upon him, at the time. I even long to see upon one

spot, two women, who are capable of shewing, as they have shewn, a magnanimity so very rare in the sex: one of whom, let me glory, is my sister. But Clementina ever was one of the most generous, however, in some points, unperfuadable, of human creatures.

Let Belvedere know how much I love him. Whatever be his fate with one of the perversest, yet noblest-minded of women, I will ever look upon him as my brother.

Reverence, duty, love, and the sincerest compliments, distribute, as due, my dear Jeronymo, from your

GIACOMO.

LETTER LVII.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

FRIDAY, MAY 5.

UNHAPPY Laurana! Sir Charles expressed great concern for the manner of her death. How can you, brother, said Lady G. (when we three only were together) be concerned for so execrable a wretch!

Shall a human creature perish, replied he, and it's fellow-creature not be moved? Shall an immortal being fix it's eternal state by an act dreadful and irreversible; by a crime that admits not of repentance; and shall we not be concerned? This indeed was owing to distraction: but how ill was such a soul as Laurana's prepared to rush into eternity! Unhappy Laurana!

It is not thought fit, for obvious reasons, to acquaint Clementina with the contents of the general's letter.

At last, my dear grandmamma, the great point seems to be decided. Lady Clementina had for some time been employing herself in drawing up, in two opposite columns, the arguments for and against her entering into the marriage-state. She shewed them to me, and afterwards to Mrs. Beaumont; but would not allow either of us to take a copy. She has stated them very fairly; I could not but observe to her on which side the strength lay.

This morning she gave us her company

pany at breakfast-time for a few minutes only. She was in visible emotions; and seemed desirous of getting the better of them; but was unable; and therefore retired. She shut herself up, and about noon, sent, sealed up, a letter; which I will English as well as I can; thus directed—

TO HER EVER-HONOURED, EVER-INDULGENT FATHER AND MOTHER, CLEMENTINA DELLA PORRETTA.

HOW did my whole soul aspire after the veil!—Insuperable obstacles having arisen against the union of your child with one exalted man, how averse was I to enter into covenant with any other!

It was your pleasure, my lord; it was yours, Madam; that I should not be indulged in the aspiration. You had the goodness to oblige me in my averfeness.

The Chevalier Grandison has since convinced me, by generous and condescending reasonings, that I could not, in duty to the will of my two grandfathers, and in justice to my elder brother and his descendants, renew my wishes after the cloister. I submit.

But now, what is to be done; what *can* I do, to make you, my dearest parents, and my brothers, happy? Olivia triumphs over me. My situation is disagreeable: I, who ought to be a comfort to my friends, have been, I still am, a trouble to them all.—The Chevalier Grandison and his excellent lady, have signified to me, more than once, that they expect from me the completion of their earthly happiness: and what is this life, but a short, a transitory passage to a better?

Have I not declined accepting the vows of the first of men? The only man I ever saw with a wish to be united to him? Declined them on motives, that all my friends think do me honour?

Have I ever, dear as the struggle cost me, repented the glorious self-denial? And what precedents of self-denial (wholly yours by laws divine and human, as I am) have you, my ever-indulgent parents, set me?

Is there a man that I would prefer

to him whom my friends are solicitous to commend to my favour?

Cannot I, in performing my duty to my parents, perform all those duties of life, which performed, may entitle me to a blessed hope?

Shall I contend in and through life, to carry a point, that at the awful close of it, will appear to me, as nothing!—

Let me make a proposal—On a supposition that you, Sir—that you, Madam, (whose patient goodness to me has been unexampled) and every one of my friends, favour the Count of Belvedere as much as ever—I have always acknowledged his merits—

Permit me a year's consideration from the present time, to examine the state of my head and heart; and at the end of that year, allow me to determine; and I will endeavour, my dear parents, to make *your* wishes, and *my* duty, honour, conscience, (divested of caprice, fancy, petulance) my sole guides in the result, as well as in the discussion. The Chevalier Grandison, his lady, Father Marefcootti, and Mrs. Beaumont, shall be judges between my relations and me, if there be occasion.

But, as it would be unreasonable to expect, that the Count of Belvedere should attend an issue so uncertain; for I would rather die, than give my vows to a man to whom I could not do justice both with regard to head and heart; so, I make it my earnest request to him, that he will look upon himself to be absolutely free to make his own choice, and to pursue his own measures, as opportunities offer. Rejoiced at my heart should I be, to have reason to congratulate him on his nuptials with a woman, of the soundness of whose mind he could have no doubt, and whose heart never knew another attachment.

I would humbly propose, as a measure highly expedient, that the ever-obliging Chevalier Grandison and his truly admirable lady will permit us, as soon as possible, to depart from England. [O my friends! accuse me not of levity in your hearts! I obeyed, in the rash voyage hither, an impulse that appeared to me irresistible.] And let us leave it to his never.

never forfeited honour, to bring over to us, as soon as can be convenient, his lady, his sisters, and their lords, as they have made us hope; and that a family friendship may be cultivated among us, as if a legal relation had taken place.

But allow me to declare, that if my cousin Laurana shall be found to have entertained the least reason to hope that she might one day be Countess of Belvedere, that that expectation alone, whatever turn my health may take, shall be considered as finally determining the count's expectations on me; for I never will be looked upon as the rival of my cousin.

And now, blessed Virgin-mother of the God of my hope, do thou enable me to be an humble instrument of restoring to the hearts of my honoured and indulgent parents, and to those of my affectionate brothers and other friends, the tranquillity of which I have so unhappily and so long deprived them; prays, and will every hour pray, my ever-honoured and ever-indulgent father and mother, *your dutiful devoted*

CLEMENTINA.

FRIDAY, MAY 25.

THE marquis was alone with his lady in her dressing-room when Camilla carried them this letter. They opened it with impatience. They could not contain their joy when they perused it. They both declared, that it was all that *should*, all that *ought* to be exacted from her. The bishop, Signor Jeronymo, and her two cousins, on the contents being communicated to them, were in extasies of joy.

All that the Count of Belvedere had wished for, was, that Lady Clementina would give him hope, that if she ever married, he might be the happy man; and for the sake of this distant hope, he was resolved to forego all other engagements. Sir Charles was desired to acquaint him with the happy tidings. He did, with his usual prudence: but his joy is extreme.

The marquis and marchioness were impatient to embrace and thank their beloved daughter. The moment she saw them, she threw herself at their feet, as they sat together on one settee, and were rising to embrace her—O my

father!—O my mother!—Have I not been perverse in your eyes?—It was not I!—You can pity me!—It was not always in my power to think as I now do. My mind was disturbed. I sought for tranquillity, and could no where find it. My brother Giacomo was too precipitating; yet, in his earnestness to have me marry, shewed his disinterestedness. He gave me not time, as you both, through the advice of the common friend of us all, have done. The nearest evil was the heaviest to me: I sought to avoid that, and might have fallen into greater. God reward you, my father, my mother, and all my dear friends, for the indulgence you have shewn me—To follow me too into foreign climates, at an unpropitious season of the year!—And for what?—Not to chide, not to punish me; but to restore me to the arms of your parental love—And did you not vouchsafe to enter into conditions with your child!—How greatly disordered in my mind must I be, if I ever forget such instances of your graciousness!

The tender parents pressed her to their bosoms. How did her two brothers and Mrs. Beaumont applaud her!

O how good, said she, are you all to me! What a malady! A malady of the darkest hue! was mine, that it could fill me with such apprehensions, as were able to draw a cloud between your goodness and my gratitude; and make even your indulgence wear the face of hardship to me.

The bishop thought it not adviseable, that the count, who hardly knew how to trust himself with his own joy, should be presently introduced to her. The rejoicing lover therefore walked into the garden; giving way to his agreeable contemplations.

Clementina, her mind filled with self-complacency on the joyful reception her proposal had met with, went into the garden, intending to take one of her usual walks, Laura attending her. The count saw her enter, and fearing to disoblige her, if he broke in upon her, in her retirements, profoundly bowed, and took a different path. But she, crossing another alley, was near him before he was aware. He started; but recovering, threw himself at her feet—Life of my hope! Adorable Lady Clementina!

said

said he—But could not at the moment speak another word.

She relieved him from his confusion—
‘Rise, my lord,’ said she, ‘I crossed to meet you, on purpose to exchange a few words with you, as you happened to be in the garden.’

‘I cannot, cannot rise, till, thus prostrate at your feet, I have thanked you, Madam, with my whole soul—’

‘No thanks are due, my lord,’ interrupting him. ‘God knows what may happen in the next twelve months.’

‘Rise, my lord.’ [He arose.] ‘As a friend of our house, I will respect you; so I have heretofore told you: but for *your own* sake, for honour’s, for justice sake, I think it necessary to tell you, you must not make an *absolute* dependence on me from what I have written to my parents, though I repent not of what I have written.’

‘I will not Madam: for one year, for many years; I will await your pleasure. If at the end of any limited period, after that you have named, I cannot be so happy as to engage your favour, I will resign to my destiny—Only, mean time, permit me to hope.’

‘I mentioned, my lord, that it was for *your own* sake, that I wished you not to depend upon a contingency. Be you free to pursue your own measures. Who can say, what one, two, or three years may produce? Maladies that have once seized the head, generally, as I have heard say, keep their hold, or often return. Have I not, *very lately*, been guilty of a great rashness? Believe me, Sir, if at the end of the allowed year, I shall have reason to *suspect* myself, I will *suffer* by myself. I ever thought you a worthy man: God forbid that I should make a worthy man unhappy. That would be to double my own misery.’

‘Generous lady! exalted goodness!—Permit me, I once more beseech you, but to *hope*. I will resign to your pleasure whatever it shall *finally* be; and bless you for your determination, though it should doom me to despair.’

‘Remember, my lord, you are warned. You depend upon the regard all our house have for you. I owe it duty next to implicit, for it’s unex-

ampled indulgence to me. Your reliance on it’s favour is not a *weak* one—But, O count! remember I caution you, that your dependence on me, is not a *strong* one. Be prudent; let me not be vexed. My heart sickens at the thought of importunity. Opposition has it’s root in importunity. If you are happy as I wish, you will be *very* happy. But at present I have no notion, that I can ever contribute to make you so.’

He bent one knee, and was going to reply—‘Adieu, adieu,’ said she—‘Not another word, my lord, if you are wise. Are not events in the hand of Providence?’

She hurried from him. He was motionless for a few moments: his heart, however, overflowed with hope, love, and reverence.

On his reporting to the marchioness, Mrs. Beaumont, the two brothers, and me, what passed between the noble lady and him, as above, we all congratulated him.

‘The warning Lady Clementina has given you, my lord,’ said Mrs. Beaumont, ‘is of a piece with her usual greatness of mind, since the event referred to, is not, cannot be, in her own power.’

‘There is not,’ said Signor Jeronimo, ‘there *can* be but one woman greater than my sister—It is she; who can adopt as her dearest friend, a young creature of her own sex in calamity, (circumstances so delicate!) and for *her* sake, occasionally forget that she is the wife of the best and most beloved of men.’

‘Clementina,’ said the bishop, (the count being withdrawn) ‘will now compleat her triumph. She has, upon religious motives, refused the man of her inclination; the man deservedly beloved and admired by all her friends, and by the whole world: and now will she, from motives of duty, accept of another worthy man; and thereby lay her parents themselves, as well as the most disinterested of brothers, under obligation to her.—What a pleasure, Madam,’ (to the marchioness) ‘will it be to you, to my honoured lord, to my uncle, and even to our Giacomo, and still more to his excellent wife, to reflect on the patience you have had with her, since her

her last rash step, and the indulgence shewn her! Clementina now will be all our own.

Every one praised Sir Charles, and attributed to him the happy prospects before him.

LETTER LVIII.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS.
SHIRLEY.

MONDAY, MAY 28.

THE marchioness having been desired to break to Lady Clementina the news of Laurana's death, as of a fever, she did it with all imaginable tenderness this morning: but the generous lady was affected with it.—
‘O my poor cousin!’ said she—‘Once she loved me. I ever loved her!’—
‘Had she time given her!’—On what a sandy foundation do we build our schemes of worldly glory!—Poor Laurana!—God, I hope, has taken her to the arms of his mercy!’

The pious lady and her confessor have shut themselves up in the oratory appropriated for the devotions of this noble family, to pray, as I presume, for the soul of Laurana.

Every thing is settled according to a plan laid down by Lady Clementina, at the request of all her family. The count and Signor Sebastiano are to set out for Dover on Thursday next. In less than a month from their departure, they are to embark for France in their way home—All but Jeronymo. Sir Charles has prevailed, that he shall be left behind, to try what our English baths may contribute to the perfect re-establishment of his health.

This tender point having been referred to his admirable sister, she generously consented to his stay with us. She has still more generosity, because unasked, she released Sir Charles from his promise of attending them back to Italy, in consideration of his Harriet; since, at this time, he would not know how to leave her; nor she to spare him. But the next summer, if it be permitted me to look so forward, or the succeeding autumn to that, we hope to be all happy at Bologna. Lady L. Lady G. and their lords, have promised to accompany us: so has Dr. Bartlett; and we all hope, that Sir Edward Beau-

champ will not refuse to re-visit Italy with his friends.

FRIDAY, JUNE 1.

SIX happy days from the date of the letter which Lady Clementina wrote to her father and mother, has the count passed with us; the happiest, he often declared, of his life; for in every one of them, he was admitted with a freedom that rejoiced his heart, to converse with the mistress of his destiny. She called upon him more than once, in that space of time, to behave to her, as a brother to his sister; for this, she thinks, the uncertainty of what her situation may be a twelvemonth hence, requires for both their sakes.

Sweetly composed, sweetly easy, was her whole behaviour to him and to every body else, during these six days. The sisterly character was well supported by her to him: but in the count, the most ardent, the most respectful, and even venerating lover took place of the brotherly one. Signor Jeronymo loves his sister as he loves himself; but the eyes of the count, compared with those of Jeronymo, demonstrated, that there are two sorts of love; yet both ardent; and soul in both.

The parting scene between Clementina and the count was, on *his* side, a very fervent; on *hers*, a kind one. On his knees, he pressed with his lips, her not withdrawn hand. He would have spoken; but only could by his eyes; which run over—‘Be happy, my Lord Belvedere,’ said she. ‘You have my wishes for your health and safety—Adieu!’

She was for retiring: but the count and Signor Sebastiano, (of the latter of whom she had taken leave just before) following her a few paces, she turned; and with a noble composure—‘Adieu, once more, my two friends,’ said she—‘Take care, my lord, of Signor Sebastiano—Cousin, take care of the Count of Belvedere!’—curtseying to both. The count bowed to the ground, speechless. As he passed me, ‘Lady Grandison,’ said she, taking my hand, ‘sister of my heart; the day is fine; shall I, after you have blessed with your good wishes our parting friends, invite you into the garden?’ I took a cordial leave of the two noble youths, and followed her thither.

We had a sweet conversation there, and

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and it was made still more delightful to us both, by Sir Charles's joining us, in about half an hour; for the two lords would not permit him to attend them one step beyond the court-yard; though he had his horses in readiness to accompany them some miles on their way.

When we saw Sir Charles enter the garden, we stood still, arm in arm, expecting and inviting his approach.—

'Sweet sisters! Lovely friends!' said he, when come up to us, taking a hand of each, and joining them, bowing on both; 'let me mark this blessed spot with my eye;' looking round him; then on me, 'A tear on my Harriet's cheek!' He dried it off with my own handkerchief.—'Friendship, dearest creatures, will make at pleasure a safe bridge over the narrow seas; it will cut an easy passage through rocks and mountains, and make England and Italy one country. Kindred souls are always near.'

'In that hope, my good chevalier—in that hope, my dear Lady Grandison—will Clementina be happy, though the day of separation must not be far distant.—And will you here renew your promise, that when it shall be convenient to you, my dear Lady Grandison, you will not fail to grace our Italy with your presence?'

'We do!—We do!'

'Promise me again,' said the noble lady. 'I, too, have marked the spot with my eye,' (standing still, and, as Sir Charles had done, looking round her.) 'The orangery on the right-hand; that distant clump of oaklings on the left; the villa, the rivulet, before us; the cascade in view; that obelisk behind us—Be *this* the spot to be recollected as witness to the promise, when we are far, far distant from each other.'

We both repeated the promise; and Sir Charles said (and he is drawing a plan accordingly) that a little temple should be erected on that little spot, to be consecrated to our triple friendship; and, since she had so happily marked it, to be called after her name.

On Monday next, we are to set out for London. One fortnight passed, we shall accompany our noble friends to Dover—And there—O my grandmamma, how shall we do to part!

It is agreed, that Mr. Lowther and Mr. Deane, though the latter, I bless God, is in good health; will next season accompany Signor Jeronymo to Bath. Sir Charles proposes to be his visitor there; and when I will give permission, is the compliment made me; Sir Charles proposes to shew him Ireland, and his improvements on his estate in that kingdom. Will not Lucy be rejoiced at that?—I am happy, that her lord and the take so kindly the felicitations I made them both. You, my dear grandmamma, and all my friends in Northamptonshire, are sure of the heart of *their* and *your*

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER LIX.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

SAT. JUNE 16.

I Gave you, my dear grandmamma, in my two last letters*, an account of our delightful engagements among *ourselves* principally, and now and then at publick places. What a rich portion of time has passed! and we have still the promise of a week to come. And now let me take a survey of our present happy situation.

Every thing that can be adjusted, is. The Count of Belvedere, as by letters to Signor Jeronymo, is on his way to Italy, and not unhappy: Lady Clementina is mistress of every question, and the more studious, for that reason, of obliging all her friends. How joyfully do we all, in prospect, see a durable tranquillity taking possession of her noble heart! The marquis and marchioness have not one care written on their heretofore visibly anxious brows. Clementina sees, as every one does, their amended health in their fine countenances; wonders at the power she had over them, and regrets that she made not, what she calls a more grateful and dutiful use of it.

Father Marescotti, the bishop, Signor Juliano, compliment the English air, as if *that* had contributed to the alteration; and promise wonders from that and its salubrious baths for Jeronymo.

The highest merit is given to the

* These do not appear.

conduct of Sir Charles, and to the advice he gave, not to precipitate the noble Clementina.

Lord and Lady L. Lord and Lady G. when we are by ourselves, felicitate *me* more than any body else, on these joyful changes; for they rightly say, that I could not but look on the happiness of Lady Clementina as essential to my own.

But *your* congratulations, my dearest grandmamma, I most particularly expect, that in this whole critical event, which brought to England a lady so deserving of every one's love, not one shadow of doubt has arisen of the tender, inviolable affection of the best of men to his grateful Harriet.

So peculiarly circumstanced as he was, how unaffectedly noble has been his behaviour to his *WIFE*, and to his *FRIEND*, in the presence of both!—How often, though causelessly, (because of the nobleness of the lady's heart) have I silently wished him to abate of his outward tenderness to me, before her, though such as became the purest mind—Nothing but the conscious integrity of his own heart, above disguises or concealments, as his ever was, could thus gloriously have carried him through situations so delicate.

He had, from the first, avowed his friendly, his compassionating love, as well as admiration, of this noble lady: that generous avowal prepared his Harriet to *expect* that he should behave with tenderness to her, even had not her transcendent worthiness done honour to every one who paid her honour. To *her* he applauded, he exalted his Harriet: *she* was prepared to *expect* that he would recognize, in the face of the fun, obligations that he had entered into at the altar; and *both* knew that he was a *good* man; and that a *good* man cannot allow himself either to palliate or temporize with a duty, whether it regarded friendship, or a still closer and more sacred union. How many difficulties will the character and intervention of a man of undoubted virtue obviate! What cannot he effect? What force has his example! Sir Charles Grandison's love is a love to be gloried in. Magnanimity and tenderness are united in his noble heart. Little-ness of any kind has no place in it: all that know him are studious to com-

mend themselves to his favourable opinion; solicitous about what he will think of them; and, suppressing common foibles before him, find their hearts expand, nor know how to be mean.

O my God! do thou make me thankful for such a friend, protector, director, husband! Increase with my gratitude to *THEE*, my merits to him, and my power of obliging him. For *HIS* SAKE, spare to him (*This*, my grandmamma, he bids be *my* prayer—I know it is *yours*) in the awful hour approaching, his Harriet, whose life and welfare, he assures her, are the dearest part of his own.

LETTER LX.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, MONDAY,
JUNE 18.

NOW, at last, my dearest grandmamma, is the day arrived that we are setting out for Dover. We shall lodge at Canterbury this night, and reach Dover to-morrow. How sad our hearts!

CANTERBURY, MONDAY NIGHT.

HERE we are! How we look upon one another! The parting of dear friends, how grievous!—How does Sir Charles endeavour—But Lady Clementina is, to outward appearance, an heroine. What a grandeur of soul! She would not be *thought* to be concerned at leaving Sir Charles Grandison: but I see she is *inwardly* a sufferer. Jeronymo is silent. I hope he repents not his stay to oblige his dear friend, and us all. The marquis and marchioness are continually comforting themselves (and declare it to be needful) with the hope of seeing us in a few months. Thank God, they have a finer season to go back, than they had to come hither: and they have found the jewel they had lost.

I should have told you, that Lord and Lady L. and Lord and Lady G. took leave of us at Rochester; thinking so large a train would be inconvenient to those to whom they wished to do honour. How tender was the parting; particularly between Lady Clementina and Lady L.

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TEN O'CLOCK, MONDAY NIGHT.

I AM in my chamber here. Know not what to do with myself.—Yet cannot write. Must again join company.—Is not my Sir Charles in company?

DOVER, TUESDAY NIGHT.

HERE, here, we are! How foolish to attempt the pen! I know not what to do with myself. The vessel is ready; every one is ready. To-morrow morning, by day-light, if the wind—O what company to one another! How does the dear Clementina now melt into tears and tenderness!—Dear lady! What prayers has she put up for me! What tender blessings has she poured out upon me! How have we blessed, soothed and endeavoured to console each other! What vows of *more* than sisterly affection! Mrs. Beaumont! the excellent Mrs. Beaumont, *she* now is also affected—She never loved, at so short an acquaintance, she says, any mortal as she loves me. She blesses my dear Sir Charles, for his tender, yet manly love to me! we have engaged to correspond with each other, and in Italian chiefly, as with Lady Clementina, in order to perfect myself in that language, and to make myself, as the marchioness fondly says, an Italian woman, and her other daughter.

DOVER, WEDNESDAY MORNING.

CRUEL tenderness! they would not let me see them embark. Sir Charles laid his *commands* upon me (I will call them so, because I obeyed reluctantly) not to quit my chamber. Over-night we parted! What a solemn parting! Sir Charles and Mrs. Beaumont only—But are they gone? They are! Indeed they are—Sir Charles, to whom seas and mountains are nothing, when either the service or pleasure of his friends call upon him, is embarked with them. He will see them landed and accommodated at Calais, and then will return to Dover, to his expecting Harriet. His Jeronymo, his Beauchamp, and good Dr. Bartlett, are left to protect and comfort her. What a tender farewell between the doctor and Father Marefcotti, last night! They, also, are to be constant correspondents: the welfare of each family is to be one of their subjects.

Lady Clementina was not afraid of passing a boisterous sea, and the Bay

of Biscay, in a wintry season, when she pursued the flight that then was first in her view. Her noble mother, while she was in search of her daughter, had no fears: but now, the pangs of uncertainty and ardour of impatience being over, they both very thankfully embraced Sir Charles's offer (his *resolution*, I should say; for he would not have been refused) to accompany them over. The marquis complimented him, that every one would think themselves safe in the company of so good a man!—How will they be able to part with him! He with them! but in a twelve-month we shall all, God willing, meet again; and if the Almighty hear our prayers, have cause to rejoice in Lady Clementina's confirmed state of mind.

FRIDAY MORNING.

THE best of men, of friends, of husbands, is returned from Calais, cheerful, gay, lively, lovely, fraught with a thousand blessings for his Harriet. We shall set out, and hope to reach Canterbury this night, on our return to town.

Sir Charles assures me, that he left the dear sister of my heart not unhappy. She was *all herself* at parting, [His own words;] magnanimous, yet *condescendingly affectionate*, [His words also;] as one, who was not afraid or ashamed of her sisterly love for him. He took leave of her with a tenderness worthy of his friendship for her; a tenderness that the brave and the good ever shew to those who are deserving of their love.

He particularly recommended it to her father, mother, the bishop, and Father Marefcotti, (the two latter to enforce it upon the general) that they would not urge the noble lady, not even upon the expectation she had given them; but leave her wholly to her own will, and her own way. They all promised they would; and, the poor Laurana being now no more, undertook for the general.

He tells me, that he had engaged the Count of Belvedere, on his departure from England, to promise to make his court to her only by silent assiduities, and by those acts of beneficence and generosity, which were so natural to him, and so worthy of his splendid fortune.

ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, SUNDAY MORNING.

LAST night, blessed be God, we came hither in health and spirits. We are preparing for church. There shall we pray for the travellers, and be thankful for ourselves.

I expect Lord and Lady L. Lord and Lady G. and my cousin Reeves, according to the following billet from the ever-lively Lady G.

MY Harriet, thank God, is arrived, and in health and spirits. Caroline, and Mrs. Reeves, I know, will long to congratulate you. I have therefore sent to invite them to dinner with you. Their good men and mine of course, must be admitted. I know my brother will not be displeased. He is indulgent to all the whimsies of his Charlotte that carry in the face of them, as *this* does, affectionate freedom. Besides, it is stealing time for him: I know he will not long be in town, and must see us all before he leaves it. He will hasten to the Hall, in order to pursue the glorious schemes of benevolence which he has formed, and in which hundreds will find their account.

But let the green damask bed-chamber be got in a little sort of order, for a kind of nursery: where we dine, we sup. My marmouset must be with me, you know. I have bespoke Lady L.'s—Mrs. Reeves is to bring hers. They are to crow at one another, and we are to have a squalling concert. As it is Sunday, I will sing an anthem to them. My pug will not crow if I don't sing. Yet I am afraid the little Pagans will be less alive to a christian hymn, than to the sprightlier *Philida, Philida*, of Tom Dursey. I long to see how my agreeable Italian, poor thing! bears the absence of his father and mother. Bid him rub himself up, and look chearful, or I shall take him into our nursery to compleat the chorus, when our brats are in a squalling fit. Adieu till to-morrow, my dear, and ever dear Harriet!

LADY G. is a charming nurse. She must be extraordinary in whatever she

does. Signor Jeronymo admires her of all women. But she sometimes makes him look about him. He rejoices that he is with us; and is in charming spirits. He is extremely fond of children; particularly so of Lady G.'s.—It is indeed one of the finest infants I ever saw; and he calls it, after her, *his marmouset*, hugging it twenty times a day to his good-natured bosom. It would delight you to hear her sing to it, and to see her toss it about. Such a setting out in matrimony; who would have expected Charlotte to make such a wife, mother, nurse!—Her brother is charmed with her. He draws her into the pleasantries that she loves; lays himself open to it; and Lord G. fares the better for their vivacity. Sir Charles generally contrives to do him honour, by appealing to him when Charlotte is, as he complains, over-lively with himself: but that is in truth, when he himself takes her down, and compliments her as if she were an over-match for him. She often, at these times, shakes her head at me, as if she was sensible of his superiority in her own way.

But how I trifle! I am ready, quite ready, my dear Sir Charles. Lead your ever grateful Harriet to the house of the All-good, All-merciful, All-mighty. There shall I, as I always do, edify by your chearful piety!

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

A NEW engagement, and of a melancholy kind, calls Sir Charles away from me again. In how many ways may a good man be serviceable to his fellow creatures!

About two hours ago a near relation of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen came hither, in Sir Hargrave's chariot and six, (the horses smoaking) to beg he would set out with him, if possible, to the unhappy man's house on the forest, where he has been for a fortnight past, resigned to his last hope (and usually the physicians last prescription) *the air*. The gentleman's name is Pollexfen. He will, if the poor man die childless, enjoy the greatest part of his large estate. Mr. Pollexfen is a worthy man, I believe, notwithstanding Sir Hargrave's former disregard to him, and jealousies*; for, after he had de-

* See Sir Hargrave's letter to Dr. Bartlett. Vol. VI. passed & delivered

livered his message from his cousin, which was to beseech the comfort of Sir Charles's presence, and to declare that he could not die in peace, unless he saw him; he seconded Sir Hargrave's request with tears in his eyes, and an earnestness that had both honesty and compassion in it. Sir Charles wanted not this to induce him to go, for he looks upon visiting the sick, in such urgent cases, as an indispensable duty: and waiting but till the horses had baited, he set out with Mr. Pollexfen with the utmost cheerfulness, only saying to me—'It is a wonder, if the poor man be sensible, that he thought not of Dr. Bartlett rather than of me.'

Mr. Merceda, Mr. Bagenhall, and now Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, in the prime of their youth!—So lately reveling in full health, even to wantonness!—Companions in iniquity!—In so few months!—Thou! Almighty, comfort the poor man in his last agonies! and receive him! From my very soul I forgive him those injuries which I—But well I may—Since great as they were, they proved the means of my being brought acquainted with the lord of my wishes; the best of men.

Having filled my paper with the journal of near a week, I will conclude here, my dear grandmamma, with every tender wish and fervent prayer for the health and happiness of all my dear friends in Northamptonshire, who so kindly partake in that of *their and your*

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER LXI.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 4.

AH, my grandmamma!—The poor Sir Hargrave!—

Sir Charles returned but this morning. He found him sensible. He rejoiced to see him. He instantly begged his prayers. He wrung his hands; wept; lamented his past free life. 'Pain,' said he, 'would I have been intrusted with a few years trial of my penitence. I have wearied Heaven with my prayers to this purpose. I *deserved* not, perhaps, that they should be heard. My conscience cruelly told

me, that I had neglected a multitude of opportunities! slighted a multitude of warnings! O Sir Charles Grandison! It is a hard, *hard* thing to die! In the prime of youth, too!—Such noble possessions!—

And then he warned his surrounding friends, and made comparisons between Sir Charles's happiness, and his own misery. Sir Charles, at his request, sat up with him all night: he endeavoured to administer comfort to him; and called out for mercy for him, when the poor man could only by expressive looks, join in the solemn invocation. Sir Hargrave had begged he would close his eyes. He did. He staid to the last painful moment. Judge what such a heart as Sir Charles's must have felt on the awful occasion!

Poor Sir Hargrave Pollexfen!—May he have met with mercy from the All-merciful!

He gave his will into Sir Charles's hands, soon after he came down. He has made him his sole executor. Have you not been told that Sir Charles had heretofore reconciled him to his relations, and heirs at law? He had the pleasure of finding the reconciliation sincere. The poor man spoke kindly to them all. They were tenderly careful of him. He acknowledged their care.

I cannot write for tears.—The poor man, in the last solemn act of his life, has been *intendedly* kind, but *really* cruel to me.—I should have been a sincere mourner for him (a life so mispent!) without this act of regard for me—He has left me, as a small atonement, he calls it, for the terrors he once gave me, a very large legacy in money, (Sir Charles has not yet told me what) and his jewels and plate. And he has left Sir Charles a noble one besides. He died immensely rich. Sir Charles is grieved at both legacies; and the more, as he cannot give them back to the heirs, for they declare that he bound them under a solemn oath (and by a curse if they broke it) not to accept back, either from Sir Charles, or me, the large bequests he told them he had made us: and they assured Sir Charles, that they would be religiously bound by it.

Many unhappy objects will be the better for these bequests. Sir Charles tells me, that he will not interfere, no,
not

not so much as by his advice, in the disposal of mine. You, Madam, and my aunt Selby, must direct me, when it comes into my hands. Sir Charles intends, that the poor man's memory shall receive true honour from the disposition of his legacy to him. He is pleased with his Harriet, for the concern she expressed for this unhappy man. The most indulgent of husbands, finds out some reason to praise her for every thing she says and does. But could HE be otherwise than the best of HUSBANDS, who was the most dutiful of SONS; who is the most affectionate of BROTHERS; the most faithful of FRIENDS: who is good upon principle, in every relation of life!

What, my dear grandmamma, is the boasted character of most of those

who are called HEROES, to the unostentatious merit of a TRULY GOOD MAN? In what a variety of amiable lights does such an one appear? In how many ways is he a blessing and a joy to his fellow-creatures?

And this blessing, this joy, your Harriet can call more peculiarly her own!

My single heart, methinks, is not big enough to contain the gratitude which such a lot demands. Let the overflowings of your pious joy, my dearest grandmamma, join with my thankfulness, in paying part of the immense debt for *your undeserv'dly happy*

HARRIET GRANDISON.



A Concluding Note, by the Editor.

THE editor of the foregoing collection has the more readily undertaken to publish it, because he thinks human nature has often of late, been shewn in a light too degrading; and he hopes, from this series of letters, it will be seen, that characters may be good without being unnatural. Sir Charles Grandison himself is sensible of imperfections, and, as the reader will remember, accuses himself more than once, of tendencies to pride and passion, which it required his utmost caution and vigilance to rein-in; and many there are, who look upon his offered compromise with the Porretta family, in allowing the daughters of the proposed marriage, to be brought up by the mother, reserving to himself the education of the sons only, as a blot in the character. Indeed, Sir Charles himself declares to the general, that he would not have come into such a compromise in a beginning address, not even with a princess.

Notwithstanding this, it has been observed by some, that, in general, he approaches too near the faultless character which criticks censure as above nature: yet it ought to be observed too, that he performs no one action which is not in the power of any man in his situation to perform; and that he checks and restrains himself in no one instance in which it is not the duty of a prudent and good man to restrain himself.

It has been objected by some persons, that a man less able by strength or skill to repel an affront, than Sir Charles appears to have been, could not, with such honour, have extricated himself out of difficulties on refusing a challenge. And this is true, meaning by *honour*, the favourable opinion of the European world, from the time of it's being over-run by Gothick barbarism, down to the present. But as that notion of honour is evidently an absurd and mischievous one, and yet multitudes are at a loss to get over it, the rejection and confutation of it by a person whom, it was visible, the consideration of his own safety did not influence, must surely be of no small weight. And when

when it is once allowed, that there are cases and circumstances in which these polite *invitations to murder* may consistently with honour be disregarded, a little attention will easily find others; vulgar notions will insensibly wear out, and more ground be gained by degrees, than could have been attempted with hope of success, at once; till at length all may come to stand on the firm footing of reason and religion.

In the mean time, they who are less qualified to carry off right behaviour with honour in the eye of common judges, will however be esteemed for it by every serious and prudent person; and perhaps, inwardly, by many who are mean enough to join outwardly in blaming them.

Indeed, when a person hath deserved harsh treatment, his acquiescence under it may generally be imputed to fear alone, and so render him an object at once of hatred and ridicule, hardly possible to be borne: but he who supports a conduct equally offensive, by ever so much brutal courage, though a less contemptible, is a vastly more detestable creature. Whilst an upright and harmless man, suppose him ever so timorous, merits rather a kind sort of pity, than violent scorn.

But whoever declines forbidden instances of self-vindication, not from fear, but from principle; which is always to be presumed, if his regard to principle be steady and uniform in other things; such a one, however inferior to Sir Charles Grandison, in advantages of nature and art, yet if he shews real greatness of mind in such things as all men may, needs not doubt but he shall be respected by most, and may be sufficiently easy, though he is despised by some. He will still have the satisfaction of reflecting that the laws of all nations are of his side*, and only the usurped authority of a silly modern custom against him; that on many occasions, worthy men in all ages, have patiently suffered *false* disgrace for adhering to their duty; that the true bravery is to adhere to all duties under all disadvantages; and, that refusing a duel is a duty to ourselves, our fellow-creatures, and our MAKER. And whoever acts on these principles, the more reproach he undergoes for it, rather than be driven like a coward, by the scoffs of his fellow-subjects, to rebel against the SOVEREIGN of the universe, will have the more delightful consciousness of a strong inward principle of piety and virtue, and the more distinguished reward from the final Judge of all, who alone disposes of that honour which shall never fade.

It has been said, in behalf of many modern fictitious pieces, in which authors have given success (and *happiness*, as it is called) to their heroes of vicious, if not of profligate characters, that they have exhibited human nature as it is. Its corruption may, indeed, be exhibited in the faulty character; but need pictures of this be held out in books? Is not vice crowned with success, triumphant, and rewarded, and perhaps set off with wit and spirit, a dangerous representation? and is it not made even *more* dangerous by the hasty reformation introduced, in contradiction to all probability, for the sake of patching up what is called a happy ending?

The God of nature intended not human nature for a vile and contemptible thing: and many are the instances, in every age, of those whom he enables,

* It is so highly worth observing, that even the *military* law of our own country is strongly against duelling, that the editor cannot help subjoining an extract out of the articles of war, and recommending it to the consideration of all military persons.

ART. XX.—Nor shall any officer or soldier presume to send a challenge to any other officer or soldier, to fight a duel, upon pain of being cashiered, if he be an officer; or suffering the severest corporal punishment, if a non-commissioned officer, or private soldier: and if any officer, or non-commissioned officer commanding a guard, shall willingly and knowingly suffer any person whatever to go forth to fight a duel, they shall be punished as above; and all seconds also, and carriers of challenges, shall be taken as principals, and punished accordingly.—Nor shall any officer or soldier upbraid another for refusing a challenge, since, according to these our orders, they but do the duty of soldiers, who ought to submit themselves to discipline; and we do acquit and discharge all men who have quarrels offered or challenges sent to them, of all disgrace, or opinion of disadvantage, in their obedience hereunto: and whosoever shall upbraid them, and offend in this case, shall be punished as a challenger.

amidst all the frailties of mortality, to do it honour. Still the best performances of human creatures will be imperfect; but, such as they are, it is surely both delightful and instructive to dwell sometimes on this bright side of things; to shew, by a series of facts in common life, what a degree of excellence may be attained and preserved amidst all the infections of fashionable vice and folly.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON is therefore, in the general tenor of his principles and conduct, (though exerted in peculiarities of circumstances that cannot always be accommodated to particular imitation) proposed for an example; and, in offering him as such, were his character still more perfect than it is presumed to be, the editor is supported by an eminent divine of our country.

There is no manner of inconvenience in having a pattern propounded to us of so great perfection, as is above our reach to attain to: and there may be great advantages in it. The way to excel in any kind, is *optima quaque exempla ad imitandum proponere*; to propose the brightest and most perfect examples to our imitation. No man can write after too perfect and good a copy; and though he can never reach the perfection of it, yet he is like to learn more that by one less perfect. He that aims at the heavens, which yet he is sure to come short of, is like to shoot higher than he that aims at a mark within his reach.

Besides, that the excellency of the pattern, as it leaves room for continual improvement, so it kindles ambition, and makes men strain and contend to the utmost to do better. And, though he can never hope to equal the example before him, yet he will endeavour to come as near it as he can. So that a perfect pattern is no hindrance, but an advantage rather, to our improvement in any kind. Tillotson, Vol. II. Sermon LVII. p. 577.

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THE Proprietors of the NOVELLIST'S MAGAZINE apprehend there can be no Necessity for any Apology to their numerous kind Friends, for preserving in *their* Edition of SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, the Remembrance of the iniquitous Transaction recorded in the following Pages; which made much Noise in the World at the Time it happened, and is certainly still interesting to all who respect uncommon Genius, or detest every Species of Villainy. The unrivalled Talents of Mr. RICHARDSON, to say nothing of his known Goodness of Heart, should, of all Mankind, have shielded *him* from injury. Even the most uncivilized Barbarians, in a Variety of memorable Instances, flushed with Victory, and in the Habit of plundering, have been known to check their Depredations when they arrived at the Dwelling of extraordinary Genius, which has in all Ages and Countries been esteemed sacred.

The feeling Reader, who considers the transcendent Abilities of Mr. RICHARDSON, will not be surprized at any Warmth of Expression into which we may have been betrayed, in mentioning our Abhorrence of a Practice that includes several of those Crimes which are most injurious to Society.

Pursuant to our invariable Plan of printing every Line of each Work, and with the original Number of Volumes, which the respective Authors thought proper to lay before the Public, we shall complete the present Production; not chusing to add to the Number of those who, from mercenary Motives, frequently take Liberties with the Works of deceased Writers, as ungenerous as injurious, as ignorant as unjust.

Address

Address to the Public.

MR. Faulkner of Dublin, having in the News-paper which bears his name, of November 3, 1753, published a sort of defence of his own conduct in the transaction that passed between him and the Editor of the *HISTORY* of Sir CHARLES GRANDISON; in which he insinuates, that what was done by him and some of his brethren in trade, in Dublin, was in pursuance of a custom long established among the Dublin booksellers: and having also written letters to several persons of character in London, endeavouring to justify himself, without having that strict regard to veracity in them, which particularly becomes a man of business; yet intrepidly desiring that these letters might be shewn to Mr. Richardson; and, lastly, having joined with his brethren to shut the Dublin presses against his just complaints of the treatment he has met with from some of them; Mr. Richardson thinks he shall be excused for taking this opportunity to lay before the public an account of the whole transaction; and the rather, as the invaders of his property have done their utmost to make a NATIONAL CAUSE of the measure they compelled him to take; and as he presumes to think, that the CAUSE OF LITERATURE in general is affected by their usage of him.

He will begin with transcribing Mr. Faulkner's defence of himself.

Mr. Faulkner's Defence.

DUBLIN, NOV. 3, 1753.

George Faulkner, of Dublin, printer and bookseller, having contracted some time ago with Mr. Samuel Richardson, of London, for a work, intitled, *The History of Sir Charles Grandison*, which Mr. Richardson was to send to Ireland before publication in London: accordingly Mr. Richardson sent over four sheets of the first volume, which Mr. Faulkner received the third day of last August 1753, and posted up a title that day, which is a common practice among the booksellers, to give notice, that they have put a work, or works, to the press, with design to publish with all convenient speed; and thought that no other person in the kingdom had any part of that history; but, to his great surprize, there were three other titles posted up immediately after his, by three different booksellers, who shewed twelve sheets of this work in the same edition, and almost the first volume compleat, in a larger letter and paper.

Genuine History of the Transaction.

Mr. Faulkner knew, though he does not here say he did, how the three booksellers came at the sheets. In his letter, dated Dublin, Aug. 4, he sent Mr. Richardson the first news of the invasion of his property. 'I am very sorry,' says he, 'for the ill-treatment, and the disappointment that you and I have met with in the History of Sir Charles Grandison; four sheets of which work I received by the last post; but, to my great surprize, I find FOUR other booksellers here received much more of the same work, in octavo and duodecimo; which they have shewn me, and left with me to compare.'

He then gives proof of the iniquity, as it came out on his examination of the sheets.

'These circumstances,' proceeds he, 'will, I hope, convince you of the truth of what I have asserted.' [He had before given cautions to Mr. R. against the attempts of his brethren the Dublin booksellers upon the morality of his men,] 'and of the villainy and

'fraud of your journeymen, who have robbed you, and injured me; for which reasons, it will be troublesome and unnecessary for you to send me any more of this work, as the persons who have printed the inclosed titles, with ANOTHER bookfeller, claim the sole property of this work: and if I can prevail upon

' upon them to give me a share, it will be only a fifth part.' Might not a man, with whom he was in treaty, and who had given him, as will be seen, an *undeserved* preference, have expected advice and offers of assistance from him on this base attempt, (the rather, as he seemed very sensible, for his *own* sake, of the injury done Mr. R.) instead of endeavouring to *prevail* on such a confederacy to admit him into a share with them in a copy so vilely obtained? And this, without consulting Mr. R. or proposing to him to acquit him of his engagements to him! At that time, the corruptors of the honesty of Mr. R.'s servants had made no progress in the work: and Mr. F. knew, that Mr. R. was in the way of sending him sheets by every post; and (intending to publish but two volumes at a time) that Mr. F. would have the sheets early enough to answer the intentions and the engagements of both.

Three of the four persons are named in the title-pages he included in his letter; WILSON, EXSHAW, SAUNDERS: but Mr. Faulkner, for reasons best known to himself, has not, to this hour, named the *fourth*, who is believed to be a bookfeller in Dublin, who served his apprenticeship with him.

Mr. Richardson, in his answer to this letter, dated August 10, gave Mr. Faulkner great opportunities to recollect himself. After complaining of this cruel treatment, he informs him, That he had put a stop to the printing of the work; and that he would appeal to the world upon it. He desires, that he would not mention the corrections in the sheets he had sent him over, though matter of nicety rather than necessity; supposing it possible, [as it has proved] that man, who could act as these confederates had acted, would be capable of advertising the pirated edition as preferable to the genuine. In order to put Mr. Faulkner, upon offering him his assistance in such way as he thought best, though forbidden by him to send him any more sheets, he desired to know if he was to conclude that all dealings between them were absolutely at an end. He then rather put this to Mr. Faulkner, as he, before he made his court to the confederates, had bespoke twenty-five sets in octavo; of which Mr. R. never after heard one word, though they did not propose to propagate their piracy in that size. No doubt, he thought, that twenty-five sets in octavo, sold by him for Mr. R. might be a deduction of as many from the sale of his and his new partners edition in duodecimo.—So wholly was he, in an instant, detached from Mr. R. and attached to them, and his and their common interest.

Mr. Faulkner, in his reply, dated the 14th and 16th of August, acquaints Mr. R. that the *three* bookfellers had got the first and second volumes complete in both editions; Wilson the octavo, Exshaw and Saunders the other; and that each of them had laid himself out to get the work, as soon as they saw, by the advertisements in the London papers, that it would be published the following winter. An advertisement put into those papers, that the world might not take another book of a Sir Charles Goodville, in a series of letters, for that expected from Mr. R.

Mr. Faulkner declares, in this letter, that the liberty taken by Wilson, of advertising his intended edition [London: Printed for S. Richardson. Dublin: Reprinted for Peter Wilson, in Dame Street.] to be printed for Mr. Richardson, was a licence *never before taken* in Dublin, unless the work were printed for the author's benefit. He advises Mr. Richardson against sending over any of his books to Ireland; and to write to the invaders, the corruptors, to induce them to pay him their shares of the seventy guineas, stipulated by him to be paid, had he had the whole to himself; declaring his willingness to pay his quota for the share they would allow him to have. 'I am sorry to tell you,' proceeds he, in this letter, 'that when *these people* produced their sheets, and *obliged me* [mean man!] 'to shew mine, that I was *compelled* to give them up, in order to obtain a share with them.' His very words!—

This step, besides the advantage they afterwards (on publishing their pirated edition) took of it, as Mr. R. had foreseen, to recommend that edition, secured Mr. Faulkner of their side. By it he absolutely gave up Mr. Richardson; and, no doubt, it spirited them to proceed, as they then had reason to look upon him as their own, and had no diversion to apprehend from him in Mr. R.'s favour,

• Your

' Your sending me more sheets,' continued he, ' will be useless—I should be sorry your dealings and mine should be at an end; as I have the highest honour and regard for you, for your many virtues and integrity.'

But these were only words. He offered not to Mr. Richardson any service, any assistance. He knew that he and his confederates should be able to secure in their interest the Dublin presses. He had discouraged the sending over any of the genuine edition; and thought it right to conclude with repeating his advice, that Mr. Richardson would meanly court the corruptors, as he had done; intimating his desire to have a copy of what he thought fit to write to them; lest his new confederates should not have confidence enough in him, to shew him what he supposed Mr. R. would write.

In Mr. Richardson's answer to this letter, dated Aug. 24, he tells Mr. Faulkner, ' That he never could consent to propose terms to men who had bribed his servants to rob him, and who were in possession of the stolen goods: and cautions him to consider how far his own honour was concerned in the engagements he had entered into with them.'

But let us see what he farther says, in his printed Defence.

' Upon which,' says he, ' as they produced so much of the copy, they (viz. Mr. Faulkner and the confederates) agreed, according to an established, invariable, and constant custom among the booksellers of Dublin, that whoever gets any books or pamphlets, or any part of them, by the same post, shall or may join together, if they think proper. —

Can such a man as this be too severely (if justly) dealt with?—Surely not! He cannot expect that we should longer let sleep an affair, that, till now, in tenderness to him, he has never been reminded of, and must believe had been entirely forgotten. But, first, we will transcribe a paragraph, which will shew the sense he affected to have then of the fraudulent means by which the corruptors obtained the power they had of injuring Mr. R.

' You must have more rogues in your house than one,' says he; ' as your two editions have been sent to different people. If I could find out,' proceeds he, ' any of my journeymen that would serve me in the same villainous manner, I would immediately discharge them in the most infamous manner, and publish their crimes in the most publick manner in all the papers; which, I am told by a very old French journeyman printer, is a constant practice in Germany, France, Holland, and Switzerland; and that care is taken to send those advertisements to all the printing-offices in those countries, to prevent masters from being imposed on: and I am farther told, that journeymen and apprentices will not converse, or suffer these nefarious villains to be interred in the earth; but kick their dead carcases from place to place, as they would dead cats or dogs, rats or mice. Perhaps,' adds he, ' I have been too warm in my resentment against such bad men; but, as I have been much injured by them, I hope you will excuse any rash words in this letter, when I do assure you, that I am, for your many virtues, genius, generosity, and abilities, your most obedient &c., &c.'

In this very letter it was, that Mr. Faulkner declared his intentions to endeavour to prevail upon the corruptors of those nefarious villains, as he justly calls them, to allow him a fourth or fifth share in their snack. It is Machiavellian policy to love the treason and hate the traitor. The dead carcases of the cor-

When this flaming paragraph was, in *terrorem*, read in Mr. Richardson's printing-office, to his workmen, Killingbeck, a suspected man, who afterwards gave too much cause for the suspicion, and who had been a journeyman for several years to Mr. Faulkner, in Dublin, declared, that, notwithstanding this occasional vehemence of Mr. Faulkner, he had hardly, in all the time he was with him, composed from any other copy but first proofs, revised, &c. clandestinely obtained from England.

ruined journeymen are to be kicked about the streets, it seems; while the living corruptors are to be supported, and united with, according to an *established, invariable, and constant* custom of the booksellers of Dublin.—Will Mr. Faulkner assert this?

We now come to the transaction which, we suppose, Mr. Faulkner had forgot, having never been reminded of it.—The information of which was given to Mr. Richardson, in a letter written to him from Dublin, dated Nov. 12, 1741, by an English printer of character and integrity, then there.—I was yesterday, says he, in company with some printers that I knew in London; among other things in conversation, they familiarly commended Mr. Faulkner's *great diligence* in London; and, after naming several pieces of which he had procured early copies, I understood he had been furnished with the third and fourth volumes of *Pamela*, sheet by sheet, as far as is done, from your press; and is printing them off here with all speed.—The truth of this information, adds he, may be depended upon.

Mr. Faulkner actually printed these two volumes for his own entire benefit; the copy so surreptitiously obtained; of which see more, p. 1114.—But we will farther attend to his printed state of the present case.

The post following, Mr. Faulkner got eight sheets more, and the booksellers shewed him two volumes, and said they expected more; there being five volumes of that history already printed. Upon which Mr. Faulkner wrote to Mr. Richardson not to send him any more of that work, as it would be useless to him: but, that Mr. Richardson should be no sufferer by any part that Faulkner should have in this work, as he would pay him for a fourth or fifth, or any share he should have in it.

Mr. Faulkner said not for this post, as is evident from the very letter to Mr. R. in which he gives him the intelligence of the injury done him. He tells Mr. Richardson in it, that he received his first four sheets on the 3d of August. On the 4th, the very next day, (such was his haste to join with the corruptors!) he forbid, as above-mentioned, Mr. Richardson to send him any more sheets; and signified his resolution to endeavour to prevail on the associates to admit him into their partnership for a fourth or fifth share. But then, indeed, he was so gracious as to

intimate, that he would pay Mr. Richardson his proportion of the seventy guineas, according to the share the pirates would allow him to hold with them; which for a fifth would have been fourteen guineas.

As to what he says of there being four or five volumes printed before Mr. Richardson sent him any sheets, that was not so. Not more than two were completed: three volumes more, indeed, were composing by different hands in his house; but they went on at convenience; Mr. Richardson, as Mr. Faulkner knew, only intending to publish two at a time; though the pirates afterwards obliged him to alter his measures.

and, in two or three letters following, (proceeds Mr. Faulkner) he told Mr. Richardson, that, notwithstanding his neglect and delay, in not sending him the sheets directly from the press, which

In two or three letters following! says he. How slightly is this mentioned by Mr. Faulkner! He had been parading to Mr. Richardson, from his letter dated August 4, to the 15th of September; sometimes

* In Mr. Richardson's case, he very tenderly mentioned this injury, not naming Mr. Faulkner. It may be wondered, that, after this flagrant instance of Mr. Faulkner's *diligence*, as his then journeymen chose to call it, Mr. R. had dealings with him for his *CLARISSA*.—A very valuable man in business, Mr. Woodward, who had a good opinion of Mr. Faulkner, prevailed upon him to prefer him to any other; and undertook for his integrity. Yet Mr. Richardson was forced to appeal to this Mr. Woodward afterwards, for the recovering thirty guineas out of seventy, the consideration contracted for with Mr. Faulkner, on the preference given him in sending to him the sheets of his *CLARISSA*, as they were printed; and upon whose judgment (but not without proofs given from his own letters, which, he must have supposed, were not regularly kept by Mr. Richardson) Mr. Faulkner paid the unjustly-detained sum.

he ought to have done, and not have stayed for the finishing of five or six volumes, it might have prevented what hath happened to all parties, and hindered the reprinting of any other edition, but that designed by the author for Mr. Faulkner;

to which end he had the sheets sent to Mr. Richardson, and he had the sheets sent to Mr. Faulkner.

What he says of the delay in sending the sheets directly from the press, as he pronounces Mr. Richardson ought to have done, will be farther taken notice of in another place. See p. 1112.

yet Mr. Richardson might draw upon him for any sum not exceeding the contract, and he would pay it;

and then it was thus ungracefully expressed in that letter—'However, notwithstanding their (his partners) ill-treatment of you, and particularly of me, which he resented by joining with them! you may draw upon me, at discretion, for any sum you think proper UNDER the sum stipulated between you and me: AS I know you to be a man of probity, honour, and conscience.'

He had told Mr. Richardson in a former letter, that he knew he would not suffer him to be out of pocket.

He adds, 'I blush for my brethren, (but why so, if they have done nothing but what he could conscientiously have joined them in, according to the established, invariable, constant custom of the booksellers in Dublin?) But let them, proceeds he, answer for it at the great day of account. I know that you have been much, and most injuriously, villainously, and unprecedentedly, treated by your more than-hellish, wicked, and CORRUPTED servants.' By whom corrupted? Let him answer. Might he not as well have named his new partners?

and farther, that if Mr. Richardson would acquit him of the contract,

Mr. Faulkner knows, that Mr. Richardson never once hinted holding him to it. The sum stipulated for, was to be paid for sending him the sheets before publication; and the contract was virtually at an end, when, after receiving the first parcel, he forbade Mr. Richardson sending any more to him. Nor could Mr. Faulkner think himself under any, when in the same letter in which he gave notice of the invasion, he prohibited sending him any more of the sheets, and declared himself, with as much sedateness, as if it were a thing of course, determined to attach himself to the corruptors. His offer afterwards to pay a sum under that stipulated for, was, that he and his new partners might go on unmolestedly in reaping the fruits of their baseness: nor is it improbable, that their refusal to consent to pay their parts, was owing to their view of intimidating Mr. Richardson, by means of their new partner, to give a sanction to it, which Mr. R. had refused to do; in which case, Mr. Faulkner, who has so happy a talent of displaying his merits, would hardly have found himself a sufferer, when he and his confederates had come to divide the spoil.

or desire him to withdraw from his partnership with the booksellers, he would do it: Mr. Richardson, that his desire of this would determine him. Indeed, in his

letter of September 15, he says, by way of postscript, 'I would be glad to exonerate myself from this set of men; and will do it, if possible, at all events.' But, for a considerable time after this, he continued their willing partner; and made a merit to his other partners in the piracy of refusing to Mr. Richardson the common civility of his newspaper, to do himself reasonable justice. Well did he know Mr. Richardson's mind as to his adhering to his engagement with his new partners; for thus Mr.

Richardson wrote to him in his letter dated August 24, 'You, Sir, will best judge, whether your own honour will not be sullied by a concern with so vile a confederacy. What can a fourth or fifth share in a work, so treacherously obtained, do for any one? And if they proceed, I shall be obliged to make use of the names of all the proprietors in the Dublin edition; that I can come at.'—

But, *proceeds Mr. Richardson* delayed answering these letters for some time; however, Mr. Faulkner, before he got Mr. Richardson's last letter, declined all partnership in that work, and hath not, nor will have, any share whatever in the reprinting of it; nor did he, nor doth he, know in what manner that work is carrying on, having never seen a single sheet, or even a page, of the Irish edition; the truth of all which Mr. Faulkner is ready to attest in the most solemn manner.

Mr. Faulkner had in his hands at this time Mr. Richardson's reasons for this delay, not at all to his advantage. It was, then, nothing to Mr. R. whether Mr. Faulkner held or quitted. He set his face, and indeed his whole strength, against the genuine edition; though he knew, that if he had given the assistance he ought to have given to one whom he repeatedly allowed to be an injured and innocent man, it had never been sent over to Ireland. It is poor to say, that he knew not in what manner the work was then carried on, having never seen a single sheet, or even a page, of the Irish edition; when he had told Mr. Richardson, that it was printing page for page with the genuine one; and when he had partners, who wanted not his direction, nor any thing of him, but that he would countenance them, did, by separating himself from the man with whom he had contracted, deprive him of the assistance he could have given him. Mr. Richardson would perhaps think himself very cruel, were he to put the poor man upon the solemn attestation he offers to make. But why, it may be asked, did he divest himself of a share which he had so meanly crept to the confederates to obtain, if he and they had agreed to join together, in pursuance of an *established, invariable, constant custom among the booksellers of Dublin*? And another question we put to the publishers of the Irish edition, Why, if they have kept within this custom, have they published it without affixing their names to it, or any names, but ascribed to the booksellers of Dublin, in general, a publication of which they themselves seem to be ashamed?

So much for Mr. Faulkner's Defence of his conduct, as printed in the paper which bears his name.

As it has been said, that the cause of literature, and of authors in general, is concerned in this transaction, we will farther intrude, by way of narrative, on the reader's patience.

Mr. Richardson, in his letter of August 24, 1753, in which he declared, that he could not follow Mr. Faulkner's advice, to sue the corruptors of his workmen's honesty to obtain a poor consideration for the injury done him, and in which he had cautioned him of the dishonour that might accrue to him (Mr. Faulkner) by joining with them, thus writes: 'I am very earnest, that you will yourself—let these men know my resentments, resolutions, &c. If they have any regard to justice; if they have any compassion for thirty or forty men of my house, who may be suspected, and to one absolutely discharged; I think I might rather expect satisfaction from them, than they proposals from me.—It is a very great grievance for a man, who uses all his workmen well, to be obliged to go on, furnishing work and money for bosom-traitors; and not to know how to help himself.' Mr. Faulkner's answer is dated Dublin, September 8. He will thank himself, if the transcribing it here gives him uneasiness.

DEAR SIR,

I Had not your favour, of the 24th past, from Bath, until Wednesday last, when I immediately sent to Messieurs Wilson, Exshaw, and Saunders, to give me a meeting; but could not see any of them that day but Wilson; to whom

whom I told the contents of your letters; and the religious and moral obligations that he and the others lay under to do you justice, who had been so much injured in your property by the horrid roguery and villainy of your men, through THEIR unwarrantable, scandalous, and illegal means. [No custom of trade pleaded here!] But he waved giving me an answer at that time, although I pressed him very much thereto; and then he said he would think of it; and that I should hear from him the day following; which I did not, nor from either of the others. Upon which I went to them all this day, and found them at home; but could get no positive answer from the first of them, who still put me off to a meeting, which we are to have next Saturday; when I hope to be able to write a more satisfactory letter to you than this. After the conversation I had with Wilson, I went to Exshaw and Saunders, and spoke to them both in the same manner: and their answer was, That whatever Wilson would do, they would be satisfied to come into the same terms: but I am very much afraid, that you will be a greater sufferer than what you or I could imagine, as it hath been hinted to me, that they are in treaty with some Scotch book-sellers, to whom they are to send, or have sent, the sheets; as also to get Grandison translated into French, or to send the sheets to France, before publication; which will frustrate and injure you in both these kingdoms; which I most sincerely wish that Heaven may avert. This wicked affair hath almost made me mad and blind with vexation and fretting, to think that so innocent and worthy a gentleman as you are, should be treated by the most hellish servants, and wicked men, in the manner you have been. I think I am bound in honour and affection to you, to give you all the intelligence in my power: (yet never named, nor hinted at his fourth bookseller, whom he must know) and if I cannot prevail on THESE MEN, who have corrupted and bribed your servants to rob and betray you, I shall endeavour to break off with them in their wicked attempts upon your property, to convince you of my character, and sincere good wishes to you; and that I am your most faithful, affectionate, and most humble servant, GEORGE FAULKNER.

They have now four printing-houses on this work; and have printed above twenty sheets page for page with your edition; but I have not seen one proof, or single sheet, of THIS PIRACY.

Mr. Richardson, thus threatened to be attacked in more countries than one, particularly in Scotland, thought it was time to draw up a state of his case, and to lay it before the public; absolutely hopeless of any satisfactory result from the meeting of these worthy men, which was to be had seven days after the date of the above alarming letter.

Mr. Faulkner's next letter gives the result of the meeting of his associates and him; as follows—

DEAR SIR, DUBLIN, SEPT. 15, 1753.

IN my last I acquainted you, that Messieurs Exshaw, Wilson, and Saunders, and your humble servant, were to have a meeting this evening: which accordingly we had; when your two friends, [naming them] were present, who perhaps may acquaint you of what passed in company; and therefore I shall not trouble you with a recital, which cannot possibly be agreeable to you. when I tell you, that Mr. Exshaw said, that he had all the sheets he produced (after I had passed up my title) some weeks, nay, even months, before you sent

This most probably would have been carried into execution, had not Mr. Richardson disabled them from perfecting their copies, by putting a stop to printing what remained of it unprinted at the time he was informed of the baseness.

By the Case published at the time it will be seen, that Mr. R. treated Mr. Faulkner with great tenderness. He continued to do so as long as charity to him, and justice to himself, could be reconciled together. This Case bears date Sept. 14, 1753. Mr. R. published it not till he had advice from a friend in Dublin, that no good was to be expected from the meeting of the 15th; and that the associates were hurrying the pirated edition, to get it out by the meeting of the Irish parliament; which was before Mr. R. could possibly complete his.

me any part of Grandison; and that he hath all the sheets, printed in your house, of the Third, or whatever more hath been done at your press; AND THEREFORE, with the other Two, will not consent to give any copy-money. However—And then he makes the ungrateful offer, mentioned p. 1117. And then also he takes upon himself to blash for his brethren; and refers them to answer for it at the great day of accounts. I know, proceeds he, that you have been much, and most injuriously, villainously, and ungratefully, treated by your more than hellish, wicked, and corrupted servants. —But be assured, that you will meet with a man who would be glad to imitate you in your generosity, and virtues: and that is your much obliged, most affectionate, and sincere friend, as well as humble servant,

GEORGE FAULKNER.

October 2, 1753, Mr. Faulkner writes to Mr. Richardson, expressing his surprise that he had not an answer to his of the 15th past; wishes in it, that Mr. R. had taken more time to consider his Case before he published it; and blames him for the delay in sending him the sheets, to which he ascribes the cause of all that had happened from the pirates. He refers himself to a letter written to Mr. R. in his favour; by a worthy friend of Mr. R. who had been induced to think well of him from his offers of making an affidavit, to prove upon the confederates their being in possession of the stolen goods, and to remit to Mr. R. the whole sum stipulated for between them at first.

The gentleman did write a warm letter in Mr. F.'s behalf. Mr. Richardson laid before him, in answer, the state of the case, from the letters that had passed between Mr. Faulkner and him. The gentleman then put the sincerity of Mr. F.'s offered services to the test; and was soon convinced that Mr. R. had nothing to expect from him. Mr. Richardson has not asked the gentleman's leave to give particulars. Mr. Faulkner, about the same time, appealed to several gentlemen of character in London, as an innocent man; and even desired them to shew what he had written to them to Mr. Richardson. These several circumstances engaged the latter to write a long letter to him, dated the 13th and 15th of October, recapitulating the above facts.—Whence the following extracts†.

SIR,

YOU express yourself surprised that I answered not your two last letters. One of them kept me in some little suspense about the result of the meeting you was to have with the three men who have used me so cruelly. To the other, what could I say? I had no heart to write to you. When I considered the whole tenor of your conduct in the affair before us—When I recollected the attempt you made to underpay me 30 guineas out of 70, stipulated for in the affair of *Clarissa*—Your perseverance in so wicked a partnership; which you was so little as to creep to them for, on their own infamous terms—Your magnificent pretensions to honour in every letter—“Does it become the character of a man valuing himself for sincerity and plain-dealing,” thought I, “to let Mr. Faulkner imagine me such a poor creature, either in spirit or understanding, as to be blinded by his self-deception?—Was not my chief dependence on the conditions I made with him, *That the sale of the Dublin edition should be confined to Ireland; and that that edition should not be published till I gave leave; and by two volumes at a time?* Have I either of these conditions secured to me?

Mr. Richardson had not commissioned Mr. Faulkner to treat with these men for copy-money. If he could have punished them as receivers of stolen goods, by the laws of their own country, that, as Mr. Faulkner knew, would have been his choice. But it is evident, that Mr. F. imagined this would satisfy him; and as evident that these three men were determined to refuse even the paltry satisfaction of fourteen guineas a man, had such terms been proposed to them, for the property of Seven Volumes to be sold in Ireland; and honest Mr. Exshaw gave the reason, for which the other two assented—Because they were already possessed of the work—by the villainy of corrupted servants.

† We with Mr. Faulkner would publish the whole letter, and every letter at length, that hath passed between him and Mr. R. on this subject.

“Did

Did he stipulate with them for me *one* favourable condition, [on his admission among them?] Have they not refused terms which he (though without my desire) proposed to them; and set me at absolute defiance? Did he not deliver them up sheets I had sent him, to obtain an admission with them into so infamous a partnership? Did I not caution him, that his honour might suffer by this; and that I should be obliged to name to the public every partner in this base proceeding? Yet, *did* he not, *does* he not to this hour, continue his partnership with them, to the depriving me of all manner of assistance that he might have afforded me, and to the obliging me to throw myself into other hands, in order to disappoint the confederates of the immoral gains they proposed to themselves? And shall I forbear, for the sake of the *whole Republic of Letters*, affected by so base a proceeding, endeavouring to make an example of these men, instead of meanly compromising with them, and giving a *sanction* to so vile a corruption?—These my reflections, what unwillingness must I have to answer your letter? Your offer, though very ungraciously made me, (of the whole sum to one of my friends, of any thing *UNDER* the sum to me) might appear to you a magnificent one: but, Sir, you know me not. Could you have told me that you had been a loser by *Clarissa*, I should have contrived some way, in our future dealings, to reimburse you; and to accept of the whole sum from a fourth or fifth share in profits that were to arise from an abuse of me, or *any* sum—I could not do it: yet was it an ungrateful thing to me to be obliged to speak out; but this for your sake more than my own. This made me loth to sit down to answer your letter; yet, in mine to one of my worthy friends, I told him, that you were very safe in making that offer to me.

"I have seen," say you, "*your Case; and what you have said of me.*" I designed you should. And have I said one word but what you have said yourself, of the part you have acted by me? Dear Sir, what self-partiality must you have to write to me as you have written of your own honour in every letter; and so to set off the part you have acted in this transaction, as could induce one of the worthiest men in Ireland to write so warmly in your justification? I write rather with an expostulatory spirit than an angry one. Take advice of your own heart, and I shall have a test of the goodness of that heart, or otherwise, as it acquits or condemns you. Have you never been told, dear Sir, that you have too much parade?—Indeed you seem to be lost in the dust you raise about yourself by it.

"Had I sent you the sheets from the press as wrought—So it is my own fault that I am thus basely invaded! But it becomes my character to tell you frankly, that I balanced in my mind, whether I should deal with you at all, though I offered not to engage with any other. The hint I have given of your treatment of me in *Clarissa*, was the occasion of my balancing. But, as you had seemed to approve what you had seen of the piece, when last in London, and had expectation of it, I was loth to disappoint you—And as I was resolved to publish but two volumes at a time, as I told you, I pleased myself that you would have full time to print them, as I proceeded. Little did I think myself, with such precautions as I had taken, unsafe; for I knew not that there were in Dublin such men as those to whom you joined yourself. And is it not a grievous hardship upon the London printers to find that Mr. Faulkner seems to think, that copies of their property are much more secure in the hands of Dublin booksellers and printers, than in their own, before publication.

Indeed, Sir, you might have been of service to me, of service to yourself, and done honour to your name, your trade, your country, all affronted by this base proceeding. The fair path was before you: why would you, by joining yourself with these men, in an action which you justly call *scandalous, wicked, unprecedented*, give a sanction to the *nefarious* proceeding? Why persevere in it; and, by so doing, deprive of all assistance, all redress by your means, the man of whose justice you had no doubt; who was in treaty with you; who confided in you?—You blush for your brethren, you say in a former letter—Ah! my dear Sir, forgive me for saying, that often and often have I blushed for you from the beginning of August last.

Mr.

Mr. Richardson then quotes to Mr. Faulkner passages from several letters that passed between them, to demonstrate, that his charge of delay had no foundation to support it; and then subjoins as follows—

“ You see, Sir, by the dates, (for your notice of the theft is dated August 4.) that, from July 12, when your acceptance is dated, no time was lost in sending you the sheets. I have told you the reason, for which you may thank yourself, why I entered not into treaty with you before. I had no doubt of the sheets (such injunctions given) being safe in my own house. You could have no reason to expect them from me *before* we entered into engagements; which, as above, was not till in consequence of your letter of July 12, which must be some days in coming to my hands. Whence then the reason of your outcry for my delay of sending the sheets? Whence your expectation that I would?—O Mr. Faulkner, take care of truth in any thing you shall publish or write, in an affair in which you have acted so strange a part! You are in the condition of a limed bird; the more you struggle, the more you will entangle yourself. How have you slubbered over, to a worthy gentleman in London, the affair of your relinquishing me, of joining with the men whose baseness you so *justly* *descried*! and your poor offer to me of twelve, fourteen, or fifteen pounds, or such a sum, for giving a sanction to the robbery of myself, and the corrupting of my servants! For is not that the light in which you ought to have looked upon your proposal to me? And in which your late, your *too late* offer was also to be taken; an offer not made till in your letter of the 15th of September, the worse than piracy hurrying on at four presses, the consequence of which was to screen them, and to justify your usage of me?

“ There are other misrepresentations in your letter to the gentleman you wanted to prepossess in your favour—How could you say, that he might depend upon what you write to him as truth?—But, indeed, that is of a piece with your assertion, that I, in my Case, [In which you was used with an undeserved tenderness] have not truly represented your part in the transaction. I am amazed at you: and yet my compassion for you is greater than my indignation.

“ This altercation is a painful task upon me: and more in the part I am forced upon with you, than with the others. Why, once more I ask, would you join yourself with men you call *wicked*, in an action you own to be *unprecedentedly vile*?—Why, as I warned you, as I told you, what steps I would take, did you not, when you saw your error, wash your hands of them, and rather declare yourself mistaken, than seek to bribe me to give a sanction to so vile a depredation?—But I shall repeat what I have written before I saw this letter, this strange, this inconsistent, this misrepresenting letter of yours to Mr. ***** I wish, if you have a copy of it, you would revise it, and compare it with what I have written from facts, warranted by your own letters and mine—Would to Heaven, you had left me room to clear up and justify your conduct in this transaction! But, after such a letter as this to Mr. ***** what can I think of, what can I say for, Mr. Faulkner; but this—That he has given a proof, that it must be an ingenuous mind only, that, having made a false step, will chuse to own the fault, as the best method of extricating itself.

“ The world, Sir, will not, in more favourable cases to character than this, judge of us as we would have it. Guard against self-delusion. You are more in danger from it than any man I know, if I take my opinion of you from what has passed between you and me, from our concerns in *Clarissa* to this moment, and all the time, from your uncalled-for parade of honour in every letter. Think me (as you *will*, if you do me justice, and that from the very freedom of my expostulation) your well-wisher, and humble servant,

“ LONDON, 16th OCTOBER 1753.

S. RICHARDSON.

We take leave to observe, that Mr. Faulkner had in his hands the letter from which the above extracts are made, when he printed, in his own paper, the paragraph

paragraph which he designed to pass for a justification of himself, the truth of every part of which he offers to attest in the most solemn manner.

But possibly Mr. Faulkner had not received that letter, when he wrote the following.

DEAR SIR, DUBLIN, OCT. 20, 1753.
NOTWITHSTANDING you have not been pleased to answer any of my three last letters, yet I think proper to acquaint you, that I have broke off all partnership with the *three* booksellers, [The *fourth* still secreted] who so *wickedly* and *injuriously* treated you and me in the History of Sir Charles Grandison; and that I have not, nor shall have, any part or share whatever in the *pirated* edition; the copy of which was so *BASELY* and *FRAUDULENTLY* obtained. This I was determined upon *from the beginning*; and only waited for your *positive commands* [What a man is this!] to concur with me in these sentiments. If you print another case, or publish any advertisement relative to this affair, I make no doubt but you will do justice to the much injured, although very much your most obedient and most humble servant.

GEORGE FAULKNER.

After this letter, could it be credited, had it not been published by himself, that he was the author of the paragraph of November 3, 1753, before animadverted upon; by which he would make the world believe, that, in joining with the undertakers of this pirated edition, he and they had done no more than was warranted by the *established, invariable, constant* customs of the Dublin booksellers?

In a letter written by one of Mr. Richardson's friends, dated Dublin, October 27, intimation was given him, that the associates proposed to surrender up all they had printed, which they gave in as near two volumes only, at prime cost, amounting to somewhat above fifty pounds. Mr. Richardson wrote back his willingness to be the purchaser; but some new chicane seemed to be designed by this overture; for, in a fortnight or three weeks after, they were ready to publish six volumes.

They accordingly published them; but, as hath been observed, without putting any booksellers names to the titles; and though the genuine edition was put at the price such books are generally sold for in Ireland, they, as Mr. Faulkner had foretold, underfold the edition of the lawful proprietor.

Mr. Richardson will not, were it true, report, that the saving of two shillings (in the purchase of six volumes, the price of which cannot be found fault with) will be a sufficient reason with the gentlemen and ladies of Ireland, to prefer the pirated edition, the copy of which, to borrow Mr. Faulkner's words, in his letter of October 20, was so *basely* and *fraudulently* obtained. But he has been heard to take comfort in the following passage transcribed from the letter of a friend to him: 'What I fear, is, that the high merit of the work will procure the pirates more customers than I wish. But as it is inimitably well calculated to do good, the injury done you, will certainly afford me one satisfaction, and a great one; that the excellent performance will be more universally read, for the bustle that hath been made about it. Who knows, dear Sir, but the glorious Sir CHARLES may teach some honesty and dignity of soul, even to him who buys it, as stolen goods, a few shillings lower from the pirates than he could from you.'

The secreting the name of the fourth bookseller has been often mentioned above. Mr. Richardson wrote to one of his friends in Ireland his suspicions as to the person, grounded on facts that had been communicated to him by another friend residing in Dublin. This produced the following passage in the answer of the gentleman, dated October 22, 1753.

From what you say of a *fourth* person, not named either to you, or to your friends here, I guess it was that very person who corrupted your servants, and furnished the three booksellers named with the sheets. These three name themselves in the title-pages they at first posted up; because, perhaps, no cor-

ruption can be proved on them; but conceal the fourth associate, lest he should be prosecuted. If this is the case, and nothing can be more probable, (for Willson hath, by affidavit before the Lord Mayor, purged himself of the corruption, and Exshaw and Saunders declare they can do the same) then Mr. ***** is still more evidently the scandalous associate of the corruptors, inasmuch as he conceals the most criminal, and in some measure abets the rest.

Be this as it may, these three men cannot clear themselves of the piracy founded on that corruption, and of the parts they acted, and proposed farther to act, in extending the injury to France and Scotland, as charged in Mr. Faulkner's letters of September 8 and 15, before cited.

The pirates have endeavoured to make a national cause of the transaction. But is not the nationality of these men a cover for the basest selfishness? Are Messieurs Exshaw, Willson, Saunders, and the fourth concealed person, and Mr. Faulkner joined with them, the Irish nation?

Mr. Faulkner, in one of his letters to Mr. Richardson, suspecting Mr. Main would be employed by him, though then Mr. R. had not mentioned him, nor even thought of him, stigmatizes him as a *Scottish agent*. But may we not ask, What are these book-sellers of Dublin, that they think themselves intitled to prey upon the property of every other man in every nation round them; yet join to hunt down any other subject of the same prince, if he attempt to get bread among, or near, them?

Mr. Richardson has been accused in an Irish publick paper, of having formerly engaged with a Mr. Bacon, of Dublin, in a scheme which, the author of that paper says, was likely to be very detrimental to the printers and book-sellers of Dublin in general.

This was the fact. Mr. Bacon, an ingenious man, now in orders, an Irishman, or one who had always had his connections with that kingdom, and professed a love even to partiality for it, kept a coffee-house, of note and credit, in Dublin, at which were frequently held auctions for books and merchandize. He had been concerned with the press as a corrector, and proposed to set up a publick paper there, and to take up his freedom of the company of stationers in Dublin. He did both. The latter in the month of November, 1741. The paper was called *The Gazette*. The advertisements of the publick offices were printed in it. He set up entirely on the Irish footing, and purposed to employ Irish printers, to buy his paper of Irish stationers, and to avail himself, as other Irish printers and book-sellers made it their endeavour to do, of such copies of books published in London as he could procure early, and fairly, by consent of the proprietors.—Crime enough in that, perhaps! for Mr. Faulkner, at contracting with Mr. Richardson, was desirous that his Dublin brethren should not know that he gave any consideration for the liberty of reprinting *The History of Sir Charles Grandison*. Mr. Bacon was an absolute stranger to Mr. Richardson, brought to him by Mr. Thomas Osborne, of Gray's Inn; and Mr. Richardson then knowing not any other Irish book-seller, or printer, and being about to publish his third and fourth volumes of *Pamela*, was induced to enter into agreement with him, and to furnish him with the sheets as they came from his press, in order to his reprinting them in Dublin. The sheets were accordingly sent him over; but Mr. Faulkner, as is before-mentioned, p. 1106, having, by his extraordinary diligence, clandestinely got at the sheets as printed at Mr. Richardson's, he (Mr. Bacon) was deprived of the intended benefit; and also forestalled in the sale of the genuine edition; two hundred and fifty of which were sent him, in resentment of such base treatment.

Though Mr. Bacon's prospects were at that time very favourable; and though he wanted not any other sort of diligence, but that for which some of his brethren have made themselves famous; yet Mr. Richardson's concern with him, to Mr. Bacon's great regret, held but one year. And his furnishing Mr. Bacon with the sheets of *Pamela*, Vol. III. IV. to be reprinted in Ireland; his engagement, some years afterwards, to send over to Mr. Faulkner the sheets of *Clarissa*,

Clarissa, for the same purpose, notwithstanding his treatment of him in *Pamela*; and those of his *Grandison* now lately, notwithstanding his treatment of him in *Clarissa*; evidently demonstrate that he had no intention to interfere with the bookfellers and printers of Dublin, by sending over his books ready printed, till the atrocious injury he received, and the determined perseverance of the injurers, made him think it adviseable to endeavour to anticipate confederates, who had so vilely, by the corruption of his servants, as hath been often said, obtained the power of hurting him in a property *so absolutely his own*.

This farther may be said, that Mr. R. printed not a number, with a view of sending any over to Ireland; but such a one only as his friends thought rather short of answering the English demand; and it has proved, that all he sent over to Dublin would have been sold in England at a *better* price, as printing and paper here are more costly than in Ireland; though he had caused them to be sold in Dublin at the Irish price, from the first.

Mr. R. has been put to great expence by these men, and to great trouble in the altercation with them. But he is bringing himself to look upon their unprovoked treatment of him, as a punishment for assuming the pen, at the expence of his health, and to the giving up every rational amusement, when he had a business upon his hands which was enough to employ his whole attention; and which, as his *principal* care, he never neglected.

It has been more than once said, that this cause is the cause of literature in general; and it may be added, it is even *that* of the honest bookfellers and printers of both nations: we therefore hope that our prolixity will be forgiven.

We will take upon us to add, that *every* man in Mr. R.'s station has not the spirit, the will, the independence, to hang out lights to his cotemporaries, to enable them to avoid savages, who hold themselves in readiness to plunder a vessel even before it becomes a wreck.

LONDON, FEB. 1, 1754.

F I N I S.

